

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XX, No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. OCT., 1896

### EDITORIAL COMMENT

*American Scholarship and Literature:*

Professor Paul Shorey has recently called attention to the work which American universities and colleges are likely to do for American literature during the coming twenty-five years. Scholarship is often entirely divorced from the art of writing, and men of great attainments are often wholly without artistic feeling. This unnatural divorce has been strikingly illustrated in Germany for two generations. During that period Germany has rendered immense service to knowledge in almost every department, but her production of pure literature has been meagre and inadequate. Indeed, it is not too much to say that until the very recent appearance of three or four writers of distinct promise, Germany has for many years past taken a very subordinate place in the field of literary creation.

More than this, the indifference to form which many famous German scholars have ostentatiously displayed, has had a very unfortunate influence on the host of young Americans who have sat at the feet of these teachers and have profited by their tireless industry and noble devotion to learning. This indifference has often passed into contempt, and in many quarters the ability to write well has been regarded as prime facie evidence of superficial scholarship, and clearness and charm of style have brought men into disrepute. This state of affairs is, happily, rapidly coming to an end. American students have learned to utilize the German methods without adopting the German manners; and they have learned also that sound scholarship and power of clear and attractive statement have never been divorced in France, and have often been strikingly combined in England. Indeed, nothing has been more characteristic of English scientific scholarship during the last thirty years than its command of lucid and effective English.

There is, in the nature of things, not only no reason why scholarship should be divorced from letters, but there are many reasons why the alliance between them should be intimate. They are in no sense identical, but they are constantly dealing with the same material and they tend constantly to enrich and stimulate each other. When scholarship becomes ample and thorough, it takes on the final quality of ripeness and a body of knowledge which has ripened in the mind of a man of ability craves expression. The instinct to communicate that which we have come to possess is not only one of the higher instincts, it is also one of the most masterful. The men who do not feel it are few; the great majority not only give it play but are eager to make the most of it. And when one sees the vogue which Schopenhauer's philosophy has obtained, largely because it has been presented with such masterly literary skill, it is easy to understand the importance of literary form even in purely speculative writing.

American universities and colleges have never been separated in aim, spirit or support from the great mass of the people; they have never been in any sense the beneficiaries of particular classes; they have, as a rule, grown with the growth of the population and their foundations have been slowly expanded by the sacrifices and generosity of a host of benefactors. These institutions have always been, in consequence, popular in the true sense of the word. They have stood for comprehension instead of exclusion; they belong, in feeling no less than in privilege, to the whole people. The road from the most straitened home to the nearest college is never long for the eager youth who has felt the stir of the intellectual life within him; and the distance between the college and all forms of practical work is so slight that the door which opens outward from the college may be said to open inward upon a thousand industries. As a result American scholarship has never been exclusive in spirit or unsympathetic in its attitude. It has been willing to spend as rapidly as it was able to accumulate, and to return to the common fund of knowledge whatever personal capital it has been able to amass. It has never taken on the dry-as-dust atmosphere; it has rather sought vital association with all forms of higher activity; and it has, especially, disclosed a marked tendency to expression.

During the last twenty years the opportunities of American students have been vastly enlarged, and there is fast growing up in this country a body of men trained in the different departments, and in possession of all material necessary not only for adequate command of each field, but for its continued expansion. There are many indications that we are on the eve of a study of the literature of the world far more general and searching than has ever been made in this country; and that we are, therefore, on the road to possess that literature in a new and fresh way. Such a renaissance of literary study, originating in the universities and colleges and receiving skilled direction, will be an entirely different matter from the spasmodic and desultory reading which has often been accepted as a serious study of literature in this country. It will be far more fundamental and thorough; it will develop a more exacting standard of taste which will react upon American writers in the way of stimulus and restraint; and it will bring a large number of trained and sensitive minds into fresh and extended contact with the literature of the past. That literature is not only inexhaustible for purposes of study; it is also inexhaustible for purposes of culture; for the diffusion of a liberating and creative influence upon the imaginations of those who come in contact with it. There is, therefore, good reason for believing with Professor Shorey that our universities and colleges are likely to contribute materially to the literary movement in this country during the next twenty-five years.

## DINING WITH THE GODS IN OLYMPUS

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL

[A selected reading from *Venus and Cupid, or a Trip from Mount Olympus to London*, by the Personal Conductor of the Party. A New Fantastic Romance, by the author of *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. In this reading Mr. Tomson, manager of the Cook's Tourists' business firm at Athens, has been spirited away from his office to Olympus by Ganymede and his eagle, who have been sent down by Jupiter (familiarly called "The Jew") to negotiate with Tomson for a "personally conducted" tour which the gods are planning. They have arrived at Olympus; Tomson has been christened "Praxy" (short for Praxiteles) by Venus and "Q" (Cupid), the only Olympians who have made themselves visible; and dinner is about to be served.]

The clocks at Olympus are so very much in advance of those at Athens that, although I left the Piraeus on my eventful journey soon after seven on Saturday evening, I did not reach the abode of the celestials until nearly five on Sunday afternoon. In those well-regulated altitudes the sun always sets at six, but twilight lasts for about forty minutes longer, and at seven the immortals dine. I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever get anything to eat, when a sound as of bull-frogs in extremis smote mournfully upon my ear, and was followed up a few seconds afterwards by the appearance of two youthful satyrs, each holding to his mouth a very short flute-shaped instrument, pierced with some half-a-dozen holes. The dolefulness of the noise which their lips emitted is inconceivable.

"That's for dinner," cried Ganymede, "and my ride has made me hungry. Are you ready for some grub, Praxy?"

"Indeed I am," I replied, doubting much within myself whether any food likely to be offered me in those regions would go far towards satisfying my hunger.

"Trot along, then," said Cupid. "Turn to the left at the edge of the nearest cloud, and you'll see the dining-hall in front of you. Would you like to wash your hands?"

"Certainly," I replied, "and change my clothes as well; only, unfortunately, I have brought nothing with me."

"Doesn't make a bit of difference," said Cupid. "The Jew won't mind."

So saying, he guided me to his own dressing-room, and poured me out some cold water into a basin.

"No hot water turned on just at present," said the boy; "hope you can manage with cold. Baby faun crawled into one of the pipes, and we can't get the little beggar out again."

"Wasn't the child scalped to death?" I inquired.

"Oh, dear, no; a faun's hide takes a deal of scalding, even at that tender age. Do you use Pears' Soap?" he asked, pointing to a cake of that celebrated toilet requisite which lay in a saucer on the washstand. "Mercury brought a box of it up from Athens the other day. It's the best I ever had for lathering; only I wish they'd make it smell of something else except leather."

"How does Mercury contrive to prig all these things without getting caught?" I asked,

as we dipped our hands together into the water.

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes he disguises himself, and sometimes makes himself invisible. He's a devilish clever fellow, is Mercury."

"Shall I see him to-night at dinner?"

"Oh, yes, you'll see them all—that is, all the swells. There's going to be a big feed, on purpose to trot you out."

"And is Jupiter a very awful individual to meet? I'm beginning to feel nervous."

"What! the Jew? Best-tempered old fellow in the world, if you take him the right way. He's moderately ignorant, you know, and he doesn't like being contradicted. I don't know any elderly gentleman who does."

"He must be a most tremendous age," I observed, in a drawling tone of calculation.

"Thousands and thousands of years," said Cupid; "but that's nothing. All of us are. I'm the oldest of the lot, I believe, if it comes to that; though you wouldn't think it, to look at me and feel my skin. It's glorious fun being always a boy. I like you, Praxy; you're so jolly innocent; and you gave me a ride."

"I'll give you fifty," said I, rather amused at the simplicity of the boy's delights, "if a little thing like that will please you. But I hope you'll stand by me at dinner, and help me if I say the wrong thing or get into a row. I never dined with gods and goddesses before, and the situation is what you may call trying."

"They won't bite you," said Cupid, slinging his empty quiver over his right shoulder; "pluck up your courage, and come along!"

So he jumped once more upon my back, picked up from a corner of the dressing-table his unstrung bow, and a few seconds afterwards we passed through a curtained entrance into the dining-hall.

The room was built entirely of marble, the walls being paneled at intervals with oblong slabs which took so high a polish that they served as mirrors. Between the slabs were fluted pilasters, tastefully picked out with gold and color, and imitated from the antique. The columns which supported the richly coffered ceiling had gilded Corinthian capitals, and the pavement was beautifully inlaid with a mosaic of marble scraps and porphyry. Anybody could see that the architect, whoever he was, had intended to reproduce some building of the best period in ancient Rome or Athens; and, as far as my uncultivated eye was able to gauge his work, he had succeeded in both detail and design.

At the upper end of the hall stood a horseshoe table, covered with a snow-white cloth, and laden with cut-glass, porcelain, gold and silver cups, and alabaster vases. In the centre of the convex curve was a marble throne—not raised above the other seats, but distinguished by its high straight back, its elaborately sculptured arms, and its velvet cushion. Within the gable which formed the termination of the back was an imperial eagle, inlaid with tiny squares of colored mosaic, after the manner of Pliny's doves. I could not doubt that this

seat was intended for the king of the immortals, though at the present moment it was empty.

In the aisles to the right and left of the columns stood groups of divinities in conversation, while others were pacing up and down in pairs. The central portion of the hall, towards the inner side of the horseshoe, seemed to be appropriated by the servants, who stood there motionless, under the charge of a head waiter or steward, in readiness to commence their duties at a given signal from the throne. They were all Satyrs, little encumbered with superfluous apparel; and from the neck of each was suspended the inevitable flute, attached by a silver chain.

I had scarcely entered the room, with my lively burden upon my back, when the gods and goddesses set up a simultaneous shout of welcome, clapping their hands and laughing with delight at the somewhat remarkable ingress which I had performed.

"Hadn't you better get down?" said I, seizing the boy's thighs and trying to shake him off my shoulders. "They may think me disrespectful, you know."

"Gammon!" answered Cupid; "they are not such fools. And I'll tell them it was all my fault. They never care a farthing what I do."

"Bravo!" cried a rough, wiry old man, with mottled cheeks and shaggy hair, and a beard which fell in grisly rags half-way down his body. "That's what I call Pegasus and Bellerophon topsy-turvy. The rider has wings, and the horse wears breeches! Bravo!"

"That's Neptune," explained Cupid, though I had guessed as much already. "He loves the English, because they are good on the water. You never need be afraid of him."

"Bless your heart!" said Neptune, "he knows me well enough, even without my trident. We don't bring our attributes in to dinner, you know—except that little devil Cupid, and even he is not allowed to bring in his arrows. Well, sir!" added the old fellow, shaking me by the hand, "I'm downright glad to see you, that I am! I've been a true friend to your country, for many and many a year, and helped your gallant seamen at a pinch, more times than I can remember. But that was in the good old-fashioned days, well-nigh a hundred years ago. You've got altogether beyond me now. Your ironclads and torpedo boats and turrets beat me entirely. I don't understand either the floating or the sinking of 'em. I like a ship to look like a ship, and not like a hump-backed alligator."

"Welcome!" said a handsome but rather effeminate young man, who wore around his head a wreath of laurel—"welcome, O denizen of a lower world, to the abode of the celestials! You come from a country which, if not the land of music and song, is at least the generous patron of musicians and songsters."

"That's Apollo," said Cupid, kicking me with the side of his right foot.

"Any fool can see that!" I replied. "But, I say, will you just get off my back? This is becoming too ridiculous. How the deuce am I to make my bow to all these illustrious divinities with a great heavy boy upon my shoulders? I swear, if you don't get off directly, I'll pitch you over my head on to the floor."

"You had better not," said Cupid. "If once you make an enemy of me, young fellow, you're done for!"

"Hulloa!" exclaimed a distinctly masculine female, mature in point of summers, and imposing rather than beautiful in face and figure. There was a hirsute look about this lady which aroused suspicion before she had advanced a step; but the bent knees and slightly stooping body, and rising of the feet upon their toes as she stepped forward to greet me, put her identity beyond all question. "Hulloa, my boy! so you are tired of the old hunting grounds, are you, and have come farther afield? Well, we can show you some sport, in all seasons and all weathers. Big game and little game, furs and feathers, it's much the same to me. Glad to see you, my buck, and many a good run may we have together."

"That's Diana," said Cupid, kicking me again.

"What a little idiot you must be," exclaimed I, losing patience, "to keep on telling me what any baby could see with its eyes shut! And now I'm going to chuck you off and have done with you." So saying, I shifted my hands quickly from the boy's legs to his heels, bent my body forwards with a sudden jerk in the direction of the fair huntress, and laid my youthful rider at her feet. Cupid was furious, and not altogether without good cause. In the first place, he had fallen badly upon a hard marble floor; in the second place, he had broken off a small cloud of pet feathers from his snow-white wings; in the third place, he was greeted on rising with an amount of chaff and chuckling which the most angelic of tempers would find it hard to bear. And Cupid's temper was not angelic by any means.

"I'll pay you out for that to-morrow morning!" said he, limping up to me and shaking his bow in my face. "You just wait till I get some arrows! I'll make you so mad, and so jealous, and so desperate that you'll wish you had never been born."

"Did it bruise its little knees and elbows," said Venus, "the pretty boy? Come to its Mummy, then, and she'll put a bit of plaster on, and kiss the place to make it well."

"Shall I run for Æsculapius?" asked Mercury. "He can't be far off. When I came across the courtyard he was writing a prescription in the surgery for one of Diana's puppies, who has got the distemper."

"Æsculapius be hanged!" said Cupid, giving his knees a final rub and fixing a few distorted feathers in position. "I'm all right; but I'll have it out with Praxy."

"Praxy!" said a sunburnt, fierce, square-shouldered god, striding up to me with no very friendly gesture; "is that your name? It's the most ridiculous name I ever heard of. I wouldn't have such a name. My name is Mars—Mars, sir, at your service. You've heard of Mars, I suppose?"

"Indeed I have," replied I, deferentially, "only too often."

"Too often?" repeated the god in a bullying tone. "What am I to understand by that? So you mean to insult me, sir?"

"Not at all," said I, becoming alarmed, and wishing I had expressed the thing differently. "I merely meant—er—desolated hearths—er—devastating armies—er—horrors of war."

"Horrors of war!" echoed Mars, becoming purple with excitement. "I'll show you a horror or two. Will you fight, sir?"

"No, thank you," said I, receding a few steps as the warlike god squared up to me; "I would rather not. I shall get very much the worst of it, and I am half dead with hunger."

"Bravo!" exclaimed a ruddy-faced youth, planting himself between us. "Let him alone, Mars; you are always trying to pick a quarrel. Praxy is our guest, and he sha'n't be bullied. Hope you're thirsty as well as hungry," he continued, turning to me and pointing to his ivy crown. "I'm Bacchus, you know, and I keep the key of the wine-cellar."

At this moment the doleful concert of pipes was heard once more, and Cupid, who seemed by this time to have half forgiven my offense, ran up and took my hand.

"That's to tell us that the Jew's coming in," said he; "and now we shall get some dinner. I'll show you your place. You're to sit between me and Venus, at the farther end of the horseshoe."

The king of the gods suffered periodically from the gout, and this was one of his periods. On such occasions he could put neither left foot nor right foot to the ground without a roar, which the mortals far below would mistake for thunder, and which even the gods preferred to encounter at the distance of a geographical mile. When the door was flung open, therefore, at the upper end of the hall, through which the awful deity was to pass, it admitted—not, as I had expected, a towering figure from which all beholders would shrink with terror, but a rather common-looking old man, borne by four slaves in a black and yellow sedan-chair, between two long poles.

The process of getting the old gentleman out of this time-honored conveyance was somewhat tedious, and the delay a source of no small anxiety to the expectant diners. As good luck would have it, however, nothing went wrong at all. The transfer from the sedan-chair to the marble throne was managed without the slightest hitch, and the deity himself looked all the better for the change.

Seated upon a marble throne of state, and more especially if an imperial eagle be inlaid or sculptured at the back of it, a man of average presence has an even chance of making people believe that he is somebody; and Jupiter, as he presided at the horseshoe table, with his noble head of iron-gray hair, his flashing eye, his finely cut, majestic features, and his flowing beard, looked every inch the Jupiter of my mythological dreams. Behind him stood the four slaves who had carried the monarch into the saloon, while on a stool at his right hand sat my youthful friend the cup bearer, in readiness to do his office at a sign from his royal master.

"Come along!" said Cupid, still holding my hand; "before we begin dinner you must be presented to the Jew."

"Shall I kneel to him," I inquired, "and kiss his hand?"

"I think he would take it kindly," was the reply; "but, for goodness gracious' sake, don't kiss his toes. He wouldn't take that kindly at all; he'd raise a yell that would send us all to smithereens. Though, for the matter of that, you can't get at them, for they're tucked well under the table."

So saying, he led me round the horseshoe to the left elbow of the throne, beside which I sank upon my knees and bent my head submissively. I felt very much as if it were going to be cut off, and wished I had courage to raise my eyes, lest the blow should fall instanter. It would be satisfactory at any rate to have a moment's warning, so that one might offer up some sort of prayer. But I was positively in such a blessed funk that I did not dare look up at anybody.

"It's Praxy, my lord," said Cupid; "the fellow that Ganny brought up from the Piræus on the Eagle's back—and a jolly good fellow, too."

Jupiter smiled. "Is that the way you present a mortal to the King of Olympus?" he asked pinching the boy's cheek affectionately. "Why didn't Mercury come forward and make a proper speech of introduction, worthy of our presence and of the illustrious guest whom we are entertaining?"

"Because Mercury is so precious long-winded," answered the lad, "and while he was boring your Majesty to death the soup would be getting cold. I knew your Majesty was hungry, so I thought the fewer words the better. Praxy wants to kiss your hand, my lord, and then he wants his dinner."

"Let the mortal rise," said Jupiter, holding out his left hand, upon which I pressed my lips with due respectfulness. It was a hard, cold hand, divinely shaped, of course, but with a texture of bronze, and a cruel, crunching look about the fingers.

The mortal rose accordingly, rejoicing at his release, and was conducted to his seat at the left end of the horseshoe.

"You mustn't sit down yet," said Cupid; "Mercury is going to say grace. But he won't be long about it, after the broad hint I gave him just now."

Jupiter raised his awful right hand, and the entire company stood up in silence, each one at the back of his own chair. Mercury mumbled a few words which I could not catch, and was proceeding to mumble a good many more, when the awful hand struck the table, and the grace was over.

"It's an invocation to Ceres and Bacchus," explained Cupid, "and he is obliged to say something different every evening. If ever he repeats himself he goes without his dinner. But Bacchus came off second best this time, for his name was scarcely out of Mercury's mouth when the Jew cut the whole thing short, more power to him! I hope the merry god won't take it amiss and knock off the liquor."

The Satyrs now hustled about their work, and we all fell to. The steward stood at a small side-table ladling out the soup, which was handed to the guests from the concave of the horseshoe. To this succeeded fish, in orthodox terrestrial fashion; and although the creature was of a shape and color which I do not remember having seen before, I never wish to eat a better. Conversation flagged while appetite enforced its claims, and there was practically a dead silence during the first two courses. A dead silence at dinner has always struck me as intolerably oppressive, and even in the dread company of the gods I could not resist the impulse to break it.

"I thought you people—I beg your pardon," said I, "I thought you sublime divinities only ate ambrosia."

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst out Jupiter, with a roar which upset every drinking-cup on the table. No wine

was spilt, however, none having yet been served.

"Who told you that fool's nonsense?" asked Mars, turning fiercely round at me. "It's positively insulting."

"Shut up, Spears and Battle-axes!" said Jupiter. "I won't have the mortal bullied. If you want to fight, go out and have a round with Hercules. We sha'n't miss you."

"I read it first," said I, "in Keightley's Mythology, when I was a boy at school, and I never heard it contradicted. Everybody in the lower world believes it. But I shall have a different story to tell when I go back to my own diggings."

"Ambrosia is bear's grease," said Vulcan; "we put it on our hair."

"Speak for yourself, you ruffian!" said Juno. "I don't put anything of the sort. I put Macassar oil."

"And plenty of it," observed Venus, standing up for her spouse—"enough to grease a cartwheel."

"Or a blacksmith's bellows," retorted Juno.

"Come, come!" said Minerva; "these recriminations are unwise. And when we have satisfied our hunger with this curious comestible, what are we supposed to take after it, sir, by way of washing it down?"

"Nectar, madam."

"That's the stuff I give to Cerberus," said Pluto, "when he's sick. You haven't seen my dog Cerberus, have you, sir?"

"No," said I, with a shudder, curiosity giving way to a dread of everlasting nightmares; "and, if you don't mind, I'd just as soon I didn't."

A choir of boys and rural deities now began to sing glees and madrigals from a low gallery at the other end of the hall; and lovelier vocal music I never heard.

"Glass of wine, sir?" said Bacchus, filling his goblet at the termination of the first glee, and sending a Satyr with a jug of liquor to my end of the table.

"With the greatest pleasure," I returned; and we drank each other's health most cordially.

"Is that bin to your liking, sir?" continued the jovial god. "If not, we'll try another."

"Excellent," said I; and then we had a general drink all round, in which everybody joined, except Vesta, who is a total abstainer.

The dinner consisted mainly of made dishes, the only joint being roast kid, which was garnished with cream-cheese and honey. Cupid told me the name of every course as it appeared; but I thought it would look rude to make notes at table; and there was unfortunately no menu. I could only detect one flaw in the perfection of the cookery. The gods are fond of garlic, and the salad was uneatable.

While the roast kid was being consumed, Pluto sent a message across to Jupiter, who nodded almost imperceptibly in return. Cupid, who followed everything with his roguish eyes, nudged me on the elbow.

"Did you see that?" asked the boy. "If he had nodded his head a little lower, there'd have been an earthquake, and the roof would have fallen in."

"This appears to be a rather dangerous sort of old gentleman," I observed, whispering back again. "I don't mind telling you in confidence that I sha'n't be sorry when he leaves the room."

"He won't leave it yet awhile," was the reply.

"He'll stow away another gallon or so of wine before he goes; and when he's three parts screwed, a lot of us will fall upon him and badger him into giving his consent to this personally conducted tour."

The dinner ran its course as dinners usually do, the scale of conviviality going up as the liquor went down. Bacchus tapped his oldest cask in my honor, and gods and goddesses vied with each other in doing justice to the cheer. I was perfectly astounded at the amount which even the ladies could put away, and apparently without fear of penalties. Even Cupid, a little imp not fourteen years of age, had disposed of two gallons at the least, and was as bright and boyish as if he had never tasted anything stronger than toast and water. And when I considered that they had done the same thing every day of their lives for several thousand years, I realized, as I had never done before, the deplorable weakness of mortality.

"Look out—here comes Ganny," said Cupid.

Turning my head, I saw that the boy was walking towards me, bearing a golden cup full to the very brim. "Jupiter wants to take wine with you," said he. "You must stand up clear of your chair and bow, and then drain the goblet at one draught, and I'll come again and fetch it. Mind you do exactly as I tell you, or there'll be a scrimmage. I must go back now and fill the cup for Jupiter. And I say, Q," continued he, advancing another step, and speaking in a hurried whisper, "the Jew's been drinking like a fish, so if you've any business to do with him, you'd better come and do it straight away, while the old man's capable. In another twenty minutes he may be too far gone."

It was all very well to say, "Stand up clear of your chair," but I was by no means certain that I could do it. I had already drunk so much that although my head was clear enough for purposes of rational conversation, my legs felt stiff and groggy, and a sudden rise to the feet, in the midst of a jovial gathering, is seldom achieved with perfect steadiness of posture. Indeed I was fitter to go to bed than to stand erect and drink off a solemn pint of wine. However, I went through the ordeal as best I could, and gave apparent satisfaction; for Jupiter bestowed upon me an affectionate, not to say drunken, smile, and the company greeted the exchange of toasts with a round of uproarious cheering which I thought would never end.

This was the signal for a general break-up. Juno strolled into the garden to feed her peacocks, and Ceres went to settle with the housekeeper for last week's supply of flour. Vesta struck a light and led the way to the library, where Minerva consulted ancient authorities on the relation between the signs of the zodiac and the hooting of owls. Vulcan limped out to his forge, where Castor and Pollux were waiting impatiently to have their horses shod, before starting on their customary midnight ride. Bacchus was carried off to bed, singing incoherently, and brandishing a leathern bottle in the air; Mars, to my great relief, went off to make preparations for a cock-fight which he was going to superintend the next day; while the rest of the deities adjourned to the skittle-ground, and swore and cheated and squabbled over their game until the small hours of the morning.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*Andre's Ride....A. H. Beesly....Longman's Magazine*

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
With all his raiders at his back,  
Mon Dieu! the tumult in the town!  
Scarce clanged the great portcullis down  
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears  
And up marched all his musketeers,  
And far and fast in haste's array  
Sped men to fight and priests to pray;  
In every street a barricade  
Of aught that lay to hand was made;  
From every house a man was told  
Nor quittance given to young or old;  
Should youth be spared or age be slack  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac?  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
With all his ravening reiver-pack,  
The mid lake was a frozen road  
Unbending to the cannon's load,  
No warmth the sun had as it shone,  
The kine were stalled, the birds were gone;  
Like wild things seemed the shapes of fur  
With which was every street astir,  
And over all the huddling crowd  
The thick breath hung — a solid cloud —  
Roof, road and river, all were white,  
Men moved benumbed by day — by night  
The boldest durst not bivouac,  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
We scarce could stem his swift attack,  
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call —  
Like wild cats they were up the wall,  
But still as each man won the town  
We tossed him from the ramparts down;  
And when at last the stormers quailed  
And back the assailants shrank assailed,  
Like wounded wasps that still could sting,  
Or tigers that had missed their spring,  
They would not fly, but turned at bay  
And fought out all the dying day;  
Sweet saints! it was a crimson track  
That André left by Pont-du-lac.  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac  
Said he: "A troop of girls could sack  
This huckster town that hugs its hoard  
But wists not how to wield a sword."  
It makes my blood warm now to know  
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,  
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point  
In André's harness found a joint;  
For I, who now am old, was young,  
And strong the thews were, now unstrung,  
And deadly though our danger then,  
I would that day were back again;  
Ay, would to God the day were back  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac!

*A Portrait.....Caroline Duer.....Poems*

A man more kindly, in his careless way,  
Than many who profess a higher creed;  
Whose fickle love might change from day to day,  
And yet be faithful to a friend in need;  
Whose manners covered, through life's outs and ins,  
Like charity, a multitude of sins.  
A man of honor, too, as such things go;  
Discreet and secret — qualities of use,

Selfish, but not self-conscious, generous, slow  
To anger, but most ready in excuse;  
His wit and cleverness consisted not  
So much in what he said as what he got.  
His principles one might not quite command,  
And they were much too simple to mistake:  
Never to turn his back upon a friend,  
Never to lie but for a woman's sake;  
To take the sweets that came within his way,  
And pay the price, if there were price to pay.  
Idle, good-looking, negatively wise,  
Lazy in action, plausible in speech;  
Favor he found in many women's eyes,  
And valued most that which was hard to reach;  
Few are both true and tender, and he grew  
In time a little tenderer than true.  
Knowing much evil, half-regretting good,  
As we regret a childish impulse lost,  
Wearied with knowledge best not understood,  
Bored with the disenchantment that it cost,  
But in conclusion, with no failings hid,  
A gentleman no matter what he did.

*He Whistled as He Went....Dallett Fuguet....The Cosmopolitan*

He went so blithely on the way  
Which people call the Road of Life,  
That good folks who had stopped to pray,  
Shaking their heads, would look, and say  
It was not right to be so gay  
Upon that weary road of strife!  
He whistled as he went, and still  
He bore the young where streams were deep  
And helped the feeble up the hill.  
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill,  
Careless of deed, and wild of will:—  
He whistled that he might not weep.

*Blue Hills....James Kenneth Stephen... Lapsus Calami\**

Years ago in the land of my birth,  
When my head was little above the earth,  
I stood by the side of the grass-blades tall,  
And a quickset hedge was a mighty wall,  
And a measureless forest I often found  
In a swampy acre of rush-clad ground:  
But, when I could see it, the best of the view  
Was a distant circle, the Hills of Blue.  
Higher we grow as the long years pass,  
And I now look down on the growing grass;  
I see the top where I saw the side,  
Some beauties are lost as the view grows wide,  
I see over things that I couldn't see through:  
But my limit is still the Hills of Blue.

As a child I sought them and found them not,  
Footsore and weary, tired and hot;  
They were still the bulwark of all I could see,  
And still at a fabulous distance from me;  
I wondered if age and strength could teach  
How to traverse the plain, the mountains reach;  
Meanwhile, whatever a child might do,  
They still were far and they still were blue.

Well, I've reached them at last, those distant Hills;  
I've reached their base through a world of ills;  
I have toiled and labored and wandered far,  
With my constant eyes on a shifting star:  
And ever, as nearer I came, they grew,  
Larger and larger, but, ah! less blue.

\* Published by The Macmillan Company.

Green I have found them, green and brown,  
Studded with houses o'erhanging a town,  
Feeding the plain below with streams,  
Dappled with shadows and brightening with beams,  
Image of scenes I had left behind,  
Merely a group of the hilly kind :  
And beyond them a prospect as fair to view  
As the old, and bounded by hills as blue.

But I will not seek those further Hills,  
Nor travel the course of the outward rills :  
I have lost the faith of my childhood's day ;  
Let me dream (it is only a dream) while I may ;  
I will put my belief to no cruel test ;  
As I doze on this green, deceptive crest,  
I will try to believe, as I used to do,  
There are some Blue Hills which are really blue.

*A Holiday Song.....Grace E. Denison.....Massey's Magazine*

A little way from Work-a-day,  
Down the small slope of mild desire,  
There swings a gate to bar the way,  
With roses and sweet-brier.  
While you and I, when time is ripe,  
Upon its fragrant threshold stand,  
And look across the harvest fields  
In fruitful Leisure-Land.  
In Leisure-Land the breath, like balm,  
Sighs from the moist lips easily,  
The eyes shine clear, the brow is calm,  
The heart beats full and free.  
There is no sound of fret nor strife,  
Of urging call nor harsh command,  
One drinks a fresh, sweet draught of Life,  
In blessed Leisure-Land !  
The birds sing soft, the cushats coo,  
The breeze just whispers to the flowers,  
Deep-lined with autumn, as they fade,  
To mark the peaceful hours.  
The dancing brooklets wider sweep,  
All voiceless where the blue flags stand,  
Rocking the drowsy bees to sleep,  
In restful Leisure-Land.  
Then come, while harvest moon is full,  
Sweetheart, adown the sloping way,  
And whisper secrets to my soul,  
Too dear for common day.  
A little space, for thee and me,  
Which, heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
Apart from weary Work-a-day,  
We'll spend in Leisure-Land !

*Bob White.....Marion Franklin Ham.....The Golden Shuttle*

Shrill and clear from coppice near,  
A song within the woodland ringing,  
A treble note from silver throat,  
The siren of the fields is singing —  
Bob—Bob—White !  
And from the height the answer sweet  
Floats faintly o'er the rippling wheat —  
Bob—White !  
The elder flowers in snowy showers  
Upon the velvet turf are falling.  
And where they lie the soft winds sigh,  
The while the fluted voice is calling —  
Bob—Bob—White !  
And far across the yellow grain  
The wafted echo swells again —  
Bob—White !  
The purple mist by sunbeams kissed  
Drifts upward toward the morning's splendor ;  
And through the haze of shaded ways

The plaintive reed pipes low and tender —  
Bob—Bob—White !

While fainter, sweeter, softer grown  
The answer on the breeze is blown —  
Bob—White !

The shadows sleep in hollows deep,  
The dewy pawpaw leaves are thrilling,  
The silence broods o'er solitudes

Unbroken, save one pure note trilling —  
Bob—Bob—White !

So pure, so clear, so sweetly rare,  
The answer steals upon the air —  
Bob—White !

O song of youth ! of love and truth !  
Of mellow days forever dying !  
Still through the years my sad heart hears  
Your tender cadence sighing, sighing —  
Bob—Bob—White !

And far across life's troubled ways  
The echo comes from boyhood days —  
Bob—White !

*The King and the Beggar.....Clarence Hawkes.....Pebbles and Shells\**

A beggar asked for alms beside the palace gate,  
The king passed by and left him poor and desolate,  
But on the morn he was a king beyond the skies,  
The king a beggar at the gate of paradise.

*The Song of Pan.....Archibald Lampman.....Harper's Magazine*

Mad with love, and laden  
With immortal pain,  
Pan pursued a maiden —  
Pan, the god, in vain.  
For when Pan had nearly  
Touched her, wild to plead,  
She was gone — and clearly  
In her place a reed !  
Long the god, unwitting,  
Through the valley strayed,  
Then at last, submitting,  
Cut the reed, and made,  
Deftly fashioned, seven  
Pipes, and poured his pain  
Unto earth and heaven  
In a piercing strain.  
So with god and poet ;  
Beauty lures them on,  
Flies, and ere they know it  
Like a wraith is gone.  
Then they seek to borrow  
Pleasure still from wrong,  
And with smiling sorrow  
Turn it to a song.

*A Thrush's Song.....E. Blair Oliphant.....Chambers's Journal*

A song of exultation, strange and sweet :  
What hidden dreams of spring within thy breast  
Console thee in that passionate strain expressed ?  
A poor caged captive in a narrow street —  
No respite from the fret of passing feet —  
No listening mate, no outspread wing, no nest.  
Yet visions of some inward charm possessed  
Make blissful freedom of thy sad retreat.  
If I, a captive singer, for one hour  
Upon the confines of such joy might stand,  
I, too, should share thy courage and thy power.  
Give me one glimpse of thine enchanted land,  
I, too, would utter transport. None should guess  
A broken heart that sings of happiness.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

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*The Late Gail Hamilton:—*

Mary Abigail Dodge, who died August 17, says the Boston *Herald*, was born in Hamilton, Mass., in 1830. She began at an early age to prepare herself as a teacher, and became instructor in physical science in the Hartford (Ct.) high school in 1851, remaining in that position for several years. She then became a governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey of Washington, D. C., to whose paper, the *National Era*, she became a contributor. From that time she wrote for the periodical or permanent publications. In 1865 she came to Boston and became one of the editors of *Our Young Folks*, a children's magazine. Ten years later she went back to Washington to live, and, with occasional journeys back and forth between Washington and Hamilton, the former had been her home ever since. Miss Dodge's name was Mary Abigail. She took for a pen name the last syllable of Abigail, and, with the name of her birthplace, formed the pseudonym "Gail Hamilton," by which she is better known. Her published works consist principally of collections of her fugitive writings. In 1862 *Country Living and Country Thinking* appeared, and then from time to time in rapid succession came *Gala Days*, *A New Atmosphere and Stumbling Blocks*, *Skirmishes and Sketches*, *Red Letter Days in Applethorpe and Summer Rest*, *Wool Gathering*, *Woman's Wrongs—a Counter Irritant*, *Battle of the Books*, *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness*, *Littlefolk Life*, *Child World*, *Twelve Miles from a Lemon*, *Nursery Noonings*, *Sermons to the Clergy and First Love's Best*, *What Think Ye of Christ*, *Our Common School System*, *Divine Guidance—a Memorial of Allen W. Dodge*, and *The Insuppressible Book*. These books were all written from 1862 to 1885. After the last book was printed she began to write some for the daily press, finding in the *New York Tribune* an instrument for the dissemination of her opinions on civil-service reform. It need hardly be said that these opinions were always in favor of clean, pure government. Miss Dodge first came into public notice by her little book called *Wool Gathering*. It was printed, perhaps, 25 years ago. Having been induced to invest some money in a sheep farm in one of the western states, and having lost all her investment through bad management or misrepresentations, or both, she made an investigation of the wool business and wrote one of her characteristic screeds about it. That book had an enormous circulation all over the country. It was the first evidence of her remarkable power, and from that time forward everything from her pen was eagerly read. During the war she won fame by her championship of the case of a midshipman in the navy who had been accused of mutiny and sedition and hanged at a yardarm. The lad was a nephew of a member of the cabinet, and family influence was set at work to convince Miss Dodge that the boy was innocent. She made an investigation of the charges, and succeeded in convincing a great many people that the midshipman had organized a sort of secret society simply for fun, and not with any seditious intent. Her in-

terest in the case came too late to be of any service to the accused sailor. Miss Dodge's characteristics left their impress upon the career of James G. Blaine. It is one of the traditions of life in the capital that Mr. Blaine always leaned heavily upon her judgment. When in doubt as to matters political, literary or diplomatic, it was with her that he wished to consult before anyone else. Miss Dodge's skill as a politician and her judgment of men were said to be remarkably keen, and, with his wife and her cousin as his advisers, it used to be a common saying in Washington that Mr. Blaine had a cabinet which a President might envy. Years ago, before Mr. Blaine's literary reputation was firmly established as it was before his death, there was a popular belief that Miss Dodge wrote his speeches and reviews for him. As late as 1881, when Blaine was in the Garfield cabinet, he was suspected of having Miss Dodge as his assistant in the preparation of diplomatic dispatches. This belief is not now entertained by any one who is familiar with Mr. Blaine and his methods of work. She worked very hard on the life of James G. Blaine, which was finished just before her illness, in June, 1895. She had in her possession all the personal papers referring to Mr. Blaine's own affairs and his business and private correspondence as well. In addition to this, Miss Dodge never ceased her efforts to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman imprisoned for life in London for poisoning her husband. She was the first woman in America to engage in anything like a systematic effort to accomplish this woman's release, and every day and every week since she worried about this same project. Miss Dodge had a wonderfully intellectual countenance. She was not a good-looking woman, for she had too much care and hard work to preserve the features of countenance that compose good looks, but she was a brainy woman, and looked like one. Her hair was pure white and her eyes were sharp and penetrating, and, framed in this white hair, her face possessed a remarkably impressive expression. She looked like a bright, broad-minded woman, one whom you would expect to talk entertainingly and sensibly on topics past and present. Her life had been one of constant work and worry. She was a cousin of the widow of James G. Blaine, and spent a great deal of time at the Blaine mansion. When Butler was Governor of Massachusetts he offered Miss Dodge a position as one of the trustees of the state workhouse at Bridgewater, a vacancy having occurred on the board by reason of the resignation of Mrs. James T. Fields. Though a spinster of the most pronounced type, she wrote and published in *Harper's Bazar* a disquisition upon the art of rearing children.

*Horace Annesley Vachell:—*

Horace Annesley Vachell, whose books are beginning to attract critical recognition in America, and have already achieved popularity in England, is the head of an ancient family which lived for many centuries at Coley, near Reading, and afterwards at Hington, Cambridgeshire, and Coptfold

Hall, Essex. He was born October 30th, 1861, and was the eldest son of the late Richard Tanfield Vachell, of Coptfold Hall, and of Georgina Lyttelton, eldest daughter of the late Arthur Lyttelton Annesley, of Arley Castle, Shropshire. He was educated at Harrow School, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and received a commission in the Rifle Brigade. A keen sportsman, he went to Wyoming and Colorado to shoot big game, wandered to the Pacific slope, bought a ranch in Southern California and resigned his commission. In 1889, he married a daughter of a distinguished Californian, Mr. C. H. Phillips, and subsequently associated himself in business with his father-in-law. Unlike most Englishmen of lineage, Mr. Vachell can write and his talent is creative, not manufactured. It is said that all persons with V in their names are lucky, and Mr. Vachell has certainly had none of the delays and disappointments of the average author; he has rarely had a manuscript refused, and has secured the best publishers without effort. Some years ago, while confined to the house one afternoon during the shooting season, it suddenly occurred to him to try his hand at a story. When it was written, he thought it worth while to try it on an editor; accordingly he sent it at a venture to the Whitehall Review, and it appeared in due course. But his best work has been done in California in the intervals between ranching and hunting—for he is a big man with a lot of superfluous energy and a distinct hatred of monotony, even the monotony of tracking grizzly bears and riding twenty miles after cattle. Although he has been too full of ideas heretofore to give much attention to his manner, his books are admirable and have the very breath of California in them. The Model of Christian Gay abounds in types which exist nowhere else, and the heroine, a compound of New England conscience and Spanish sensuousness, is one of the most delightful characters in American fiction, and one of the most fully realized. In fact, all the characters in this book are realized in a remarkable manner, particularly Bill Smith, the train robber, and Sylvester, the Donatello of the story. Perhaps the oddest thing about the book is the fact that although California pervades every page, breathes from every line, there are not a half dozen paragraphs of description from first to last. This is very high, although, I venture to say, unconscious art. The Quicksands of Pactolus is a contribution to the financial history of San Francisco, and the hero, Rufus Barrington, would alone make the book literature. An Impending Sword, recently published in Lippincott's, is a distinct advance in construction and art, and makes the critic feel reasonably sure that when Mr. Vachell has "found himself" as they say of the ships, he will make a great writer. He is at present engaged on a more extensive work, dealing with the land troubles in California, a book which should be as important as it is sure to be exciting. Mr. Vachell is about to dispose of his interests in California and take up his residence in London—in that atmosphere so dear to the literary mind. I may add that only talent, sympathy and insight of a high order could have enabled Mr. Vachell to feel California as he has done. Many good writers have missed it—notably Mrs. Jackson, the scenes of whose Ramona might have been laid in Colorado or

Mexico. California is the very most difficult place on earth to get in touch with. It may interest the faithful admirers of Guenn to know that Christian Gay was drawn upon the same model as Hamor. The original is a personal friend of Mr. Vachell.

*William Black at Home:*

The interviewer, writes Frederick A. Atkins in *The Young Man*, made the acquaintance of his subject at Paston House, Brighton, where it seems Mr. Black spends more than half the year, the remaining months being devoted to an exploration of different localities in the Highlands. At Paston House, too, he does the major portion of his work, and it may be said that the information and material obtained during the summer months while residing in Scotland are here utilized and moulded into shape. Many people suppose that a novelist's system of work is quick and perceptive: no method of slow, laborious reasoning is required; all comes like a lightning flash to the end of the pen. Mr. Black's testimony, however, would put a different complexion on the matter. "I am building up a book months before I write the first chapter," he says, "before I can put pen to paper I have to realize all the chief incidents and characters. I have to live with my characters, so to speak; otherwise I am afraid they would never appear living people to my readers. This is my work during the summer; the only time that I am really free from the burden of the novel that is to be is when I am grouse-shooting or salmon-fishing. At other times I am haunted by the characters and the scenes in which they take part, so that for the sake of his peace of mind my method is not to be recommended to any young novelist. When I come to the writing I have to immure myself in perfect quietude; my study is at the top of the house, and on the two or three days a week that I am writing Mrs. Black guards me from interruption. Of course, now and again I have had to read a great deal preparatory to writing. Before beginning *Sunrise*, for instance, I went through the history of secret societies in Europe." Not a few of Mr. Black's readers, it seems, have remonstrated with him on the sad conclusions to his works. Even the late President Garfield was not superior to this amiable weakness for poetical justice in our fiction. One summer, hearing from Mr. Carnegie that he was going to Scotland and would call upon William Black, the president asked him to take a message to the novelist. Garfield reproached him for the conclusion of Macleod of Dare, pathetically adding: "Was there not enough sorrow in the world?" It was an American girl, too, who, when the novelist was visiting the United States, asked him, almost with tears in her eyes, "O, Mr. Black, why did Coquette die?" "Why, you see," replied the author of *A Daughter of Heth*, "I didn't want to make her die; but I had to do it. If she had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after he had closed the book." In this, we think Mr. Black does himself an injustice, and is a little severe on modern fiction readers. The descriptions of scenery constitute one of the chief attractions of Mr. Black's novels, and it is not therefore surprising to find that he pays the greatest attention to this branch of his art. "In real life," he says, "man has always a background, whatever he

is doing or saying; and so it should be in a novel. For my own part, a story has but little enjoyment for me if it is without a background." A passage which occurs in Ruskin's introduction to his Notes on Turner's drawings made a great impression on the novelist in reference to this subject. It is as follows: "Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that someone had told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds, that appear for a little while and vanish away, how little my love of them would remain with me, when silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more."

*Elia W. Peattie:*—

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, the friend of every woman in Nebraska, says a writer in the Fort Wayne Gazette, president of the Omaha Woman's Club, author of many brilliant short stories, and practical newspaper writer, is a dynamo of energy and the half of what she is and of what she has accomplished would be more than sufficient to satisfy many a woman of far greater ambition. As an editorial writer upon the staff of the Omaha World-Herald, she has made her name known and respected in the newspaper offices of the entire country among men with masculine prejudices against women in editorial positions. She has long conducted a daily "woman's column," which is not a pink tea or a sewing circle reduced to type, and she is the author of short stories which are recognized as among the best that the West is giving to the world through the medium of the leading Eastern magazines. "My own life in the great Michigan woods, where I spent my girlhood," said Mrs. Peattie to the writer, "taught me many helpful lessons. The life a person leads before ten years of age is what counts. It is what comes during that period that leaves the most lasting and permanent impressions. If I could go back with my family to the peaceful solitude of one of those great clearings in the woods, such as I knew so intimately in my childhood, and we could there raise enough from the soil to easily satisfy our daily needs and sustain a comfortable existence, I would never write another line. I would just do my work, play with my children and think my own thoughts for their own sake." This declaration was uttered with all the enthusiasm of which Mrs. Peattie is capable, and that is not a little. This might lead to the impression that Mrs. Peattie considers her newspaper and literary work as little better than a daily grind, but the truth is that she takes no such pessimistic view of her routine task. Quite to the contrary, her whole heart is in whatever she does, whether it be as a practical philanthropist, a writer of stories or a newspaper woman. "When I started my 'woman's column' I determined that it should not be made the vehicle of woman's follies or foibles, but that it should contain whatever of good common sense and practical wisdom I could command," said Mrs. Peattie. "The result has been gratifying to me, for it has demonstrated the fact that departments of this kind as ordinarily conducted are

not what women want or appreciate, but what bachelor editors think women like. I have been deriving no little amusement from the good critics who have been kind enough to pass judgment upon my latest collection of short stories, called *A Mountain Woman*. The very stories in that volume which they have branded with the stamp of improbability are little more than pieces of reporting rather than imaginative creations. The principal characters, as well as the main thread of incident, in the story of *The Three Johns* and *Up the Gulch*, are absolutely true and practically unembellished."

*Roumania's Poet Queen:*—

Carmen Sylva, the poet queen of Roumania, was born at Wied, Dec. 29, 1843, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Her parents, the Prince and Princess of Wied, were distinguished for those rare intellectual qualities for which their daughter is noted. Carmen Sylva is her pen name. Among her subjects she is known as Queen Elizabeth. She married King Charles in 1869, and since then has done much for the Roumanian people. Her subjects became the children of her heart. She has stimulated national characteristics, developed and fostered native industries, encouraged the wearing of a national costume, established schools and charitable institutions, thus broadening and civilizing the fierce and laggard race. She began her literary work as a solace for the grief occasioned by the death of her only child, Princess Marie, at four years of age. Her first publication was a translation from Roumanian into German verse in 1876. The number of her works is legion. Among them are: Tales of the Carpathians, Roumanian Poems, Jehovah, Mein Ruhe, an operatic text, Neaga, and a drama, Meister Manola, which was produced at Vienna, but was not successful. Many of Carmen Sylva's works have been translated into English and French, the former by Sir Edwin Arnold, while her Pensees d'une Reine (Thoughts of a Queen) were translated by Mme. Adam and appeared in the Nouvelle Revue. These royal thoughts read charmingly. One of her sayings is: "A prince should possess only ears and eyes; his mouth should serve him for smiles alone." And another, "Women in politics are like hens endeavoring to crow." And yet it was interfering in politics through a love match that brought the Queen a great deal of sorrow a few years ago. There being no heir to the throne, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern was proclaimed the Crown Prince of Roumania. Among Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor was a certain Mlle. Vacaresco, to whom she was much attached. Although a commoner, mademoiselle had contrived, through her quick wit, and the friendship of men like Victor Hugo, to obtain a footing at court. The Queen determined to arrange a marriage between her favorite and the Crown Prince. Mademoiselle was nothing loath, and things went on well till the rumor reached the ears of the court circle and the nation. The project set the whole nobility by the ears and caused such a popular uprising that King Charles came near losing his throne. Mademoiselle Vacaresco was finally forced to leave the country, and the storm blew over. Save in this the wishes of the Queen have always been decisive with the people and she is much beloved. Her life has been a nobly beneficent one, and Sir

Charles Dilke, the English diplomat, has said: "No more able and accomplished sovereigns sit upon thrones than King Charles and the remarkable writer Carmen Sylva, whose poems and novels and maxims go the round of the literary world, and who is his Queen." She is described as a tall, graceful, and very handsome woman with a clear complexion, fine, dreamy eyes, and snow-white hair.

*James Kenneth Stephen:-*

James Kenneth Stephen, from whose *Lapsus Calami* and other Verses, just issued by the Macmillan Company, we quote on another page of Current Literature, came of a family which has been prominent for many years among English lawyers, in the person of the Chief Justice J. F. Stephens, Q. C., K. C. S. I., and others. During his studies at Cambridge he took high rank and was expected to follow the law as a matter of course, but after leaving the University he met with an accident (was, we believe, struck by a passing truck in the crowded street, or something of the sort) and the injury seriously affected his health; from being a brilliant, promising young fellow he became almost morose, shy, despondent, yet at intervals would make strong efforts to throw off his depression, and many of his wittiest squibs were written at such times. The verses were circulated among his friends and some of them crept into print at the time they were written, as, for example, the lines in which he expressed his hope for a time

"When the Rudyards cease from Kipling  
And the Haggards Ride no more,"

a couplet which one used to meet with frequently, although not one in ten of those who quoted it could tell the author's name. Charles Dudley Warner was one of his friends in this country, and speaks in strong terms of praise of some of his work, while one of England's foremost literary journals, referring commendingly to the new edition of his verses then on the point of publication, has spoken of his work as "preserving a literary tradition not unworthy of the days of Calverley and Praed." He died on the 3d of February, 1892. The introduction to *Lapsus Calami* gives many facts in his life, but the injury referred to is passed over in a few lines, and none but his friends know what a rare form of courage went to the making of the light-hearted verses which form the bulk of the volume. Blue Hills, the poem quoted on page 294, is almost the only one written in a minor key.

*Bishop Coxe as a Man of Letters:-*

The Right Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe, whose lamented death occurred on July 20, has been a picturesque personality in the Protestant Episcopal church for well-nigh two generations, says the Reverend R. Heber Newton in *The Critic*. He was a man of great forcefulness and of intense earnestness. Endowed by nature with various intellectual gifts, he used them all with unwearyed activity. A man of high character, a devout Christian, a staunch Churchman, and withal a gentleman of the old school—his personality will be keenly missed in our religious world. Of his character, as of his ecclesiastical work, other journals will speak more fittingly; we have a brief record to make of his work as a man-of-letters. Ecclesiastical and theological

controversy enlisted his ardent nature early in life, and in this he never grew old. But a little while before his death, he threw himself in fiery onset upon Monsignor Satolli; and the blows were those of a lusty youth, with immense vim, and also, it must be said, without poise. The gentler side of his nature found expression through his fine fancy in religious poetry; and it is probably as a writer of hymns that he is most widely known. He came nearer being the Keble of America than any other churchman of our day. His poetic taste served his church wisely and well in its long labors over a New Hymnal. The historic sense, always strong in him, led him to divine the importance of the Old Catholic movement before it received general recognition. Seeing in it a return towards primitive Christianity, he gave it his profound sympathy. Traveling in order to gain information at first hand, he translated, on his return home, a work of Hirscher, *Sympathies of the Continent*, affixing an introduction in which he gave his own impressions of the movement. He became one of the founders of the Anglo-Continental Society. This historic sense moved him to what was perhaps his most serviceable contribution to theological literature—his editing of the *Ante-Nicene Library*, and his organization of the Christian Literature Company, in 1885, for the publication of the patristic writings. He thus aided powerfully in that revival of interest in the Fathers throughout the various branches of the Church in this country, which is one of the significant features of our generation; an interest which, as being largely historical and not polemical, must quicken that reconstruction of theological thought which the historical study of the origins of Christianity is everywhere effecting. A consummation, this, which the staunch Anglican would have been far from seeking to further. Thus build we all more wisely than we know. In 1887, Bishop Coxe was Baldwin lecturer at Michigan University, and his lectures appeared under the title of *Institutes of Christian History*. He became Bedell lecturer at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, in the same year, his lectures appearing as *Holy Writ and Modern Thought*. In 1892, he was Paddock lecturer in New York. He was a voluminous contributor to periodical literature. Among his poems are *Advent: a Mystery*, *Athwold*, *Christian Ballads*, *Athanasion* and *Other Poems*, *Hallowe'en*, and *Saul*, a *Mystery*. His prose works include *Sermons on Doctrine and Duty*, *Impressions of England*, *Criterion*, *Moral Reforms*, *Apollos*, *Ladie Chace*, *The Penitential*, and several works in French, published in Paris.

*Nietzsche and His Philosophy:-*

The recent translation of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche, says F. C. Schiller in *The Book Buyer*, draws the attention of the English-reading public to a literary personage of no slight interest. To have written books which for their matter and manner (and in spite of very inadequate translations) may claim to be contributions to international literature, and to have attracted a band of admirers who display all the enthusiastic extravagance of old-time disciples, are both of them interesting achievements. But the most conclusive claim which Nietzsche has upon the attention of a sensa-

tion-loving generation is derived, not from anything he did, but from what he suffered, from the crowning catastrophe of his personal history, which finally reduced the brilliant writer with his aspirations after a superhuman "over-man" to a condition of merely vegetative life, lower even than the brutes. The impressiveness of the object-lesson afforded by Nietzsche's insanity can hardly be denied, and like most object-lessons it can be interpreted by various parties to suit their different convictions. His friends may continue to revere him as one more unfortunate genius who has fallen a victim to Philistine dullness, worn out in his struggle with an uncongenial environment: his foes are entitled to dismiss his views as the ravings of an incipient lunatic. The physiological may adduce him as one more instance of the connection between talent and insanity, and speak of "hereditary taints." The general reader, lastly, is enabled to read Nietzsche just as superficially as he pleases and to enjoy his epigrams without feeling bound to penetrate into the profundities of a thought which after all he suspects to be more than half insane. But all would agree that their interest was heightened in one who has so tragically ceased to be an object of envy, before ceasing to be an object of sympathy. And certainly the interest in biographical details is unusually justifiable in this case, for the mark of his emotional personality, the shadow of his approaching eclipse, is over everything that he wrote. Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born in 1844, in the little village of Röcken, on the historic battlefield of Lützen enriched by the heroic blood of that true champion of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. His father was the "pastor" of the village and Nietzsche was subsequently pleased to believe that his paternal ancestry was derived from the unruly nobility of Poland. But this theory seems to have had little basis except in his obviously Slavonic name (*niedzky*), and there is nothing surprising in this in a part of Germany where the population is admittedly largely Slavonic in blood and to some extent even in speech. And this really suffices to explain also the undeniably Slavonic character of Nietzsche's mind and temper, which is so clearly exhibited in the passionate impatience, in the fire and fervor of his writings. The other point of interest connected with his parentage is that of his father's sanity. He undoubtedly died young and apparently from brain-disease. Yet Nietzsche always strenuously denied that there had been any insanity in his family, and he may have considered this statement justified by the fact that his father's illness was brought on by an accident. However that may have been, the orphaned boy received an excellent education, first at the famous institution of Schulpforta and subsequently at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig. He had been intended for the ministry, but soon began his career of revolt against established opinions by revolting against Christianity, chiefly, as would appear from his later Anti-christ, on the ground that it restricted overmuch the free expansion of life. So he turned his attention to classical philology and attained so great and precocious a reputation that, even before he had taken his doctor's degree, he received the offer of a professorship in the Swiss university of Bâle. As a teacher his career during the next ten years ap-

pears to have been very successful, and distinguished more especially by the suavity and gentleness of his manner, the care he bestowed on his dress, and the caution, nay, the timidity, with which he expressed his opinions. But this self-repression was evidently maintained at no slight cost, and every now and then the mild professor would startle the staid Philistines of Bâle and the no less Philistine pedants of the German academic world by flashing out into eloquent and lurid pamphlets directed against the prevalent fashions in science and literature. Among these may be mentioned his "untimely reflections" on D. F. Strauss's *The Old Faith and the New*, and on *The Value of History for Life*. He was at this time greatly under the influence of Schopenhauer and Wagner, and an intimate personal friend of the latter, although he subsequently "revolted" against both of them with characteristic fury. In 1876 overwork, aided perhaps by the internal friction engendered by an uncongenial environment, brought on eye and brain trouble, which forced him to obtain leave of absence from his duties, and in 1879 caused him to be retired altogether on a pension. Henceforth Nietzsche was condemned to lead the life of an invalid, spending the summer in the mountains of Switzerland and the winter on the balmy shores of the Mediterranean. His malady showed itself chiefly in excruciating headaches, such that, as he himself declares, the year contained for him two hundred days of pure and unadulterated pain. Yet it was under these circumstances that he was stimulated to unparalleled literary activity and poured forth in rapid succession, *Human, all too Human* (1879), *Dawn of Day* (1881), *The Joyous Science* (1882), *So Spake Zarathustra* (1883-85), *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), *The Genealogy of Morality* (1887), *The Case of Wagner* (1888), *Twilight of the Idols* (1888), etc. It was thus in the midst of suffering that he learned to value health, in the daily converse with pain that he learned to love life. His adoration of life and health and strength are but the reflection of the frantic and passionate struggles of a doomed man to escape from the toils that were closing in upon him. Yet they only contributed, perhaps, to hasten the end, and after recovering from an earlier attack, Nietzsche's mind was towards the end of 1888 finally and irretrievably eclipsed. The writings of Nietzsche will long be read for the excellence of his style and the brilliance of his epigrams; they possess also, preëminently, the grip and power which is attained by every author who puts some of his brain and life-blood into his work. This unquestionably Nietzsche did. Had he been less terribly in earnest about the expression of his unhappy philosophy and spared himself something in stress and labor, the end might have been delayed. As a philosopher, I should be inclined to rate him less highly; for though his paradoxes may stimulate and his audacities freshen the dry disquisitions of academic instructors, his views seem too fragmentary, unfounded, and unbalanced to win much permanent influence. It is probable, therefore, that his final place will be found among the mountebanks who attract public attention by shouting and capering in the porches of the Temple of Truth rather than among the hierophants who initiate the student into the inmost verities.

## HALLOWEEN VERSE: TRADITION AND SUPERSTITION

COMPILED BY REGINA ARMSTRONG HILLIARD

*Halloween.....Arthur Cleveland Coxe*

The Autumn wind — oh, hear it howl !  
Without — October's tempests scowl,  
As he troops away on the raving wind,  
And leaveth dry leaves in his path behind.  
Without — without,  
Oh, hear him shout,  
He is making the old trees bare ;  
O cruel he,  
To the old oak tree,  
And the garden hedges fair !  
Oh, a wild and tyrannous king is he,  
When he playeth his frolic in every tree,  
And maketh the forest bare.  
I know that a tyrannous rod is his,  
When he maketh the forest bow ;  
But worse, far worse are his tyrannies,  
For he tameth the spirit now !  
Without — without,  
Oh, hear him shout,  
October is going away !  
'Tis the night — the night  
Of the grave's delight,  
And the warlocks are at their play ;  
Ye think that without  
The wild winds shout,  
But no, it is they — it is they.

The Spirits are pulling the sere dry leaves,  
Of the shadowy forest down ;  
And howl the gaunt reapers that gather the sheaves,  
With the moon o'er their revels to frown.  
To-morrow ye'll find all their spoils in your path,  
And ye'll speak of the wind and the sky ;  
But oh, could ye see them to-night in their wrath,  
I ween ye'd be frenzied of eye !

*The Hag.....Robert Herrick*

The Hag is astride  
This night for a ride,  
The devils and she together,  
Through thick and through thin,  
Now out and now in,  
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.  
A thorn or a burr  
She takes for a spur,  
With a lash of the bramble she rides now  
Through brake and through briers  
O'er ditches and mires  
She follows the spirit that guides now. . . .

The ghost from the tomb,  
Affrighted will come,  
Called out by a clap of the thunder.

*The Djinns.....Victor Hugo\**

Town, tower,  
Shore, deep,  
Where lower  
Cliffs steep ;  
Waves gray,  
Where play  
Winds gay,  
All asleep.  
Hark ! a sound,  
Far and slight,

Breathes around,  
On the night —  
High and higher,  
Nigh and nigher,  
Like a fire,  
Roaring bright.

On it is sweeping,  
With rattling beat,  
Like dwarf imp leaping,  
In gallop fleet ;  
He flies, he prances,  
In frolic fancies,  
On wave-crest dances  
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell  
With each nearer burst !  
Like the toll of bell  
Of a convent curst,  
Like the billowy roar,  
Of a storm-lashed shore —  
Now hushed, now once more  
Maddening to its worst.

O God ! the deadly sound,  
Of the Djinns' fearful cry !  
Quick, 'neath the spiral round  
Of the deep staircase fly !  
See, see our lamplight fade,  
And of the balustrade  
Mounts the circling shade  
Up to the ceiling high.

'Tis the Djinns' wild, streaming swarm,  
Whistling in their tempest flight,  
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm  
Like a pine flame crackling bright.  
Swift and heavy, low, their crowd  
Through the heavens rushing loud,  
Like a lurid thunder-cloud  
With its ball of fiery light.

Ha ! They are on us, close without !  
Shut tight the shelter where we lie ;  
With hideous din the monster rout,  
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky.  
The loosened rafter overhead,  
Trembles and bends like quivering reed ;  
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,  
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly.

*The Spell.....John Gay*

At even o' Hallowmas no sleep I sought  
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought.  
I scattered round the seed on every side,  
And three times three in trembling accents cried,  
" This hemp seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow."  
I pared a pippin round and round again,  
My shepherd's name to flourish in the plain ;  
I flung the unbroken paring o'er my head,  
Upon the grass a perfect L was made.  
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name ;  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.  
So may thy passion grow,  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

\* Translated by J. S. O'Sullivan.

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

### FOUR-FOOTED EPICURES

DAINTIES OF ANIMAL DIET.....THE SPECTATOR

The persimmon is in immense request as one of the dainties of animal diet. "Brer Rabbit" achieved not the least notable of his diplomatic triumphs by inducing the other animals to get him persimmons when they wanted them themselves; and in fact there is no other fruit, except perhaps the water-melon, which is in more general request both among birds and beasts.

The taste for "dainties" among animals takes rather unexpected forms. Many flesh-eating creatures, for example, select as delicacies some form of fruit, and take considerable trouble to gratify what is a taste for luxury rather than a necessity of diet. The Syrian foxes, "the little foxes which spoil the grapes," are not the only creatures of their tribe which go for food to the vineyards. Jackals do the same, and eat the fruit not only as a luxury, but as a medicine. The "grape cure" makes a marked difference in their condition, and animals which enter the vineyards suffering from mange are said to be restored to health very soon after their diet of grapes has begun. One British carnivorous animal, the marten, also seeks fruit as a dainty. In Sutherlandshire Mr. St. John discovered that some animal was stealing his raspberries, and setting a trap, caught in it a marten cub. Dogs will also eat fruit, though rarely. When they do they usually take a fancy to gooseberries; the present writer has met with two spaniels which had this taste, and would take the gooseberries from the trees, and put out the skins after eating the pulp.

In the annual report on the management of the menagerie of the Zoölogical Society, the item "onions" always figures largely in the bill for provender. Onions, as is well known to housekeepers, are an indispensable ingredient in very many dishes in which their presence is hardly recognized by those who would at once detect the presence of the smallest morsel of the vegetable if uncooked; and by most out-of-door populations, especially Spaniards and Portuguese, they are eaten raw with bread as part of their staple food. But no English animal seems particularly fond of them, and it is not easy to guess for whose benefit they are in such request at the Zoo. They are bought mainly for the African antelopes and giraffes. All of the former, from the big roan antelopes to the miniature gazelles, "dote" on onions, and regard them as the greatest delicacy which can be offered for their acceptance. It is said by trainers that if a horse once becomes fond of sugar he can be taught any trick for the circus. Antelopes could probably be trained in the same way by rewards of onions. There is one drawback to their indulgence in this dainty, which leads to some restriction of its use at the Zoo. After an onion breakfast the scent in the antelope-house, usually redolent of odorous hay and clover, is overpowering, and visitors who do not notice the fragments of onion-tops upon the floor are inclined to leave in haste, and class the antelopes among the other evil-smelling beasts of the menagerie. For the giraffes they are not only a bonne bouche, but

also a very wholesome change in their ordinary food, and though the liking for the bulb is an acquired taste, for onions are not native to the South African veldt, the new giraffe is as fond of them as its predecessors. Deer show no particular preference for onions; on the other hand, they prefer apples to any other dainty. In the Highlands the wild deer have no chance of invading an orchard; but on Exmoor and on the Quantock Hills, where they have now greatly increased in numbers, they leave the hill-sides and thick plantations and rob orchards by moonlight. The stags thrust their horns among the apple-boughs and shake off the fruit, and even leap up to strike the branches which are beyond their reach when standing. In enclosed parks red-deer find a substitute for apples in the small unripe horse-chestnuts which fall in dry weather. At the Sheen Lodge of Richmond Park, near which several chestnut trees stand, the stags have been known to slip out through the gate to pick up the fallen fruit lying on the road. Fallow-deer seem less fond of fruit than the red-deer. Bread is the delicacy by which they are most easily tempted, though, except in such small enclosed parks as that of Magdalen College at Oxford, they are rarely tame enough to take it from the hand. At Bushey Park, where the herbage is unusually rich and the fallow-deer fatten more quickly than in any of the Royal parks, there is one old buck who has acquired such a taste for bread that he has left the main herd, and established himself as a regular beggar near the Hampton Court Gate. The benches between this gate and the circular pond and fountain near the head of the great avenue are naturally favorite seats for Londoners who come down and bring their luncheon with them. The moment the buck sees the couple comfortably seated and a paper parcel produced and opened, he sidles up, and gazes with all the expression of which his fine eyes are capable at the buns and bread-and-butter. If a piece be held out to him, he walks up, and stretching forward as far as he can without overbalancing, takes it from the hand. At this moment his dignity and grace somewhat decline, for his excitement is such that he curls his tail over his back, and looks like a terrier.

Hares, like most rodents, do not show strong preferences in their choice of food; their chief "preference" being that there shall be plenty of it, and that it shall be green and tender. But they will come great distances to feed on carrots. Some Devonshire magistrates recently refused to convict a person charged with poaching a hare, on the ground that they, as sportsmen, did not believe that there was a hare in the parish in which the offence was alleged to have been committed. The facts rather favored this view, but the planting of a field of carrots in this hareless area soon attracted the animals. Rabbits, which are by consent able to get a living where no other quadruped can, become very select in their tastes where food is abundant, and soon seek variety. In the gardens of a large house in Suffolk, adjoining a park in which rabbits swarmed before the passing of the Ground Game Act, it was found that some rabbits managed to

effect an entrance every night, with a view to eating certain flowers. These were clove-pinks and verbenas. No other flowers were touched, but the pinks were nipped off when they flowered, and the verbena plants devoured as soon as they were bedded out. Farmers have lately been advised to try feeding their stock upon sugar, which is both cheap and fattening. This would be good hearing for many horses which like nothing so well as lump-sugar; but neither cows nor pigs seem to be particularly fond of sweetstuff in this form, though the latter are very partial to raw, crushed sugar-cane. But the pig, though greedy and omnivorous when kept in a sty, and a very foul feeder on the New Zealand runs, is most particular in its choice of food when running wild in English woods. Its special dainties are underground roots and tubers, and it is the only animal, except man, which appreciates and seeks for the truffle. For all these underground delicacies its scent is exquisitely keen. If by any mishap a pig enters a garden at the time when bulbs are planted it will plough up a row of snowdrops or crocus-roots, following the line as readily as if they lay exposed upon the surface. On the other hand, pigs seem to have discovered that raw potatoes are unwholesome. Cooked potatoes are devoured greedily; but the raw tuber is as a rule rejected, unless the animal is very hungry, and though pigs will sometimes root among the potato-mounds, it is in search of other food than potatoes. Stud-grooms have decided that carrots are the favorite dainty of the horse, and accordingly it has become part, in many stables, of the under-groom's duty to slice carrots and arrange them on a plate ready for the master or mistress to take to the horses when visiting them. They like apples equally well, but these do not always agree with them. There is, or was recently, at Guildford Station, a horse which would push a truck with its chest, when told to do so, instead of pulling it. This was very useful when it was desired to bring the truck up to the end of a siding, where there was no room for the horse to go in front and pull. It had been taught by a shunter, who sat in an empty truck and offered the horse a carrot. The horse would stretch its neck out, and push its chest against the wagon to take the carrot, and so start the wagon along the metals. It was then given the carrot, and soon learned that it was wanted to push and would be rewarded for doing so.

Donkeys are said to like thistles. They will eat them, and will even take them from the hand and eat them when other food is at hand. But they do not exhibit much enthusiasm for this dainty, and would probably agree with Bottom that "Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." Camels, however, really enjoy them, and menagerie camels when on tour will eat every thistle they can pick by the roadside. This is a curious taste in dainties, but, like some human fancies of the kind, it has a sentimental background. The camel, it is said, eats the thistles because they are the nearest approach to the "vegetation" of its native desert.

#### BIRDS AS HELPERS

C. F. CORNISH.....CORNHILL MAGAZINE

It is somewhat surprising that the Orientals, who first employed carrier pigeons, did not go further and attempt to communicate with distant lands by

means of the migratory storks and cranes, the regularity of whose journeys and the accuracy of whose return to their nests, often upon or adjoining their own houses, was well known to them. Such an experiment recently succeeded in circumstances so extraordinary that it reads like a story from Herodotus. During Slatin Pasha's captivity by the Mahdi he was summoned by the Khalifa, and to his dismay found him sitting in judgment with his cadi's around him. Slatin was immediately aware that some charge was about to be preferred against him, and his uneasiness was not diminished by the knowledge that his secret correspondence with Egypt might well have been betrayed. The Mahdi handed him a small metal case, the size of a revolver cartridge, attached to a brass ring saying: "Take this thing, and see what it contains." An attempt had been made to open it, and Slatin could see that it contained a roll of paper. In the utmost disquietude he extracted two small rolls from the case, and found upon them, in a minute hand, the following message, written in English, German, Russian, and French: "This crane has been bred and brought up on my estate at Ascania Nova, in the province of Taurida in South Russia. Whoever catches or kills the bird is requested to communicate with me and inform me where it occurred.—F. R. Falz-Tein." Slatin duly read the message, and the Khalifa said, "It is true. The bird was killed by a Shagi near Dongola." The letter was dated September, 1892, and was brought to the Mahdi in December. The Khalifa's comment was characteristic of the fanatical Moslem. "This," he said, "is one of the many devilries of the unbelievers, who waste their time in such useless nonsense. A Mohammedan would never have attempted to do such a thing."

The use of wild birds and animals employed as involuntary agents by no means marks the limit of their possible services. There are some species, which have never been domesticated in the proper sense of the word, which have natural proclivities for making themselves useful in captivity. "In the case of [some] birds," says Brehm, "their reason is awakened, developed, and cultivated by contact with man. We do not affirm that any action of a bird which to us is incomprehensible is originally due to man's agency, but simply that birds adopt much which is in harmony with their altered conditions and surroundings." The concrete instance which he adduces later of the way in which birds may not only acquiesce in these conditions, but assume the ideas and duties of men, is the absolutely reliable account of his friend Von Seyffert's tame crane. Of these he had a pair, which soon lost all fear of man and of domestic animals, and became strongly attached to the former. Their life in a German village, in which agriculture was the sole employment, and the communal system of joint herding of cattle and swine, and driving them together to the common pasture, prevailed, was very much to their taste. They soon knew all the inhabitants in the place, and, until the female crane died, used to call regularly at the houses to be fed. When the female died the survivor at once took as a new friend a bull. He would stand by the bull in the stall and keep the flies off him, scream when he roared, dance before him, and follow him out with the herd. In this association the crane saw and re-

marked the duties of the cowherd, and one evening he brought home the whole of the village herd of heifers unaided, and drove them into the stable. From that time the crane undertook so many duties that it was busy from dawn till night. He acted as policeman among the poultry, stopping all fights and disorder. He would stand by a horse when left in a cart, and prevent it from moving by pecking its nose and screaming. A turkey and a game-cock were found fighting, whereon the crane first fought the turkey, and then sought out and thrashed the cock. Meantime it always "herded" the cattle, not always with complete success. These were collected in the morning by the sound of a horn, and some would lag behind. On one occasion the crane went back, drove up some lagging heifers through the street, and then frightened them so much that they broke away and ran two miles in the wrong direction. The bird could not bring them back, but drove them into a field, where it guarded them till they were fetched. It would drive out trespassing cattle as courageously as a dog, and, unlike most busybodies, was a universal favorite, and the pride of the village.

China still uses two birds for special purposes, and shows no disposition to part with them. Duck-breeding on a large scale is one of the industries of the riverine population. The owners live in house-boats, and every night the flocks of ducks are driven home into floating pens for safety. In place of dogs the white Chinese goose, a domestic breed not unlike an English goose, is kept as a watch near the duck-pens. It is one of the most wideawake and vociferous of birds, apparently never sleeping, and uttering its loud call when any person or animal approaches it. Mrs. Atkinson, when visiting the northern frontier of China, found the mandarin in charge of the guard-post "playing" with his watch-goose as if it were a dog. At Hampton Court, where a pair are kept, the gander mounts guard over all the ducks' nests on the side of the semicircular canal, and if anyone comes near the bank sounds its alarm incessantly. Ovid, when describing the silence which surrounds the cave of Sleep, rather spoils a series of beautiful lines by a realistic reference to the absence of "urban noises," which no doubt distressed him as they do the literary men of to-day. There were no cocks to crow, no barking dogs, and "no geese which are cleverer than dogs."

Non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris  
Evocat Auroram: nec voce silentia rumpunt  
Sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser.

This looks as if geese were used as watchers by the old Italians, though it may be no more than a reference to the old legend of the geese which saved the Capital.

#### ANIMAL BAROMETERS

THE WEATHER BUREAU OUTDONE.....NEW YORK JOURNAL

Animals are often better barometers than the meteorological instruments in the Weather Bureau. This unique branch of weather lore is just now receiving considerable attention from weather experts.

Most animals are exceedingly sensitive to all the atmospheric conditions, and are constantly making weather forecasts in their own way. It has been found that these natural barometers are often more

trustworthy than the learned weather prophets. A small green frog has been found in Germany which always comes out of the water when cold or wet weather is approaching. The frogs are caught and kept in glass jars furnished with a tiny ladder and half filled with water. The frog weather prophet sits high and dry on the top of his ladder for several hours before a storm, and climbs down to the bottom when the weather is to be fair and clear.

Wild animals are much better weather prophets than domestic animals. A dog or a horse may know that a storm is approaching, but it is sure of a shelter and does not particularly fear it. A wild animal must protect itself, and therefore keeps a sharp look-out. A little knowledge of the habits of the most familiar wild animals will enable anybody to rival the Weather Bureau. For some time before a storm rats and mice run noisily about in the house walls. Almost every house is thus provided with an audible though invisible barometer. Among birds, swallows and rooks, instead of flying about, remain at home when a storm is brewing, and robins hide in bushes or seek the shelter of roofs and chimneys. A bee is never caught in the rain, and ants, wasps, and spiders will be found to prepare their nests, eggs, or webs to withstand bad weather many hours in advance of the coming of a storm.

The ordinary domestic animals will also tell you what the weather is to be if you will only take the trouble to understand their language. All animals become more or less restless at the approach of a storm of any kind. Cats and dogs scratch and move about restlessly, while their fur looks less bright and glossy than usual. It is always a sure sign of rain when horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air for a long time. Goats tell of the coming of bad weather by bleating incessantly and by seeking the most sheltered spots. This uneasiness is even more marked in pigs, which run incessantly about carrying straw to their sty and ceasing to wallow in the mud. Chickens huddle closely together, while donkeys always hang their ears forward.

This gift, according to the President of the Royal Meteorological Society, is less mysterious than it may appear. According to this authority, the animals show merely what they feel and not what they feel is coming. They are able to detect the slightest variation in the pressure of the atmosphere or its humidity. But they are so accurate in their readings of atmospheric conditions that it is safer to depend upon them than most weather reports.

#### ADOPTION OF RATS BY A CAT

A KIND FOSTER MOTHER.....THE LITERARY DIGEST

According to a French journal, *L'Eleveur*, a cat in La Creuse, near Mainsat, France, was recently found in the storeroom of a house, nursing, with much tenderness, four young rats. When the proprietor, judging it inexpedient to favor this opportunity for the increase of a species that is little loved by agriculturists, seized two of the rats and killed them, the cat came to the aid of the other two and asked mercy for her children by adoption, in her characteristic way. The proprietor was touched and, yielding to his more humane emotions, spared the lives of the two remaining intruders, and the cat has continued to bring up her protégés.

## YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN\*

Bobby—Mamma, do the streets of heaven flow with milk and honey?

Mother—So the Bible says, dear.

Bobby—And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so bad?

"Now, Willie," said the teacher as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afganistan?" Willie hesitated a moment. "Don't you know?" asked the teacher. "Yes, I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can't lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied.

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?

Mamma—Why do you say that, my dear?

Little Elsie—Look at all his freckles.

Freddy—Mamma, our principal says his school days were the happiest days of his life? Do you believe that?

Mamma—Certainly. He wouldn't say so if it were not true.

Freddy—Well, I suppose he played hookey and didn't get caught.

A little boy, paying his first visit to the country, was taken to the barn to see some chickens just hatched. This was his first introduction to the process of incubation, and he looked with open eyes and mouth at the fluffy chicks while the hatching process was being explained to him, after which his mother was startled by his rushing into the house exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, mamma, come out to the barn quick! Uncle John has just set a hen and hatched out ten little Henrys!"

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?

Tommy—Noah.

Teacher—Noah?

Tommy—Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?

Mamma—No; that's glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—That's why I can't get my hat off.

Cumso—Well, Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?

Johnny—Not much. She don't know anything. To-day she asked me who discovered America.

A visitor from out of town had been invited to address the Sunday-school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke tobacco and play cards. He went into bad company, frequented stables and low tap-rooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a

forger, and one day, in a fit of drunkenness, he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued, impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" cried the children, as with one voice.

In an Edinburgh school, recently, an inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked one boy whether he would take the sixth or seventh of an orange if he had his choice. The boy promptly replied that he should prefer one-seventh.

At this the professor explained at length to the class that the boy who would choose one-seventh because it appeared to be larger was very foolish.

Just then a hand was raised, and a piping voice said:

"But please, sir, my brother disna like oranges!"

A little four-year-old knelt to say her prayers the other evening. After invoking a blessing on all the members of the family, she wound up by saying:

"And bless Mr. Hicksworthy. Amen."

Then she rose up, but immediately knelt down again.

"I don't mean Mr. Hicksworthy that thinks he's so smart, Lord, but the poor old Mr. Hicksworthy that's only got one eye and always gives me candy. Amen."

Her mother asked little Dot to go into the next room to see if the clock was running, for she had not heard it strike all afternoon. Dot came running back, put her head in at the door and exclaimed:

"Why, no, mamma, clock isn't a-runnin'. It's des stannin' still and a-waggin' its tail."

Teacher (after reading the piece aloud)—"Now, then, Harry, can you tell me why Ben Adhem's name led all the rest?" "Yes, ma'am, but the list was alphabetically arranged."

"Well, my little man," said his grandfather, "why didn't you go out with the sailing party yesterday?" "Because," answered the little fellow, "my mamma went along, and I heard papa say to her that there was a spanking breeze on the bay."

Mollie (at the Mountain House)—We had a ger-man last night.

Pollie (a visitor from the Valley House)—Pooh! We have a Frenchman at our house for the whole summer.

Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black?

Mamma—Because she's a sister of charity, dear.

Ethel—Is charity dead, then?

Teacher—There is a distinction between a sinner and a criminal. If you told a story you would be a sinner. But suppose you stole a big box of chocolate, then what would you be?

Boy—Sick for a week.

\* Compiled from Contemporaries.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*Under the Cloud.. Margaret E. Sangster.. Christian Intelligencer*

Under the cloud we pass,  
The cloud that dims our skies,  
The hot tears blur our eyes,  
We enter the cloud, alas !

We mourn for our vanished bliss,  
For the days that come no more,  
With her laugh at the dear home door,  
On our lips her tender kiss.

We sigh for the might-have-beens,  
For the words we did not say —  
Was it only yesterday? —  
And memory sits and spins

A web that is like a shroud,  
So thick and dark does it fold.  
Woe for the tale that is told!  
Like children we cry aloud.

For when she was here, and yet  
Our own, for love's sweet grace,  
When the lighting up of her face  
Could vanquish our dull regret

And give us surcease from pain,  
We took as a common thing  
(Ah! there is the sharpened sting)  
The touch, the look, the strain,

The music and cheer she gave —  
And now she is gone away,  
Lost into heaven's bright day ;  
And we — plant flowers on her grave.

Aye, friends, we are under the cloud,  
So white, so chill, so thick,  
And the heart grows faint and sick,  
So fast do our wan thoughts crowd.

But the cloud has an upper side,  
And somewhere out of the blue  
Our darling is looking through,  
And our sorrow is glorified.

*The Dying Never Weep..... Zitella Cocke..... A Doric Reed*

The dying never weep !  
Does vision of the heavenly height  
Break in upon their waning sight?  
Or doth God wipe away all tears,  
Ere yet they touch th' eternal years?  
Is there no weeping for the eyes  
That soon shall ope in paradise?  
While we our fearful vigil keep,  
And wonder that they do not weep !

The dying never weep !  
But oh, the living weep, and cry  
For God's dear pity, as they lie  
Before His throne in helplessness  
And break their hearts in vain distress,  
The while His saints in blessed place  
Behold the beauty of His face,  
And drink His peace with rapture deep,  
And wonder we for them should weep !

*The Love Lights of Home... Frank L. Stanton... Harper's Bazar*

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,  
When the night from the heavens falls dreary ;  
And Love to the light in the windows of home —  
The light of the love of my dearie.  
And Love to the light, like a swallow in flight,

When the storm blows the stars from the blue of the night ;  
And a kiss from the red rose, a smile from the white,  
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie !

The ships to the harbor from over the foam,  
When the way has been stormy and weary,  
And Love to the light in the windows of home —  
The light of the love of my dearie.  
And Love to the light, like the bloom from the blight,  
When the spring suns weave wonders of red and of white,  
And the darkness of winter is kissed to the bright  
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,  
And never a night shall fall dreary  
While the lights in the beautiful windows of home  
Are lit by the love of my dearie !  
And Love to the light, like a bird from the night,  
Where angels in lilies Love's litanies write,  
And a kiss from the crimson, a smile from the white,  
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

*Our Good-Bye..... Lewis Worthington Smith..... Collier's Weekly*

We saw the sunset redden in the west ;  
We saw the whirring swallow seek the nest ;  
We felt on earth descending peace and rest ;  
We whispered to each other, " It is best."

We held each other's hands one moment's space ;  
Each took one last look at the other's face ;  
We said, " May God be with you in his grace,  
And from your heart our common pain efface."

We said good-bye, and then — then at the last,  
We knew it could not be. We turned, and, fast  
Clasped in each other's arms, our doubts we cast  
Far from us, by one heart-cry overpassed.

*Love's Rosary..... Edgar Saltus..... London Minstrel*

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,  
Are as a string of pearls to me ;  
I count them over, every one apart,  
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,  
To still a heart in absence wrung :  
I tell each bead unto the end, and there  
A cross is hung.

O, memories that bless — and burn !  
O, barren gain — and bitter loss !  
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn  
To kiss the cross,  
Sweetheart,  
To kiss the cross.

*Yesterday..... Richard Burton..... Dumb in June*

My friend, he spoke of a woman face ;  
It puzzled me, and I paused to think.  
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace  
Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink  
I said : " Oh yes, but you wrong her years.  
She's only a child, with faiths and fears  
That childhood fit. I tell thee nay ;  
She was a girl just yesterday."

" The years are swift and sure, I trow "  
(Quoth he). " You speak of the long ago."  
Once I strolled in a garden spot,  
And every flower upraised a head  
(So it seemed), for they, I wot,  
Were mates of mine ; each bloom and bed,

Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,  
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,  
Were known to me; it was my way  
To visit them but yesterday.  
Spake one red rose in a language low:  
"We saw you last in the long ago."  
Entering under the lintel wide,  
I saw the room; 'twas all the same:  
The oaken press and the shelves aside,  
The window small for the sunset flame,  
The book I loved on the table large;  
I ope'd, and lo! in the yellow marge  
The leaf I placed was shrunk and gray.  
I swear it was green but yesterday!  
Then a voice stole out of the sunset glow:  
"You lived here, man, in the long ago."  
'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me  
By a hundred paths of pain and glee,  
Till I guess the truth at last, and know  
That Yesterday is the Long Ago.

*The Empty House.....Westminster Budget*

To think the moonlight shines to-night  
In the dismantled rooms that were  
Love's own, the moonlight, cold and white,  
Upon the desolate walls and bare!  
To think the dawn shall rise and flood  
The empty house that was Love's own,  
Wherein Love's hours were warm and good,  
Wherein Love's heart hung heavy as stone!  
To think I shall come there no more  
To the familiar place, to know  
The stranger's foot shall cross the floor  
Of old where I was wont to go!  
O house that like a little ghost  
Calls to me through the night and rain,  
I know not if I love you most  
For all the joy or all the pain:  
For hours in which my joy lay dead,  
For hours in which all heaven I knew,—  
Only my life, when all is said,  
Leaves an immortal past with you!

*Our Homemaker...Adeline D. T. Whitney...Boston Transcript*

Where the mountains slope to the westward,  
And their purple chalices hold  
The new-made wine of the sunset,  
Crimson and amber and gold—  
In this old, wide-open doorway,  
With the elm boughs overhead,  
The house all garnished behind her,  
And the plentiful table spread,  
She has stood to welcome our coming,  
Watching our upward climb,  
In the sweet June weather that brought us,  
Oh! many and many a time!  
To-day, in the gentle splendor  
Of the early summer noon—  
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,  
Although it is hardly June—  
Again is her doorway opened,  
And the house is garnished and sweet;  
But she silently waits for our coming,  
And we enter with silent feet.  
A little within she is waiting;  
Not where she has met us before;  
For over the pleasant threshold  
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,  
And a lily is on her breast;  
Her hands are folded together,  
And the word on her lips is "rest."  
And yet it looks like a welcome,  
For her work is compassed and done;  
All things are seemly and ready,  
And her summer is just begun.  
It is we who may not cross over;  
Only with song and prayer,  
A little way into the glory,  
We may reach as we leave her there.  
But we cannot think of her idle;  
She must be a homemaker still;  
God giveth that work to the angels  
Who fittest the task fulfill.  
And somewhere yet in the hilltops  
Of the country that hath no pain,  
She will watch in her beautiful doorway,  
To bid us a welcome again.

*A Portrait of His Sweetheart...E. G. Eastman...Overland Monthly*

This is her face, who loves thee more than life!  
Think, when thou lookest on her pictured face,—  
"This hair no hand but mine has e'er caressed;  
These lips no lover's lips but mine have pressed;  
These truthful eyes upon no rival shine;  
All that I see is mine, and only mine!"  
So shalt thou learn to prize the single grace  
Of sole surrender, in thy promised wife!  
This is her face, whom thou hast sworn to love!  
Think deeper while thine eyes devour her face,—  
"This cannot change,—but she I love must fade!  
Tears soon will dim these eyes, for laughter made;  
This brow be lined with care, these locks turn white,—  
Yet shall my love outlive the mournful sight!"  
Though envious time steal every youthful grace,  
So shall each theft a deathless passion prove!

*Afterwards...John E. Healy...London Weekly Sun*

Did I love you, little girl,  
Once in other days?  
Was the world the place wherein  
All the golden ways  
Led to you, and all the birds  
Only sang your praise?  
Did I love you, little girl?  
Was it you whose eyes,  
Twice a dozen months ago,  
Lit the Arcadian skies  
Where we walked with summer-time,  
Happy and unwise?  
Did I love you, little girl?  
Are you sure 'tis true?  
Was it for your shrine I plucked  
Rosemary and rue?  
Was my pastoral queen of love  
You—and only you?  
Did I love you, little girl,  
Not so long ago?  
Can such sudden ebb succeed  
Such a passionate glow?  
Still I dream of linked lips;  
Tell me, was it so?  
Did you love me, little girl?  
Could such sorrow be?  
Have I locked your simple heart  
But to lose the key?  
God forgive me, little girl,  
If you weep for me!

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

## THE WRITTEN AND THE SPOKEN WORD

ANDREW LANG.....LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

As "that Prince of Paper Lords, Lord Peter, broke the laws of God, and Man, and Metre," so a distinguished living writer objects even to the very rules of tradition in English style. I shall not name him, for his remarks have interest enough without personalities. He says: "How often does it not happen to painstaking writers to alter such stiff 'literary' English in their first draughts into the honest colloquialism; and how often do they not find the national-schoolmaster type of critic finding fault with them for their 'carelessness'—which is really the effect of careful and thoughtful revision. The plain truth is that, whenever a man takes a pen in hand to write, his first instinct is to adopt a certain impossible 'literary' dialect, which became obsolete as speech a hundred years ago; only by the utmost consideration of every phrase—by deliberately asking himself, 'Do I ever say that?'—by carefully splitting his infinitives (*sic*), throwing his prepositions away from his verbs to the end of his sentences, and leaving many pendent to's and at's, can he attain at last to the desired and desirable colloquialism. Any school-girl can write absolutely 'correct' and academic English; it is the pure spoken English of everyday life which costs a man hard in time and trouble." This argument appears to take it for granted that colloquial English, "as she is spoke" by every one who is not a prig, should be the model of literary composition. This doctrine I cannot accept. First, it is contrary to all tradition, which, of course, in my learned opponent's eyes, proves it to be right. But I am fond of tradition, on the whole, as it represents the sum of human experience. Thus mankind has made every sort of experiment in marriage, and all the civilized Western races have ended in monogamy. Monogamy has its drawbacks, but experience has proved these to be less unendurable than the inconveniences attendant on polygamy, polyandry, and the delightful system of "going as you please." In the same way, universal tradition has recognized a certain standard of accuracy in literary language which is not demanded in ordinary talk. Greeks and Romans did not speak as they wrote. We do not praise a person who "speaks like a printed book," and it is a curious and inexplicable fact that some Americans talk more like printed books than we do. Yet I should hesitate to applaud a man who wrote, on all occasions and on all themes, as the mass of people talk, that is, loosely, incorrectly, with many an aposiopesis, and without distinction. Mr. Stevenson, who wrote with such a distinguished charm, in conversation was boyishly colloquial. I am glad he talked as he talked, and wrote in a very different style. Dr. Johnson was an example on the other side; he talked much better English than he wrote, except when he wrote the *Lives of the Poets*.

Literature, in brief, is expected to use language as an artist uses his materials; few of us are artists in conversation, and the exceptions are subject to laws of a different kind. A sort of standard is kept

up in literature; a measure of cadence, a quality of accuracy is required. If these be neglected, and if the standard of current talk be adopted by authors, that standard, through human indolence, will be constantly degraded. The advocate of the opposite theory tells writers that they should "carefully split their infinitives," by which I doubt not that he means their infinitives. In place of writing "to run rapidly," he should write "to rapidly run." As a matter of fact, I am priggish enough not to split my infinitives in ordinary talk. I feel no kind of temptation to do so, nor do I think that most people are thus tempted. On the other hand, the lax, formless scribes of to-day break all the decent rules of language without an effort. Why should I do violence to my tastes and habits by imitating their slovenliness at great cost of labor? In conversation I know that I sin in "shall's" and "will's," "woulds" and "shoulds." This is the inborn fault of the Scot and the Hibernian. My endeavor, often futile, is to be correct with the pen, at least. Apparently my labor should be given to perpetrating distasteful blunders. If I wrote, "How often do they not find the national-schoolmaster type of critic finding fault," as our author does, the two "finds" would annoy my ear—a proof of my depravity. "The national-schoolmaster type," again, strikes me as an ill phrase; I cannot help preferring some "nice derangement of epitaphs." But no doubt our authority has accumulated his sentence toilsomely, in a conscientious pursuit of the colloquial. To be colloquial, "he is at pains to write ill," and occasionally succeeds. At the same time, after all his trouble, he does not write in the least as any mortal talks. To oblige him, I say "as any mortal talks," for the colliding "tals," in "mortal talks," are annoying to my ear. Here is an example of failure to write as people speak:

"I do not know what authority exists for importing the ethical limitation of an 'ought' into this special matter, the prohibition is probably as baseless in its way as that other famous critical prohibition, so much in vogue in the eighteenth century, against the admission of similes into the first book of an epic poem."

Does anybody, does Mr. Herbert Spencer even, talk like that? A man would put it, "I don't see where the ought comes in. One might as well say there shouldn't be a simile in the first book of an epic, like Boileau, or some other old Johnnie." Do you talk about "unawakened potentialities"? I don't, for one, but our author writes about them. Oh, heaven and earth, does any mortal speak like this?—"To see these things" (some Italian peculiarities) "aright, however, we must possess that rare gift of ethnical psychology, backed by the power of throwing ourselves outside the ethnical ethics of our own idiosyncrasy." The English for that, I fancy, is "we must judge foreigners by their own standards." This is colloquial, without being slippshod, and the maxim thus expressed loses its appearance of scientific profundity. That may, or may not, be a thing to regret. As my version is not bad in grammar, I am conceited enough to prefer

it to a sentence which seems inconsistent with its author's principles. When he wrote all that about "ethnical psychology," and "the ethnical ethics of our own idiosyncrasy," I wonder if he "deliberately asked himself 'Do I ever say that?'" And, if he does "say that," does he not "speak like a printed book," a printed book by George Eliot in her wildest mood? To be sure it is not so much "literary English" as scientific terminology. The "dialect," alas! is too obviously not "impossible"; would that, in literary discussion, it were "obsolete"! Enfin, there are, and ought to be, different standards for the written and the spoken word, and these standards vary in various kinds of composition. There are rules in every game, and no game can be played without rules. Meanwhile, if any schoolgirl can write absolutely correct and academic English, what enormous pains must many writers be at before they attain their present desirable slipslop!

#### A FORM OF "THE NUDE IN ART"

PROFANATION OF THE SANCTUARY.....N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT

Spiritual nudity seems to be the accepted thing at the present time—a sort of latter-day form of "the nude in art," it might be called. People present their souls, naked and unashamed, to the gaze of the casual interviewer, and even go out of their way to strip off coverings prescribed by usage. For example, we might fancy that if there is one thing an individual of proper feeling would wish to keep sacred, it would be his religious life. But at this era we are reminded of those who prayed at the street-corners, to be seen of men, when we read in periodical literature about this celebrity's favorite hymn, or that famous personage's penchant for searching the Scriptures. All this is related by the celebrities themselves, with an odious, smirking self-complacency. "I crave the Bible as much as I crave dancing," was the astonishing remark made recently by a lioness of merely medium size.

But it is not only to interviewers that literary lions unbosom themselves: they have a disconcerting way of making "copy" out of their family relations. Usually this is done in the line of pathos; for to an enterprising fictionist one relative in the coffin is worth two in the house. Even an old friend, after his demise, can be worked up into something quite neat and touching; but to be properly poignant, the nearer the tie the better. . . .

It can be understood, of course, that a writer must usually "teach in song" what he has "learned in suffering;" for his own experience of life constitutes his material. Only to a certain extent can his imagination penetrate the inner lives of other human beings. In every era there have been writers who pose; for the tale of man's vanity is "as old as the Eden Tree, as new as the new-cut tooth." Sometimes their pose was that of the sinner, sometimes that of the saint; but their aim was one,—to startle society and make it stare. Their method of doing this was showy and theatrical, and they were often not particular in their choice of the means to compass their end. Occasionally one was found who was willing to make a *succès de scandale*, by putting his or her matrimonial squabbles or illicit love affairs into the shape of fiction, which they took good care to let the public know was founded on fact.

But, taken as a body, it cannot be said that posing was so common a complaint among the authors of thirty or forty years ago as it is now. There was more respect then for the privacy of the home; public opinion would have been strongly against a man who blazoned forth his intention of putting his family affairs into a book. Dickens had experienced the wretchedness of an incompatible union; but although we can judge from his writings that he knew the resultant loneliness of spirit, there is no episode in any of his works that we can say was drawn from the tragedy of his life. Who can read Thackeray's *Newcomes* without realizing that its author had gone down into the very depths of sorrow and disappointment? These two men grew wise, through suffering, in the knowledge of human existence; but they would not have been capable of baring their bleeding wounds to the gaping populace. Probably the wounds that are so displayed have ceased to bleed, or perhaps they are only mere scratches after all. "For the wounded heart, shadow and silence": this is so natural an instinct of pain that one finds it hard to believe in the reality of the anguish that importunes passers upon the highway to stop and listen to its lamentation.

Mr. Barrie makes a character in one of his novels say, "My God! I would write an article, I think, on my mother's coffin." Perhaps that is the modern code. Nevertheless, sensitive people cannot help being revolted when an author thrusts into public view the still form of his dead wife, or the little white corpse of his baby, with the air of a showman crying, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! There are no deceptions practiced at my exhibition. I offer only the genuine article. Here are real bereavements and real emotions." There are certain sanctities of feeling, sacred joys, sacred sorrows, that cannot be violated without a coarsening of the whole nature; there is a delicacy of thought that does not survive publicity, any more than a tree can flourish after its roots have been exposed. Some things are meant to be kept holy in the inmost secrecy of the heart,—a sanctuary not to be profaned. That is what the poet meant in writing thus, though he spoke only of sorrow:

"The lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead;  
  
"Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fullness from the mind:  
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find  
Another service such as this.'  
  
"My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze."

#### THE TREATMENT OF THE PLOT

LOUISE STOCKTON.....THE CRITIC

"By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends."

There is nothing new to be said of the plot, nor indeed of the novel, but when one reads in succession *Jude the Obscure*, *The Mystery of a Dual Life* and *The Three Musketeers*, there are certain sensations aroused, certain trains of thought put into motion, which may bear a little talking over. The books mentioned have each a good

claim to consideration. One is by a great novelist, one gained a large prize in competition, and the third—well, the third is *The Three Musketeers*. So they are all good novels? That depends.

If you ask what distinguishing quality a good novel must possess, Laura Matilda promptly replies it must "turn out all right." She insists upon a stormy sea which shall at the same moment engulf the villain and safely land the heroine. Her novels reiterate the doctrine of retribution, and make no mistake in the distribution of rewards. Jeames prefers that his shall end properly, but he demands "life"—which always means a murder or two, a suicide and a funeral. The small boy does not care what happens on the last page if a pirate comes into the book often enough. Should the conscientious author insist upon finally killing the pirate, the boy submits. It is better to have him dead at the end than not to have had him at all, although a brave pirate has his own rights, and among them is repentance, a lovely bride and the financial compensation of the abandoned business. The boy's sister prefers a bride to a pirate at any time. She is willing to take the heroine in her infancy, and watch her grow from the rattle to golf; but married she must be, and the girl must go to the wedding. This makes a good story. Some readers look for character rather than incident, some like the embalming process called "realism," in which they get neither character nor incident. There is a school in literary art which mixes blue with yellow and calls the result purple, and there are people who pay five cents each month for this color education in homeopathic paper pellets. Then there are others who must have a plot, and with these readers we shall at once proceed to talk.

It is not so very important what the plot is. Of course it is well for it to be good, but the mere plot is secondary; what is of absolute importance is its scientific and logical development. Necessarily there is a great deal of fashion in the matter of plots, and without trouble one can almost absolutely guess the chronological place of any novel. Leaving out the Richardson and Burney books, where fate and family conspire to ruin the happiness of the noblest and the loveliest of their respective sexes; the Edgeworth and Marryat tales, where each character is endowed with a descriptive label and grows in his place each after his own kind; and the long procession of romantic novels, where undeserved misfortune and unlimited compensation succeed each other with mathematical precision, *The Three Musketeers* and *Jude the Obscure* mark two important and interesting methods of managing the plot. That the genuine novel-reader should always take his chances on Hardy is reasonable and proper. The venture may turn out good or ill, and the reader be made happy by a Madding Crowd or irritated by Hearts Insurgent governed with brains dropsical, but no one who cares for good contemporary work refuses to stop a moment when Hardy comes forward. How long the reader waits is another matter, but he stops!

As a serial *Jude* astonished the reader by the management of the plot, which was not only clumsy, but idiotic. It is possible to make bricks without straw, and everyone sooner or later finds out that two and two can make either three or five, but when

babies hang each other there should be a reason for so troublesome a performance. Here the book as a serial failed entirely, but when the experienced reader lost the scent he knew it, and he knew just where the breaks were. Some literary curiosity must be aroused by such unusual treatment of cause and effect, and those who cared to take the trouble looked up the story in book-form. It was easy to remember in which connections the plot had gone all to pieces, and so to read from scene to scene without taking the intervening narrative. But the cumulative effect of such research is peculiar. As preparation for the "Drama of the Restoration," nothing in English literature equals *Jude*, except that it has no wit to divert, nor grace to please. If Lady Burton could have accepted it, she would never have burned her husband's translations because of her insistence on cleanliness in literature. But with the morality or decency of the book we have at this moment nothing to do. The evolution of the plot is our text. In *Jude* this depends not on character, nor upon outside influences; environment seems to have little power, and principle no force. Two crude people, half-educated, eager and ambitious, ruin each other's lives. The impetus is given by a sensual woman's study of her own moods and caprices; the resistance is that given by the clay in the hand of the potter.

To re-read *The Three Musketeers* after *Jude* is a literary experience. Here again there is no plot, but constant action. The people are forever doing the most unlikely things in the most extraordinary manner, with the most complete composure. The four soldiers are not responsible for the reasons of their action, although they always originate the action itself. A king, a queen, a minister, orders one of them to do something, and the four proceed to do it. From page to page the readers accompany the Musketeers and their leader D'Artagnan, always eager, always one of the company. There are no mysteries to be solved, although secrets exist because Athos does not at once take the world into his confidence. As the various affairs, so simple, so complex, work themselves out, the reader is never absent from the field of action. His consent is not asked when an adventure is undertaken, but his approbation is expected. The one point where the reader is pushed back aghast is where Aramis gives up his already accomplished scheme of putting Philippe—the Man in the Iron Mask—in the place of his brother Louis XIV. Aramis had the cards in his own hand, threw them down and fled. If D'Artagnan had gained this position—supposing it had been possible to him—he would have held it. Dumas did not like Aramis from the very beginning; he knew pretty well what kind of a fellow he would turn out to be, and he did not admire Athos half as much as he pretended. He loved Porthos, and of D'Artagnan he was so proud he almost crowed for joy when he wrote his name. This is a very old book to say so much about, but it is not so old as either the love of adventure or of good work.

*The Mystery of a Dual Life* is the last experiment in plot. Here the plot comes into prominence not as a literary quality, but as a conundrum. The story is told with many suggested solutions, more or less ingenious—but all false scents; and then as it nears conclusion it stops, stands still, and asks you

to guess the plot. All this seems fair enough, but there really is no plot. There is one incident out of fifty. It resolves itself into a game of "Which hand will you take?" After the reader chooses the hand, the writer says, "It is not in either hand. It is in a box upstairs." Then the lucky player who was skeptical about the hand, and who thought there might be either a box or a barrel and who guesses the box, gets a prize of money. From the literary point of view this is very damaging to art, but as the ethics of literature are not in our talk, the "Mystery" can be classed simply as demoralized brain-work.

Very few writers of to-day carry the plot out through action alone. The popular Scottish writers deal in episodes. There may be an intention tying these episodes together, but they are pictures thrown on the screen, very delightful but not coherent. They are the outgrowth of the short story, and differ from it principally because the same characters reappear. Very often one chapter holds a whole story, especially in Barrie's work.

There is a plot affected by American writers which attempts a "natural" development, but it is not interesting. A man is in a house with two doors. He goes out the front door and meets a young girl whom he marries. If he had gone out the side door he would have met the same girl. If he had stayed in the house she would have come in. The man, the girl, the meeting—these were all inevitable. Dumas would have him go out at the door—any door,—and run against a man carrying a board on which a flat-iron was balanced. He would have knocked the flat-iron off, the man would pick it up and go on. Then Porthos—he would have been the clumsy one—would tell the story. Aramis would ask, "Why did the man carry a flat-iron on a board?" Athos would reply, "Because—" D'Artagnan would cry out, "I have an idea!"—Presto! Flat-iron, three Musketeers and D'Artagnan, four horses, four servants, swords, queens, cardinals and a general hurly-burly and joy all around. The lady novelist would not do this, because no one carries flat-irons on boards. A flat-iron may fall from an ironing-board, bruise a foot and so give an opportunity for the doctor to come into the story. This would be natural and so permitted. Mr. Anthony Trollope was largely responsible for this style of plot, and he would in addition at any time leave a man on his knees while were related the reasons for his position, or perhaps, to be more accurate, the reasons why he did not stand.

But no "negative" and "natural" plots can be more irritating than those concocted by Henry James, Jr. He presents his readers with a tassel of many colors, then carefully unravels it thread by thread, throws it down and goes away. This is life, which never knits up what it has unravelled, but it is not entertaining. Crawford builds a labyrinth, he holds the end of the ball and acts as guide; but he only knows how long his reader will stay in one avenue, or how many other avenues will open out of it. Then there is another writer who makes his diagnosis and forces his people into harmony with it. If he must have a mental sore throat among the symptoms, it goes hard with him if some one does not get his mental feet wet. The geometrical writer works up problems which are promptly anticipated and worked out by any good student of

the plot. The Past Grand Master of this group is Edgar Poe, the more popular member Wilkie Collins. This school has regular and scientific leads, and when "the Queen's knight's pawn" comes out, the reader knows at once just what is to follow, and answers the play. Conan Doyle makes a good plot which is not created, but developed, by action. Hall Caine does not care so much for a plot as he does for the opportunity it gives him for good work on poor stuff, and as for Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella*—how it would have interested the Man in the Iron Mask, who must have been so glad to make a little go a long way! George Eliot did not care much for plot except so far as it made her people all go wrong and be miserable; while Charlotte Brontë made her plot with a view to keeping her people good and unhappy. Mrs. Burnett has offered the solution of the problem how a woman can eat her cake and have it; but after all, the lover of the true plot goes back to Jane Austen, whose people evolve it by the pure force of character; to Scott, who compels it by the pressure of events; and to Dumas, who creates it as Nature does the seasons, and who sums up his literary method when Athos asks: "But you are clearly of opinion that God will avenge me, are you not, D'Artagnan?" and the captain replies: "And I know some people upon earth who will help God to do it." There was a destiny in this old plot-building, and some assistance given in bringing the destiny about.

#### CLEAN TREATMENT OF UNCLEAN SUBJECTS

REPRESENTATION OF EVIL.....THE CHAUTAUQUAN

In literature, as in life, it may be at times necessary to handle unclean things, although there can rarely arise any great need for such frankness as has lately characterized English fiction. Many writers claim for their productions the shield of a high moral purpose whenever the spear of adverse criticism is leveled against them on account of what seems to be very objectionable dealing with subjects not considered fit for discussion in the open family circle. Nor is it easy to controvert arguments in favor of such writings without becoming offensively frank.

Scarcely one of us, however, can have failed to realize the need of reform in the tone of a great deal of current fiction. What is known as the French cast of novel—fiction depending for its chief fascination upon some phase of illicit love—has recently taken a deep hold in England, and the English novelists have largely supplanted our own in America. This brings the question squarely before us for serious consideration. How far shall this thing go? How far ought we to permit it to go? The answer must be based upon no trivial or evasive discussion.

Doubtless it is necessary to art that evil shall have due representation, and especially in fiction; but we may take either horn of the dilemma, that art is for teaching or for rational delectation, and we shall see that if it is for teaching, evil must not be made interesting; if it is for delectation, evil must not be made delightful. There is a wide space between handling dirty subjects in a clean way and handling them with mere delicate evasion of responsibility. It was said of a certain great diplomat that he could curse so gracefully and musically that his profanity

was scarcely noticeable. Some of our novelists attempt to reach the same perfection in rendering salacity invisible on the surface of their works while all within is moral rottenness. This sort of literature, meant for the delectation of young people, has taken up too large a part of our book-stalls, and the time has come for reform.

The best censorship in such a case is an awakened public attention. The public may be trusted to take a sound view when once it is forced to look. What we need is this sound view. And there can be no surer way to the public heart than through the press, the pulpit, and the schools. Taste may be an inherited quality, but much can be done in educating it.

#### THE DOLEFUL TONE OF MODERN FICTION

ENJOYMENT OF VICARIOUS MISERY.....CHICAGO EVENING POST

Strike from the vast output of current fiction all that does not play upon a background of crime, carnage, lust, disease—some of the myriad variations of human sin, misery, and gloom—and there is left a pitiful and tattered remnant, scarce large enough for a thrifty housewife to spread over her pantry shelf! From the prodigal and splendid gore that drips from *The Red Badge of Courage* to the chastening and sanctified visitations of pneumonia, smallpox, and measles which give the color to the most diluted religious stories for the young, the inevitable resource of the professional tear-makers is some form of woe, want, or sin. Unwind the silken measures of modern poetry, and at its core you will seldom fail to find a grinning death's-head! Seen through the soft outer meshes it may seem a smile, but the grim reminder of mortality is ever hid within soft ceremonials of song!

There was a time when the editor of perhaps the leading literary journal in his day dared despise the lachrymose possibilities of these doleful agencies, now universally recognized as paramount necessities in the literary business, and tempt fate by blazoning upon the head of his journal this ridiculously cheerful motto: "To assist the inquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathize with all." He had the delicious audacity to dedicate his opening address to "poor rich men and rich poor men," and to make, in his opening paragraph, the following declaration:

"Pleasure is the business of this journal; we own it; we love to begin it with the word; it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest; this is our device. But then it is pleasure like that implied in our simile, innocent, kindly, we dare to add, instructive and elevating. As the sunshine floods the sky and ocean, and yet nurses the baby buds of the roses on the wall, so we would fain open the largest and the very least sources of pleasure, the noblest that expand above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. We would break open the surfaces of habit and indifference, of objects that are supposed to contain so much brute matter or commonplace utility, and show what treasures they conceal. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer and happier. And we have some right to assist in the en-

deavor, for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success."

Thus wrote Leigh Hunt—that dearest and most delightful of all the happy brood of serious triflers who have blessed the literature of earth—in the opening number of Leigh Hunt's London Journal, April 2, 1834. But that was in the foolish days when intellectual man had only half learned from his literary masters the pathetic joys of vicarious misery; when he thought the inevitable sorrows of his human pilgrimage sufficient unto their day without seeking their double in the printed page and when, in his simplicity and ignorance, he would rather smile in satisfaction at some quiet picture of cheer and beauty than weep, shiver, and stare over the sad and gruesome imaginings of the romanticist or the sodden, photography of the realist!

#### DEATH SCENES IN FICTION

A PHYSICIAN'S CRITICISM.....MEDICAL RECORD

We do not see on what ground, either of art or science, of public good or private morals, the publishing of medical descriptions of death in popular novels can be justified. We do not mean to say that the novelist should not allow his patients to die if circumstances compel it, or that he should not describe the way they die in as pathetic, dramatic, or tragic a manner as he chooses. But to introduce into the pages of novels technical descriptions of deaths from diphtheria, opium poisoning, tuberculosis, or other malady, is offensive to good taste and is a misuse of the art of fiction.

We are led to these remarks by a perusal of the death-bed scene in a case of diphtheria as described by the at-one-time novelist Ouida. This lady is, happily, one of the passed among fiction writers, but she seems to be trying to make up for her decaying powers by silly sensationalism. This is the manner in which she describes death from diphtheria: "The poisonous growth filled every chink of the air passages, as though they were tubes mortared up and closed hermetically. His face grew purple and tumid. His eyes started from their sockets. He had no sense left, except the mere instinctive mechanical effort to gasp for the air he would never breathe again. Blood foamed in froth over his lips, which were curled over the white teeth and were cracked and blue. His eyes, starting from their orbit, had no sight. Suddenly the convulsions ceased." This, according to Ouida, with a few additional trappings, such as nuns kneeling around on the floor, and shadowy lights thrown through the room, etc., constitutes a supposed realistic description of a death-bed scene from diphtheria. It is, perhaps, truer than the death-bed scene from opium poisoning, as described by Marion Crawford, where the patient sinks away with his pupils widely dilated. But, after all, it is not a true picture of the way patients die from this disease. It is partly technical, partly imaginary, and altogether exaggerated, a mongrel affair, such as all medical descriptions of maladies and deaths by novelists must necessarily be.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

### TORNADOES AND CYCLONES

WILLIS L. MOORE\*.....THE INDEPENDENT

A sharp distinction should be made in the designation given these phenomena, which are entirely dissimilar in their manifestations. The terms are now generally used erroneously by the press.

The tornado is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere; it is ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous roll of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500 feet wide at greatest destruction; it moves, generally, from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is always accompanied by thunderstorms, with often a bright glow in the cloud; this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance like that of a huge ball rolling forward. A tornado may be considered as the result of an extreme development of conditions which otherwise produce thunderstorms.

A cyclone, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes 1,000 miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock hands backward (in the Southern Hemisphere this motion is reversed). The air pressure always falls as one approaches the centre, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are razed.

The French term *trombe* or *tourbillon* describes almost exactly the tornado, which term was first applied to severe squalls, with funnel-shaped clouds, experienced on the west coast of Africa, and which, to this day, inspire the utmost fear in the minds of the natives.

### ON THE HEIGHTS THE WORLD OVER

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF ALTITUDE.....GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

In the Niagara rapids the water descends 52 feet in less than a mile; the falls are 164 feet high on the American side and 150 on the Canadian. Mount Lebanon, from whose sides were cut the cedars for Solomon's Temple, is believed to be the highest elevation in Syria, 11,000 feet. Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia and Peru, is 12,000 feet above sea level. It is the highest lake in the world, being 100 miles long by 35 in width. Mount Etna, the largest volcano in Europe, and one of the largest in the world, is 10,050 feet high and 90 miles in circumference at its base. In 1843 Mauna Loa poured out 17,000,000,000 cubic feet of lava; in 1855, 38,000,000,000 feet. In 1859 the lava stream from this volcano ran 50 miles in eight days. The Peak of Teneriffe, 12,236 feet high, is the greatest altitude in the Canary Islands. It is said to be visible at sea, in clear weather, for nearly a hundred miles.

The River Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of any stream. During its

course of 120 miles it has twenty-seven falls and descends 3,000 feet. It is said by some geographers that Mount Wrangel, 140 miles west of Mount St. Elias, is over 20,000 feet in height, but no authentic measurements have been taken. Mont Blanc is 15,776 feet high. This famous mountain is exceeded in height by many, but its position in the line of tourists' travel has given it a name above many others. Chimborazo, in Ecuador, 21,444 feet, is said to be the highest in that state. Cotopaxi, 19,408 feet, and Antisana, 19,150 feet, are second and third in the order of their height. Mount Ararat, 12,700 feet, is the highest land in Armenia. The perpetual snows that lie upon its summits are believed by the dwellers in the valleys beneath to cover the remains of Noah's Ark. Kilauea, a part of a cluster of volcanic mountains denominated Mauna Loa, is only 3,970 feet high, but is the largest active volcano in the world. Its crater is a great pit 8 miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

Pike's Peak, where gold was first discovered on this side of the Rocky Mountains, is 14,320 feet high. The "Roof of the World," the plateau in the Pamirs of Thibet, is from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above sea level. Mauna Loa, in the Hawaiian Islands, is 13,760 feet high; Mauna Kea, 13,963 feet; Mauna Hualalai, 7,822 feet. Mount Sinai, the mountain from which the law of Moses is said to have been delivered, is 8,000 feet high. California has forty mountains, each of which exceeds 10,000 feet, and quite a number are more than 12,000. The Simplon, under the shadow of which lay the once famous stage route from France to Italy, is 11,542 feet high. There are 412 mountain peaks in the United States, or its Territories, each having a height greater than 10,000 feet. Mount Miltsin, 12,000 feet, is the greatest elevation in Morocco. Although almost under the equator, its summit is never free from snow. The Illimian Mountain, a peak 21,780 feet, is the highest point of land in Bolivia. There are extensive districts in Sahara which are below the level of the ocean. White Top, 5,530 feet, is said to be the greatest recorded altitude in Virginia. High peaks are numerous in Colorado; there are in that state of mountains 178 peaks, each of which towers above the sea to a height greater than 10,000 feet. The steeple of the famous Cathedral of Strasburg rises to a height of 474 feet.

There are ten mountain peaks in Arizona, each of which exceeds 10,000 feet in height. Clingman's Mountain, 6,707 feet high, takes precedence of all others in North Carolina. There is no mountain 10,000 feet high on the American continent east of the Rockies. There are two or three lakes in Colorado more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Popocatapetl, 17,775 feet above the sea, is regarded as the highest elevation in Mexico. In New Mexico there are thirty mountain peaks rising above an altitude of 10,000 feet. The peak of St. Gothard, above the pass of the same name, in the Alps, is 9,080 feet high. Mount Olympus, whose summit Homer made the abode of the gods, is 9,754 feet high. The cross on the dome of St. Peter's, in

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Rome, is 448 feet above the pavement of the portico. The chimney of a noted chemical factory in Glasgow, Scotland, is 454 feet in height. Most of the lower valley of the Po, in Italy, is from 5 to 40 feet below the level of the stream. The pyramid of Cheops is 543 feet, but about 30 feet of the former top was ages ago removed. Mount Marcy, in New York, 5,403 feet above sea level, is said to be the highest in that state. Mount Parnassus, the home of the Muses, is only 3,950 feet high. The tower of the Parliament house, in London, is 340 feet high. Stromboli, the island volcano, off the Italian coast, is 3,850 feet high. The most extreme altitude in Alaska is Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet. Bentonville is the highest point in Arkansas, 1,790 feet above the sea. Long's Peak, the celebrated landmark in California, is 13,400 feet high. Wyoming has forty-four mountain peaks, each of more than 10,000 feet. Mount Shasta, the celebrated volcano of California, is 14,450 feet high.

The cross on the Duomo, in Florence, is 380 feet above the foundation. Mount Pindus, the seat of Greek history and romance, is 7,677 feet high. The dome of the Capitol, in Washington, is 300 feet above the pavement. Mount Rosa, in the Sardinian Alps, is the highest in that region, 15,550 feet. High Knob, 1,799 feet above sea level, is the highest point in New Jersey. Mount Washington, 6,288 feet high, is the highest peak in New Hampshire. Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Africa, is over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Carmel, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, is 2,000 feet high. The summit of Notre Dame Cathedral, at Amiens, in France, is 422 feet high. The highest falls are those of the Yosemite, some of which exceed 3,000 feet.

The Eiffel Tower is 990 feet high. The Rock of Gibraltar is 1,470 feet. The famous tower of Utrecht is 464 feet. Mount Pilatus, in the Alps, is 9,050 feet high. Bunker Hill Monument is 220 feet in height. The Brooklyn Bridge is 278 feet above the river. The porcelain tower at Nankin was 248 feet high. The Sea of Galilee is 653 feet below the Mediterranean. The Washington Monument is 555 feet from base to tip. The Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, is 305 feet high.

#### THE FIRST ENGLISH DAILY

HOW NEWS WAS GATHERED 200 YEARS AGO....WASHINGTON TIMES

The world is within a little less than six years of the date when the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first daily newspaper ever printed in the English language will be reached. Its publication was begun in London. The paper was called the *Courant* and besides enjoying the distinction of being the only journal of its kind in the world, its enterprising proprietor labored under the disadvantage of having no medium through which to advertise his venture. There were but two or three papers then in existence, these being devoted exclusively to political and court news, and published only occasionally under the pretense of being weeklies.

The new enterprise had precisely the same experience that newspapers have in these latter days, and such as every other has had in all the years that intervene between 1896 and 1702; that is, the projected publication received the covert thrusts and

open sneers of the monopolists of the London publishing field. The staid old antiques in the business regarded it with undisguised contempt. They doubtless predicted its early demise, and gave it a limited number of days in which to wind up its affairs and go out of existence. They were not able to see then any more than their modern imitators are now that enterprise sets the pace of progress, and they doubtless failed to realize the possibilities of the future for pluck and intelligent regard for the demands of the times.

The Daily Courant was in the hands of a shrewd fellow, who saw that the display of spite upon the part of his illiberal brethren would act as an irritant upon the public mind, and cause an extra demand for his product. He thereupon ordered his pressman to "add two more quires," and bided his time.

The paper came out in due time, and it was a curiosity. It contained half a column of "editorial," in which its future was outlined. "This Courant," its editor wrote, "will, as the title shows, be published daily, being designated to give all the Material News as soon as every Post arrives, and is confined to half the Compass to save the Publick at least half the impertinences of Ordinary Newspapers." This facetious utterance had reference to the fact that the Courant was printed upon but one side of the sheet, and the sheet was not larger than half the ordinary foolscap paper of the present age. It contained no editorial matter, save that mentioned in the foregoing, no local paragraphs, court news, political argumentation, advertisements nor English intelligence of any kind whatever, with the single exception that in one corner seven lines of "home news" appeared, four relating to the funeral of the deceased King, and three referring to the condition of the English army in Flanders. The circulation editor had no sworn statement at the head of the page.

The omission of local news was, of course, a sad reflection upon the city editor's judgment, and was, besides, even for the Courant's day and generation, the evidence of a singular, not to say surprising, lack of public spirit. This is the more marked when it is recalled that upon the very date of its first publication, March 11, 1702, Queen Anne went to the house of peers to deliver her first speech from the throne, King William III, having died on the 8th. Besides it must be considered as well that London was then, as it has been ever since, the theatre of numberless scandals and society events which any well regulated American newspaper would devote columns to, and over which "scare heads" in black type would prevail in gorgeous array. But that was not a nineteenth century paper, nor a twentieth century subscription list.

It was the Courant in 1702. Its columns were filled almost exclusively by quotations from foreign papers, which its projector, without doubt, classed as "material news," and that the "publick" appreciated it is evidenced from the statement published six weeks later. The editor announced, in the largest type he had, that the project had been "so successful that hereafter both sides will be printed." The same issue that gave publicity to this statement also contained a whole column of advertisements, and the future of the first daily newspaper was assured.

Like all newspapers with any pretension to individuality, the Courant had its special feature, and this was its "foreign intelligence." Three months after its first appearance it was announced in its columns that "it will be found from the Foreign Prints, which, from time to time, as Occasion offers, will be mentioned in this paper, that the Author has taken Care to be duly furnished with All that comes from Abroad in any language. And for an Assurance that he will not, under Pretence of having Private Intelligence, impose any Addition of feign'd Circumstance to an Action, but give his Extracts fairly and impartially, at the Beginning of each Article he will quote the Foreign Paper from whence 'tis taken, that the Publick, seeing from what Country a Piece of news comes, with the allowance of the Government, may be better able to judge of the Credibility and Fairness of the Relation. Nor will he take upon him to give any Comments or Conjectures of his own, but will relate only Matter of Fact, supposing other People to have Sense enough to make Reflections for Themselves." Of course, the Courant's foreign quotations were somewhat aged by the time they reached the English eyes through its columns. Clipper ships, ocean steamers and submarine cables, as well as many other modern conveniences, were then unknown, and the publisher of the only daily paper in the world was obliged to depend upon the uncertain movements of transatlantic shipping, received from and consigned to vessels propelled by the wind. Thus it came about that the news from America was always two and sometimes three and four months old when the Courant had the privilege of reproducing it, and the intelligence from so near a foreign port as that across the channel was often two and three weeks behind date.

At last there came a day—as there comes to all flesh—when the enterprising proprietor of the Courant shut his eyes upon the world, and went out of it. His work, looked at across the two centuries of time that have intervened, appears to be small and inconsequential, but the example he set has been ever since an inspiration—a challenge—to progressive men of subsequent ages to do as much in succession for the advancement of the world.

#### ZULU LEGEND OF DEATH

THE LIZARD MESSENGER.....WESTMINSTER BUDGET

It was dusk, and a dense mist curled round the purple flanks of One-Tree Hill, at whose base dwell the remnants of the once mighty tribe of Kamanga, in the wild hilly country traversed by the Umgeni River, which flows into the sea near Durban.

I was riding along the wagon-track to my farm at Duiker's Kop, when I heard the faint notes of a Kaffir singing in the distance to ward off the evil spirits—for the charm of song is believed by every native, when traveling alone, to be an infallible safeguard against the onslaughts of dead foes who have passed into snakes.

At the pinch of the hill I caught him up. He was a Kehla (Headman) of many wrinkles and tottering gait. Suddenly he made a lunge to the left, and proceeded to beat some object in the wayside grass with his traveling-stick. Frenzied and trembling with rage, he held up a battered lizard to view, and screamed excitedly, "Let be! This is the very piece

of deformity which ran in the beginning to say that men should die. It is very cunning, but it cannot escape Memela."

"Why should you kill this harmless thing?" I asked; "it has not injured you."

"Nkosi" (master), he replied, "you do not understand, and if you will let your servant crawl by the horse's side, I will tell you why I killed the Intulo—for I am too infirm to run. I can only fare like the Chameleon, the eater of purple fruit. My father told me the tale when the Boers from the City of the Great White Elephant spread fire and desolation among the Kamanga, before the white rulers from across the sea came into the country. The Boers spat upon us, for they said the land belonged to Dingaan, and we were only dirt."

He threw away the lifeless lizard, wiped his stick in the grass, and then went on: "Unkulunkulu, the old-old-one, said to the Chameleon long ago: 'Go, Intulo, to mankind, and take this tiding from me, "Let not men die."

"So the Chameleon started off with these words of salvation for our race. It was a very hot day, and, creeping along on his yellow legs in the shade, he came to the Ubukwebezane tree, and was sorely tempted by the lucious purple berries which hung in ripening clusters from the green boughs. The taste was exceeding good—sweeter than the black juice which comes from the cane on the coast, or than stolen meat—so he lingered there on the boughs, full of forgetfulness, till the sun was a red ball of fire sinking into the kloofs of the Umtshezi. When the Chameleon woke he found the day was far spent, so he journeyed in hot haste with his message from Unkulunkulu, who fashioned men from reeds, to the great tribe of primeval man."

"Who was Unkulunkulu?" I asked.

"He was the first man," the Kehla replied, "who broke off in the beginning. I do not know about his wife; but my father says that a wife for him was broken off at the same time. And then Unkulunkulu broke off the nations of the earth from the reeds which grew by the banks of the Umtshezi River in Zululand. We all love him because he told us to take ten wives each, to drink our beer, and to eat our meat."

"And what happened to the Chameleon?" I said as darkness overtook us and the evening star came out over Zwaartkop.

"When Unkulunkulu found that the Chameleon tarried he sent a second message to men by the Lizard—that piece of deformity which I have just killed—saying, 'Go to men and bear this message from me—"Let men die."

"So the Lizard made great haste, and crept quickly over rocks and hills till it came to the home of man, past the tree of the purple fruit where the Chameleon sinned, and when it had come it shouted, 'These are the words of Unkulunkulu, "Let men die,"' after which it glided back to the old-old-one before the laggard Chameleon reached his destination. And great was the wailing and beating of breasts by the fair flowing Umtshezi when the doom of death had fallen from the lips of the old-old-one's messenger.

"Next day, when the sun was waxing warm and grief brooded over mankind for the words of bane, the Chameleon arrived, and, climbing up a flat-

crowned mimosa-tree, shouted, 'It is said by Unkulunkulu, "Let not men die." But men execrated it, and answered in derision, "Oh, we have heard the word of the Lizard. It has told us the tidings; it is said, "Let men die." We will not hear your falsehood, for through the word of the Lizard, "men will die." And the people rose up and killed it.'

"Which is the more disliked," I asked, "the Chameleon or the Lizard?"

"Nkosi," he replied, "the Lizard, for it was the bearer of Death, but the Chameleon, for all the ill we bear it, is used as a medicine, and when the birds swoop down on our mealie-gardens we mix its flesh with other charms to doctor the soil, that the birds may not destroy the corn, for nothing can come with haste into the place that is guarded by the flesh of the sluggard."

"Nkosi, good-night," he muttered when we reached Duiker's Kop. "I am no good now, except to crouch on the watch tower and drive the birds away from the ripening mabele. All the virtue is gone out of my old limbs, and I am as useless as a withered-up woman, but I have at least been able to tell you how we came upon the earth, and flourished till the Boer weeds sprang up and overran Kamanga's great place."

"Good-night, Memela," I replied. He glided into the dark field of maize by the roadside as I was in the midst of thanking him for the legend of death, and I heard him crooning his spirit-song away down the hillside till his thin, cracked voice died away in the distant roar of the Umgeni.

#### THE SEISMIC WAVE IN JAPAN

AN HISTORICAL DISASTER.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

No disaster chronicled in modern times, save perhaps the catastrophe of Krakatoa in 1882, when the sea swallowed entire towns, and whole tribes were buried under volcanic ashes and lava, exceeds in its wholesale destructiveness the seismic wave which swept the northeast shores of Japan on June 15 last.

What appears to have been the centre of the desolated coast-line was the little town of Kamaishi, in Iwate prefecture, about 300 miles northeast of Tokyo. For a space of about thirty miles north and south of this point all vestiges of human habitations were practically eradicated to a certain mark above the normal high-water level. In some of the official reports it is set forth that the tsunamai, as such waves are called in Japan, reached the height of eighty feet, but neither in Kamaishi nor any of the adjacent villages could the writer find any evidence of the water having reached an elevation of one-fourth that altitude. Nevertheless, only two houses out of nearly 300 were left standing in the village of Shiroyama, and only one in Touni; in Kamaishi itself thousands were destroyed. The daily papers have furnished some particulars of the terrible swath that was left by the visitation, but no pen could depict the scenes in some of the stricken districts, nor describe the impressions they left behind.

With the exception of the "godowns," or store-houses, built of stone, no edifices were left standing where the waters swept in. The lightly built dwellings of the humble fisher-folk—the roofs of which are covered with rocks to prevent their being blown

away by the monsoons—collapsed like card castles, and crushed their wretched inmates at the first rush, and when the second wave came it mashed them all into a chaos of pulp and splinters. When seen a couple of days after the catastrophe the devastated district of Kamaishi was a drab shelving slope of débris, dotted here and there with stranded vessels, and reeking with the smell of the dead. Hundreds of coolies were grubbing amid the débris for corpses, for finding which they received fifty cents per body, plus their pay of fifty cents a day. Countless flocks of carrion-crows were feasting where the coolies did not disturb them. Even on the plot where the recovered corpses were laid out irregularly for possible identification, their faces covered with mats to preserve the features, the crows were pecking at the toes and fingers of the victims. It was all hopelessly and unutterably horrible. Two French missionary priests in long black soutanes were the only foreigners in the entire district, with the exception of our party of three. They stalked among the ruins for over a week, seeking the body of their confrère, Père Rispal, who was the only foreigner who lost his life in the 30,000 victims of the wave. Their search was fruitless.

#### CONVERTING A TREE INTO A NEWSPAPER

AUSTRIAN INDUSTRIAL LEGERDEMAIN.....PAPIER-INDUSTRIE

A very interesting experiment was made on April 17 last at Messrs. Menzel & Company's paper and wood pulp manufactory, at Elsenthal, in order to ascertain what was the shortest space of time in which it was possible to convert the wood of a standing tree into paper, and the latter into a journal ready for delivery. This experiment is of extreme importance, because it shows what rapidity can be attained by the concurrence of practical machines and favorable conditions. Three trees were felled in a forest near the establishment at thirty-five minutes past seven in the morning in the presence of two of the owners of the manufactory and a notary, called upon to certify as to the authenticity of the experiment. These trees were carried to the manufactory, where they were cut into pieces twelve inches in length, which were then decorticated and split. The wood thus prepared was afterward raised by an elevator to the five defibrators of the works. The wood pulp produced by these machines was then put into a vat, where it was mixed with the necessary materials. This process finished, the liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine. At thirty-four minutes past nine in the morning the first sheet of paper was finished. The entire manufacture had thus consumed but one hour and fifty-nine minutes. The owners of the manufactory, accompanied by the notary, then took a few of the sheets to a printing office situated at a distance of about two and a half miles from the works. At ten o'clock a copy of the printed journal was in the hands of the party; so that it had taken two hours and twenty-five minutes to convert the wood of a standing tree into a journal ready for delivery. It must be added that, during the course of the manufacture, there occurred a few interruptions which might be avoided at another time, and that, in the opinion of the two manufacturers, had it not been for this, twenty minutes might have been gained.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

### **MADAME DIAZ, THE FIRST LADY OF MEXICO**

EDWARD PAGE GASTON.....THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

The 16th of July is yearly marked in Mexico by an outburst of loving attentions toward the wife of the chief executive of the southern republic because it is the "saint's day" of Senora Dona Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz.

The leading lady of the Mexican nation is known among her people, from the mansions of the rich in the brilliant capital to the humblest hut on the frontier, as Carmelita, meaning "our little Carmen."

In Mexico and other Latin countries the yearly celebration of a person's birth is held on the day dedicated to the Catholic saint after whom that person is named. La Santa Carmen is the demi-deity from whom Madame Diaz is christened. So, on la Santa Carmen's day—July 16—all the people in Mexico and about the southern world who are named Carmen receive congratulations and gifts. On the "saint's day" of a personage of prominence every intimate friend is supposed to call or send a card of felicidades, if not a more elaborate token.

The writer was among the number to call upon the late Don Manuel Romero Rubio, Minister of the Interior and father of Madame Diaz, on the occasion of his last saint's day, in June, 1895. Senor Romero Rubio was in public life for many years, and the celebration was extensive. A party of Indian flower-venders from Xochimilco brought many loads of flowers and plants and erected a wide arch above the main entrance to his residence in Calle de San Andrés. The inner court of the house was also elaborately decorated. Hundreds of leading people called, messengers and vehicles were constantly arriving with costly presents, and many bands of music, among them being one from the Government School for the Blind, stationed themselves near the house. Delegations from the labor societies came to read lengthy memorials of adulation, to which the minister responded. A company of neatly-uniformed boys from the Government Industrial School came with a juvenile band to bring products of their handicraft. Committees from all the public institutions for children did likewise, each child receiving a silver peseta and a word of encouragement from the kindly ministro soon to pass away.

This, with trifling variation, is the Mexican custom in the cases of noted people, and none receive more tokens of loving regard than General and Madame Diaz.

Nine days ago Carmelita received these tributes, and no gifts were so keenly appreciated as the flowers brought by the poor. All who called were welcomed, for this is one of the few days of the year when the general public is admitted to the presence of the Mexican ruler and his wife. There are no regular presidential receptions in Mexico as at the White House in Washington, so the working people highly esteem such events.

The popularity of the Senora Diaz ever increases, for each year sees a larger number of good works dispensed by this generous woman, who uses her power to improve the lot of her long-oppressed and unhappy people.

I have met Madame Diaz as a friend under many circumstances and have seen her in widely differing surroundings, but she had always appeared the same unaffected woman of sterling good sense and natural kindness of character. One of the institutions to which the wife of the president has given particular attention is an industrial school and sewing establishment for girls and women of the lower classes. La Escuela Industrial gives free instruction in sewing and needlework, and furnishes the girls with a good home when necessary. Women who cannot afford sewing machines may bring their work to the school and there have free use of a machine and sewing materials. The actual moral results of placing Mexican girls upon a plane of industrial independence is already marked.

Madame Diaz last summer brought to an amicable settlement a strike among the girls employed in the match factories of the City of Mexico. Influence counts for much in Mexico, so the power held by Madame Diaz in behalf of the masses is very great.

In March of last year a trainload of religious pilgrims was returning to the City of Mexico from the religious fiestas at the shrine of Amecameca. In rounding a curve the train left the track. The third-class coaches were crowded, and these telescoped and rolled down an embankment. The list of the dead was over 100, and these were largely buried in great trenches dug beside the track. Many of the wounded died, and a great number of families were left destitute. President Diaz headed a relief subscription list with \$500, and Madame Diaz was instrumental in organizing several charitable entertainments and the collecting and distributing of clothing and provisions. There is no home too humble and no hearth too obscure to receive a visit in person from this charitable woman if she feels that her presence can ease the heartache or minister to the afflicted.

Madame Diaz is often appealed to on behalf of someone or other sentenced to long imprisonment or death. Official pardon is a delicate power for any one to hold, and the president's wife is naturally careful for the justice of her case before she goes to her lord to plead for executive clemency. But the president himself is of a forgiving nature, and not infrequently the pardon is granted.

Neither the president nor his wife attends the brutal but brilliant bull-fights, and in every way use their influence against the degrading spectacles. It is certain that he will entirely prohibit them as soon as general public sentiment gives any hope of upholding his wishes.

"Carmelita" is the second wife of Gen. Porfirio Diaz and is in her thirty-third year. She stands as a type of advanced Spanish-American womanhood, and among other accomplishments speaks English and French with almost equal fluency. She is awake to a wonderful degree on current events, and her advice is often eagerly sought by her husband.

The president is sixty-six years old, and is very proud of his fair young wife. When their marriage occurred, in 1884, they took their wedding tour

through the United States. While the achievements of President Diaz were lauded, his lovely wife was adored. Her girlish grace and simplicity of manner well matched her beauty. Years have not taken away any of the graces which are hers by heritage, but have ripened the life and its charms to a more surpassing beauty. Her ancestry dates far back into the nobility of old Castile, and the evidences of long culture are easily marked. It is plainly apparent that a considerable part of the popularity of the president and the desire of the people to keep him in office are due to the general esteem for his lovely wife.

#### THE VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG

JOHN W. FOSTER.....THE CENTURY

Li Hung Chang is of pure Chinese extraction, having no mixture of Manchu blood. Although seventy-four years of age, he is in fair degree of health and vigor, of fine physique, full six feet in height, of commanding presence, erect and stoutly built, with dark, piercing eyes, and a face that is strongly molded and indicative of strength of character, and that would command attention in any foreign circle. Dressed in his party-colored silken flowing robes, and his hat decorated with the three-eyed peacock feathers, he presents a figure which would be distinguished amid the glitter and pageantry of any European court.

For nearly half a century he has been in the public service, but this is the first time he has ever visited the nations of the West, and the second time he has been outside his native land. Only last year, it will be remembered, he was called by his sovereign to undertake the important and difficult mission of a journey to Japan to negotiate peace. On that occasion, although going as the representative of the defeated party, he was not unmindful of his country's greatness, or of the Oriental fondness for display, and the two merchant-steamers chartered for the voyage carried a retinue of one hundred and thirty-five persons, among whom were two Chinese ex-ministers to foreign courts, four secretaries of rank speaking English or French, a score of translators and copyists, a Chinese and a French physician, a captain and a body-guard, with a mandarin chair of highest rank, and its bearers, and cooks and servants in liberal numbers. The interesting and tragic circumstances attending that embassy, and the manner in which he discharged his high trust, added greatly to his prestige abroad, and make his present visit to the West the more attractive. Doubtless he will be received in its capitals and leading cities not only with great curiosity, but with demonstrations of sincere respect, because he is the most distinguished visitor which the great continent of Asia has sent to Europe during this generation. Shahs, princes, rajas, statesmen, and generals have come and gone, some mere puppets of power and others persons of distinction and merit; but none who has so fully represented power, and combined the qualities of a successful soldier, an able statesman, an accomplished diplomatist, and a trained scholar. . . .

In addition to his appointment as viceroy of the province of Chihli, he was named imperial tutor, grand secretary of state, minister superintendent of trade of the northern ports, and a noble of the first

rank. These high titles and offices made him from that time to the present, a period of twenty-five years, the first official and statesman of the government under the Emperor. He has often been styled the prime minister of China, but, as a matter of fact, there is no such official in the imperial government. It is nominally an autocracy, the Emperor being regarded as the Son of Heaven and the source of all authority. But his person is held so sacred, and he is kept so secluded in his palace, that he has little or no contact with the world, and by personal observation has no knowledge of his kingdom. Its affairs are conducted by a series of boards, constituting a very cumbersome and complex system, and no one man stands at the head of affairs and directs its movements.

Added dignity and importance over that of other viceroyalties attach to that of Chihli in that it is the metropolitan province, Peking being within its limits, and its viceroy is the guardian and protector of the Emperor. In the present case the office of imperial tutor conferred upon its occupant still further and more intimate duties in connection with the imperial household; as, for instance, when His Majesty, a few years ago, made his visit to the tombs of his ancestors, we find the hero of the Taiping war, and the first noble of the empire, giving his personal attention to the details of His Majesty's journey. Another and unusual duty became attached to this viceroyalty. Li Hung Chang had shown such aptitude for diplomatic duties in his negotiations respecting the Tientsin riot that henceforth he conducted, or participated in, every important treaty negotiation or diplomatic controversy of his government. Having his residence at the seaport of the capital, for the last quarter of a century he has stood as a sentinel on the outpost of the forbidden city, and for his secluded Emperor has held intercourse with the outside world. Although not holding that position, he has acted as the virtual head of the Chinese Foreign Office, and has shown himself a match for the most astute of the trained European diplomatists. While in this capacity he has been the jealous guardian of his country's interests, he has always secured the confidence and esteem of the foreign ministers with whom he has conducted important negotiations. Probably no living man has received such signal marks of respect from his diplomatic antagonists as he. . . .

Little is known of the viceroy's father beyond the fact that he was a respectable member of the gentry, or literati; but his mother was a woman of more than ordinary strength of character, and evidently had a marked influence on her son's life. She was the mother of eight sons, the eldest of whom also rose to distinction, and was for several years the viceroy of the two provinces of which Canton is the capital. . . .

No living man of Asia has been so much the subject of discussion and criticism as Li Hung Chang. Much of the criticism has been unfavorable, and his critics are often unfair. It is hardly just to him to estimate his character and attainments according to the standard of Western nations. His education is exclusively Oriental, and his entire life has been spent in China. His knowledge of our civilization is such as could be acquired in the motley society of a treaty-port. As a statesman he has had to deal

with a very conservative and bigoted constituency, and with associates prejudiced against and ignorant of foreign nations. Judged in the light of his education, his experience, and his surroundings, he must be regarded as the first of living statesmen of Asia, and one of the most distinguished of the public men of the world.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS

ARTHUR HOEBER.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

The history of art contains the names of few men who gave earlier evidence of talent and predilection for the calling than was displayed in the work of Sir John Millais, the late president of the Royal Academy, when he was but a mere child.

At six he drew with remarkable precocity. At ten his keen observation of humanity and nature was little short of marvelous. There are efforts in lead-pencil now in possession of the family that would be creditable performances for mature hands, done nevertheless when the boy was in short trousers, and from the very first there was never the shadow of a doubt as to his future profession. He was sent to an art school at an early age—how early may be inferred when it is stated that at nine he had won the silver medal of the Society of Arts with a drawing from the antique. When he was but eleven he entered as a regular student of the Royal Academy, three years later taking the silver medal of that institution.

Continued appreciation followed. At eighteen the gold medal was given him for his work in the life classes, the greatest scholastic honor bestowed, and before he was out of his teens he was a valued contributor to the organization of which he was destined later to become the head. Nor does his astonishing record end here. When barely twenty-one he painted a remarkable picture entitled "Christ at the House of His Parents," that attracted the greatest attention wherever it was shown, and a year or two later his picture "The Order of the Release" was distinguished by attracting such crowds at the Royal Academy as to necessitate its being railed in—a circumstance by its infrequency calling much attention to the young painter.

In his twenty-fifth year Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, an honor never before conferred on one so young, save in the case of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nine years later he became a full-fledged Academician, and in 1885 the Queen made him a baronet. He had many honors in his own country and elsewhere. In 1855 he received a medal of the second class at the Paris Salon. In the Universal Exhibition in the same city in 1878 he was voted a medal of honor. This same year he was created an officer of the Legion of Honor, while in 1883 he was made a member of the Institute of France.

Furthermore, Sir John Millais was a member of the academies of Edinburgh, Antwerp, Madrid, Rome, and Florence—his portrait by himself hanging in the Uffizi Gallery in the last-named city. At the death of Sir Francis Grant, in 1878, his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the Royal Academy, but he withdrew in favor of the late Lord Leighton, at whose death, however, he was the unanimous choice for the high honor, being elected chief at that institution Febru-

ary 20 of this year. At the time of his selection for this important post he was not in good health, nor has he been since, a complication of throat troubles culminating in his death August 13.

He married the divorced wife of John Ruskin, who was separated from the great art-writer for unfortunate reasons reflecting no discredit on either, and he leaves a large family. His son John Guille Millais, a fellow of the Zoological Society, is a well-known writer on general art and sporting topics in London. A daughter married Lieutenant Thompson, of the army, the hero of one of the English campaigns in Africa. One of his sisters is the widow of the late Lester Wallack, the well-known actor, for long proprietor of Wallack's Theatre.

Throughout his entire career Sir John Millais enjoyed the most phenomenal success in a material way. As a portrait painter he could not fulfill all the commissions that were offered him. Prominent among those whose likenesses he has put on canvas may be mentioned William E. Gladstone, John Ruskin, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Marquis of Salisbury, Henry Irving, Mrs. Langtry, John Bright, Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, with many other people prominent in artistic, literary, and social circles.

A list of his subject pictures would fill two columns and more of this paper. The more popular, and those which have been reproduced in various mediums of black and white, include "The Huguenot Lovers," "Ophelia," "Black Brunswickers," "The Northwest Passage," a remarkable landscape, "Chill October," "Yes or No," "Effie Deans," "Princess in the Tower," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Sweetest Eyes were Ever Seen," and the "Bride of Lammermoor." His works are in several important collections in this country, notably the Vanderbilt and Walters galleries, but his great popularity in his own land has made it difficult to secure examples. All of his works have been sold immediately upon their completion, at enormous sums, and the painter has been most prolific.

Naturally the penalty for all this popularity has been exacted, for the man has been abundantly productive at the expense of the higher and the better qualities of his art. Towards the last half of his career the pressure was evident, while the care that marked his earlier and more serious efforts was absent. His color schemes, always of a certain characteristically English crudeness, became more pronouncedly unrefined; there were at times haste and negligence evident in his drawing. The subjects, too, were occasionally unworthy bids for popularity.

Personally the artist was most attractive, of strong individuality, handsome physique, and great manliness. Tall, athletic, and of powerful build, he was the beau ideal of a hearty, healthy type of Englishman, with more, it must be confessed, of the pre-conceived characteristics of the artist. He lived luxuriously in a fine mansion in Palace Gate, South Kensington, a fashionable quarter of London, where he entertained lavishly the best of people. Unquestionably one of the most distinguished English artists of this century, he will be affectionately remembered by the public.

## SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*Concerning Lydia.....Pall Mall Magazine*

Lydia's only just eighteen,  
Wears a sweet and guileless mien  
To all beholders;  
But she has a head between  
Those dainty shoulders.  
  
Many a swain his suit has tried,  
Many a butterfly white-tied  
Around her fluttered,—  
Vain! she knows too well which side  
Her bread is buttered.  
  
Not for her the stripling raw,  
Who would sell his birthright for  
A mess of pottage—  
Dreams of deeds heroic, or  
Love in a cottage!  
  
Would you know the magic knock  
That chaste casket to unlock,  
Win her consent, sir?  
Tell her you've a mint of stock  
In Three per Cents, sir.

*A Goddess of Girls.....Susie M. Best.....The New Bohemian*

Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride;  
Six gallants attend her—  
Brief-skirted and slender,  
She claims the surrender  
Of all at her side.  
Brief-skirted and slender,  
She mounts for a ride.  
  
O, radiant creature;  
She wheels and she whirls,  
Till no one can reach her—  
O, radiant creature,  
In figure and feature,  
She's a goddess of girls—  
O, radiant creature,  
She wheels and she whirls.  
  
There's no use denying  
She's captured my heart;  
There's no use denying  
She did it by trying  
The bicycle art.  
There's no use denying  
She's captured my heart.  
  
I'll ask her to marry  
Without more ado;  
No longer I'll tarry—  
I'll ask her to marry  
And try in a hurry  
A wheel built for two—  
I'll ask her to marry  
Without more ado.

*Love among the Teacups.....Philadelphia Inquirer*

In a gown of Empire quaintness,  
All a-foam with creamy lace,  
Bending o'er a polished table  
Is a figure full of grace.  
On the table there is china,  
Odd and tinged a rare old blue,  
And the steaming, burnished kettle  
Hints a future fragrant brew.

This the picture that I see  
When my sweetheart maketh tea.

How I envy every teacup  
That her jeweled fingers touch;  
I'm half sorry I'm not china,  
With a mark that stamps me Dutch.  
Yet I'm very glad I'm human,  
When in Delft so choice and blue,  
Amber drink my sweetheart, pouring,  
Smiling, asks "One lump, or two?"  
  
No, no sugar, thanks, for me—  
When my sweetheart poureth tea.

*Upon Her Wearinge Red Slippers...Joe Russell Taylor...Life*

Beneeth youre gowne youre dayntie feete  
Inne scarlette slippers small & neete  
Attracte myne eye: inne a dynm space  
Beneeth ye skyrtes of snowie lace,  
Red stockyngs & red slippers sweete!  
  
Feete like Atalaunta's, as fleete,  
Feete like Terpsychorie's toe beat  
Light meafeure, or toe lead ye race,  
Beneeth youre gowne!

Not even ye wycherie of youre face,  
Not even youre whyte-draped lissom grace  
Upon y'e velvette parloure-feat,  
Can keepe mye glances shie & fleete  
From thofe gay ankles croft inn place  
Beneeth youre gowne!

*On Helen's Foolishness.....Gelett Burgess....The Lark*

Helen says, "Oh, let's be gay,  
Spite of threatened sorrow!"  
Helen makes a smile to-day  
Slay a tear to-morrow.  
Helen says, "A laugh is best!"  
Sips the foam, and spills the rest.  
  
Helen is a foolish maid—  
Though her road is hilly,  
Helen never is dismayed:  
Foolish — yes, and silly.  
Spite of all that I can do —  
Helen makes me foolish too!

*In Polly's Eyes.....Thomas H. Wilson.....Truth*

Let poets sing of beauty, fame,  
In rounded rhyme or story;  
Let soldiers boast of war's fierce game,  
Of martial deeds and glory,—  
For me life has no greater prize  
Than gazing into Polly's eyes.

Let scholars waste their cheerless lives  
With books so old and dreary;  
The man who but for knowledge strives  
Of living soon grows weary;  
And — what's the use of being wise  
When I gaze into Polly's eyes?

So let the old world go its way;  
A fig for fame or glory;  
I live but for that happy day  
When finished is "Our Story"—  
And I can read with glad surprise  
The "Yes" that lurks in Polly's eyes.

## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

### FASHIONS IN FEMININE CHARMs

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.....THE MASCOT

In every country of the world a different standard of female beauty is set up, and it must have been the knowledge of this fact that made a philosopher remark that every woman in the world, whatever might be her peculiarities of form and feature, might be beautiful in the eyes of someone. Apart from nature, however, from all time women have used artificial means for increasing their charms, and the quaint methods to which they resort are, after all, only on a level with the rouge and pearl powder of a beauty of Western Europe or the United States.

The women of Japan are lovely with gilt teeth, those of the Indies prefer them stained red, while the beauties of Guzurat invariably dye them black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow pigments, and the prettiest Muscovite girl must daub her fresh, clear skin with coarse red and white paint before she can hope for admiration. The smallness of the feet of the Chinese ladies is too well known to need more than a passing reference.

In Persia an aquiline nose is an essential to both male and female beauty, and not infrequently out of a family of sons the succession to the crown has been determined by the shape of the claimants' noses. In Persia red hair is viewed with horror, and is always dyed. In Turkey, on the contrary, it is counted a great beauty, and the women use quantities of henna to alter the tints of their naturally raven locks. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their daughters to render them attractive, while in others the heads of newly-born infants are bound between boards to make them grow either elongated or square. The female Hottentot, in addition to being enormously fat, must, if she would win a lover, garnish her ample person with the reeking entrails of oxen and sheep. In China, where most eyes are narrow and long, a small round eye is considered an extraordinary beauty. Chinese girls pluck their eyebrows to make them very fine. The Turkish women paint their eyebrows with gold. At night the effect is very odd, but not exactly displeasing. An African beauty must have very small eyes, pouting thick lips, a large nose perfectly flat, and a jetty skin, which from constant oiling positively glitters in the sunshine.

According to European ideas of feminine charms a nose ring is an objectionable superfluity. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise. They pierce the noses of their women, and hang thereto a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportionate to the rank of their husbands. Among the Hindoos the fashion of nose-boring is very prevalent. Very often a number of perforations are made, through which are hung tiny rings of green jade, silver, gold, turquoises, or crystal beads strung upon a fine wire, rings of glass, copper, ivory, or, in fact, any material that may come to hand. Ears are also bored to an extravagant extent in some countries, and often a dusky beauty will have

the entire rims of both ears garnished with innumerable rings of gold or silver.

Among the Maoris the principal art of self-beautification is tattooing. A young Maori girl of high degree is frequently tattooed on every inch of her body in the most marvelous designs and colors. Among other tribes it is considered a powerful adjunct to the mere charms of nature to slash the face, arms, and breast of a girl with knives, and to keep the cuts so made open for a long time, until they heal up in a series of frightful cicatrices, all edged and puckered. Red, yellow, and white paint are the principal toilet articles of a North American Indian belle.

In Spain the youngest and freshest girls paint and powder most absurdly, while in Venice the celebrated Titian red hair is still the height of fashion and beauty, and as such is obtained at the endless cost of time and trouble. The great aid to female beauty, the head-dress, is carried in some countries to an absurd idea of extravagance. The Hottentots mix earth and grease with their wool until the whole mass attains the hardness and weight of a huge piece of wood.

The women of the island of Natal are when young decorated with a cap from six to ten inches high, according to their rank, made from the solidified fat of oxen. The hair is then trained over this, and affixed to it by more grease, the erection remaining undisturbed for their lives. The fashionable head-dress of the Mgantzes is even more absurd. They carry on their heads a piece of board over a foot in length and about six inches wide. Their hair is drawn over and round this board, and then covered with wax. They can neither lean back nor lie down without keeping their necks quite straight. Twice a year the wax is melted from the hair by a hot fire, and the hair is combed, cleansed, and then redressed as before.

Painting the eyes and eyelids is considered a great aid to the fascination of the female orbs. A Circassian to be really lovely must, in addition to being very corpulent, have golden hair and jet black lashes. Ale stiffened with kahl kohl is also used by the Persian and Armenian women to lengthen their eyes. The bazar women and nautch girls of most Eastern countries dye their finger-nails with henna, and where they wish to be thought great ladies they allow their finger-nails to grow to immense length, and keep them in finely-wrought gold sheaths.

### THE ETHICS OF CLOTHES

FITNESS OF DRESS.....NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

Probably the masses of the American people were never before brought so nearly in contact with peoples and races who habitually live quite or nearly nude as was the case at the world's fair at Chicago. There were Buffalo Bill's American Indians and the peoples from Asia, Africa and the South Sea Islands, who commonly wore very scant clothing and were generally almost wholly undraped.

Any observer who gave careful attention to those peoples must have been struck with their entire lack

of self-consciousness at being nude where the masses around them were entirely clothed, and every such observer must have been impressed with the fact that those undressed beings were remarkably free from any appearance or suggestion of immodesty.

Clothing is a mere circumstance. Modesty and virtue are in the individual, not in the garments, and the fact has always been apparent to artists that an entirely nude figure may be thoroughly modest, while one clothed from head to foot may suggest in the strongest manner all that is opposed to modesty and virtue. Therefore it is obvious that clothing is a mere circumstance, and people who are accustomed to dispense with such coverings may be entirely free from any sense of impropriety, as free, indeed, as are the animals in domestic use.

The American Indians of the wild tribes, particularly the men, have never worn clothes save as a protection from the weather, and in the summer time have commonly confined their attire to a belt, a breech cloth and a pair of moccasins. If they had been so many bronze statues they could not have appeared more insensible or unconscious of committing any impropriety, and it is certain that they did not dream that any person could take exceptions to their condition.

The effect of civilization is to create a necessity for clothes, not for comfort and protection merely, but for morality's sake. Consequently, apparel has come to be a badge of modesty—the more clothes, the more modest the wearer. This was not always so, for the early Greeks, particularly the Spartans, a people preëminent for the courage, soldiership and temperateness of their men and the virtue of their women, were accustomed to regard garments simply as protection from the weather. Plutarch, in his biography of Lycurgus, the law-giver of the Spartans, tells how the young women and men were taught to appear in public, in the Pyrrhic dances, nude, and, so far from this custom being productive of immorality or immodesty, it wrought an effect entirely contrary, so that the women were as remarkable for their purity of character as for the beauty and perfection of their form, and it was due to this fact that the Greek sculptors have surpassed all others in delineating the human figure, for they were accustomed to see undraped the noblest, the most beautiful and the most chaste women of their country.

While peoples whose movements have never been restrained by clothes are remarkably graceful, they are, moreover, commonly grave and dignified. There are no people more remarkable for their gravity and decorum than are the American Indians when not ruined by civilization. On the other hand, those most given to levity and trifling are the clothed races. The nearer to nature the more serious the character and disposition of the people. Indulgence in trifles, nonsense and frivolity by persons of mature age is the result of a sort of mental corruption, if not degeneration. It is one of the disorders peculiar to civilization.

Any discussion of social manners leads up necessarily to clothes. Garments under all the requirements of modern civilization are the adjuncts, if not the outward expression, of decency and morality. To put them off in public is to commit an

offence punishable by statute, and, therefore, the ethical value of clothing under modern conditions is vastly different from what it is among the primitive peoples; nevertheless it can be safely affirmed of the races that habitually go unclothed that they are as chaste and decent in their public behavior as are any who are constantly clad.

But it must not be forgotten that the chief use of clothing, after all, is protection from the weather. The savage will rub his naked body with the fat of the animals he kills, and this closes the pores and prevents the rapid evaporation and dissipation of the bodily moisture and warmth. A coat of oil in a large measure answers the purposes of a suit of clothes. But there must be a special fitness in garments, and a little consideration will show why to-day the loose and flowing garments of the Greeks, so much talked about by the theoretical discourses on such subjects, cannot come into common use in this age.

The present is essentially the era of machinery. To-day millions of men and women are working with swiftly moving mechanisms. Revolving wheels, belts, spindles and a hundred mechanical devices are in operation under the care of men and women. A loose fold of a flowing garment might be fatal to life in a moment of time. In the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts there are ordinances that forbid the female operatives in the cotton mills to wear, when at work, any garment that is not closely belted around the waist. Imagine a lot of men dressed in Roman togas monkeying with sugar mills, buzz saws and electric dynamos. Thus it will be seen that dress cannot be governed by mere consideration of taste and fancy. There must be a specific fitness.

But taste and art can have much to do with even the fitness of dress. The general requirement is that clothes must be more or less conformed to the figure of the wearer. There is no higher expression of physical beauty than that contained in the human form. Elegant contours and handsome figures may be displayed by closely fitting garments, and, nevertheless, the body is clothed. Both the primitive nudity and the classic flowing robes are out of place in this age. But art should not despair. It is capable of conforming itself to any reasonable limitations, and we who have never seen the antique Greeks, save in pictures and on the mimic stage, are fully persuaded that a man can be as majestic and noble, and a woman can be as gracious and beautiful, in modern costume as in the classic robes and sandals of a dead age.

#### USE AND ABUSE OF JEWELRY

UNIVERSAL LOVE OF ADORNMENT...LONDON EVENING STANDARD

Everyone notices the excessive use of jewelry in these days. Whilst men are satisfied with a ring or a stud, women, who claim a certain standing, seem to think diamonds a necessary of life. Moralists denounce this habit as characteristic of the age, and in a sense they are right, but it is not the sense they understand. Human beings have always loved to deck themselves with the objects they regarded as gems as profusely as circumstances would allow. In England they had to make the best of Kimmeridge coral and amber until their simple tastes were corrupted, but they were not less extravagant

nor less particular about the fashion for that. There is a large amber necklace in the possession of Mr. Duke, near Salisbury, which was found still encircling its owner's skeleton neck in a barrow of the neighborhood. The elaborate but irregular perforation of the discs puzzled antiquaries until some one passed strings through them; when it appeared that the varying situation of the holes was most ingeniously contrived to make the broad flat pieces "sit" even over the chest. That hero would have clothed himself in precious stones if he could.

Jewelry is so common now because, on the one hand, money abounds, and, on the other, diamonds have fallen prodigiously in price; not because our generation is more frivolous than any that preceded it, as despondent moralists declare. It may be, but this usage is no evidence. There have been times even in English history when those who could afford to indulge their inclinations were more extravagant than now. We need not recall Buckingham's "ropes of pearls" and buttons of diamonds, valued in his day at \$300,000. That was the profusion of an individual. But there are descriptions enough which tell us the custom of society.

For example, Sir John Finnet has left an account of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine. "Gold and silver," he says, "were the poorest burden laid upon men's backs"—and women's evidently. Lady Wotton's dress cost £250 (say \$1,250) for embroidery alone, the yard, besides pearls beyond belief. Lord Montague, "though impoverished," gave each of his daughters £6,500 (say \$32,500) for her equipment. King James himself condescended to estimate the ornaments of the bride and her train. He put them at \$22,500,000 in our money!

No real comparison can be made, however, between past times and the present in this matter. The gentlemen who ruined themselves in buying jewelry, the ladies and city dames who would willingly have ruined their husbands, had no vulgar competition to fear. A precious stone was precious then and no mistake, whilst money was scarce. Thus the extravagance of men like Raleigh, for example, whose means were uncertain, becomes downright amazing when we consider it. At the tournament held before Essex departed for Ireland he wore a suit of silver armor, and all the accoutrements were studded with diamonds, pearls and rubies. His uniform as captain of the guard on state occasions cost, as was said, \$300,000—the value of the jewelry which Buckingham displayed on one occasion; but then Buckingham's income has been computed in modern money at \$7,500,000.

All the conditions are changed now. When "real diamonds" get cheaper daily, and the shrewdest expert cannot denounce good imitations without handling them, it is reasonable to wonder how long the present fashion will hold out. That is not to assume even the possibility that women will cease to love and to wear jewels. While human nature keeps its present form we shall not see that triumph of reason. But there is more than one way of using precious stones, though Europeans are not accustomed to think so. When we speak of the profusion of jewelry at the present day we refer to diamonds. Other gems are scarcely more common than formerly, excepting those of a low class,

such as garnets, topazes, peridots. Fine pearls, they say, are not to be procured. Why does not Spain work that enormous bank which stretches hundreds of miles to the northeast of Borneo, now that she has possessed herself of the Sulu islands? Its wealth is beyond dispute. For ages it has been the last resource of ruined gamblers and desperate men who braved the risk of working there—upon the high road, as one may say, of the pirates; and if they saved their heads they commonly retrieved their fortunes. When Mr. Edwardes was governor of Labuan he bought a pearl found there "which was pronounced by all who saw it in the East as the best that had ever been brought under their notice." Historic specimens have been traced to the spot. The terrible Labuan pirates are homeless wanderers now. The Sulus are subjects of Spain. But still, so far as we have heard, no European has visited those banks.

But we have strayed from the argument. In consequence of the glut of diamonds our first conception of jewelry—commonly our last—is dazzle. Even the old varieties of "cutting" are abandoned. The "brilliant" is the only wear, because it educes the utmost possible glitter. And so all classes and individuals who have money to spend at the shop stand on the same level. The richest woman can only buy more and more sparkle, like that legendary sailor who, possessed of all the tobacco in the world, could frame no wish for happiness but "more tobacco."

The rainbow gleam of brilliants fascinates us, and no wonder. Myriads of people who only dreamed of such coruscations now display them on their own persons. But for that reason a change may be looked for. The rainbow is too cheap, and those who cannot afford the real thing use imitations which defy detection. Diamonds will never "go out." But, in self-defense, the leaders of fashion will adopt a style of jewelry in which art will be the first consideration, and glitter a detail in the general effect.

#### SHAVING IN ALL AGES

FIRST USE OF THE RAZOR.....MAIL AND EXPRESS

The confessor of Francis II. of France refused him absolution until he had completely removed his beard. An ancient German was, by tribal custom, not allowed to cut off his flowing beard until he had killed his first man in battle. About the year 200 B. C. the Roman Emperor Scipio Africanus inaugurated the custom of shaving among the Roman nobles. From the time of Julius Caesar until the advent of William the Conqueror the Britons wore mustaches, but the clergy, after the conversion of the islanders, were forced to shave by law. One of the early Popes established the shaving of Roman Catholic priests to distinguish them from the patriots of Constantinople. The priests of the Greek church still wear beards. Peter the Great of Russia laid a tax on beards, and delinquents were forced to have their faces shaved with a blunt razor or to have the hairs pulled out with pincers. So everybody shaved. The first shaving was done by order of Alexander the Great, who forced the Greek warriors to cut off their beards, as he found them awkward impediments in the hand-to-hand contests of that time.

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

### ARE OUR MANNERS DECLINING?

RELATIVITY OF STANDARDS.....N. Y. EVENING POST

The English papers have recently taken up the subject of manners, or good breeding, and discussed the question whether on the whole manners in the modern world are generally deteriorating. For a variety of reasons the discussion has been inconclusive, and in this respect resembles every other discussion of the subject, public or private, which has ever come to our notice. Perhaps one or two of the reasons for this inconclusiveness may, on examination, prove to throw some light on the question itself.

One of these is, that the term manners is used in the course of the discussion in different and even inconsistent significations. Although at first sight every one would say that good or bad manners meant the same thing to everybody, this is by no means the fact. There is, to begin with, a conventional standard of manners, different, however, in different countries and at different periods. This standard it is the aim of the local authors of manuals on etiquette and polite behavior to expound, and they accordingly lay down rules for dress, speech, social intercourse, correspondence, clothes, and manners at table, which are derived mainly from their own practice, supplemented by observation and reflection. There is a general contemporary agreement among these authorities as to the main outlines of the subject, locally considered, but on many points they do not agree at all, and on some points as to which they do agree they vary curiously from established usage. Hence they cannot be safely followed.

The keepers of the true tradition of conventional manners—those who really know what they ought to do at a wedding, or a funeral, or a five-o'clock tea—are people who seldom write about them at all, but transmit them from generation to generation by example and training of the young. Formerly, when the world was divided into fixed classes, and when a rise from the lower to the higher strata was rare, this example and training transmitted from parent to child (in the word "breeding" we have an expressive survival of the idea) was of the first importance, because the possession of breeding or manners was the passport to the very restricted society which then governed the world, and for the benefit of which all art and letters still existed, and which itself was founded on birth and inherited possessions. So long as this state of affairs lasted, part of the conventional standard was deference to superiors, who on their side were permitted an arrogance which would now seem intolerable. To compare this period of manners with our own and ask whether they have either deteriorated or improved, is really too vast a question for solution. It is like asking whether the manners of the Renaissance were degenerate as compared with those of the Feudal period. No doubt the "older set" in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries thought so. What is certain is that neither the world nor its manners are the same.

One change is that we aim at dispensing with

ceremony, where our grandfathers as deliberately fostered it. Ceremony in many countries is still kept alive by courts, but generally nowadays we avow the fact that we have no time for it, and discard it whenever we can. Hence, wherever in Europe the old ceremonial of the polite world is kept up, American and English manners always seem bald, and often astounding. We lift our hats only to ladies; all over the Continent nodding to a man without lifting your hat is treating him as an inferior; in some parts of the Continent no one thinks of entering a restaurant or a railway carriage containing other human beings without taking off his hat and wishing them good morning.

It is impossible, however, to say that dispensing with ceremony necessarily makes manners generally worse. It introduces a simplicity and formlessness in manners through which true politeness, even of the purely conventional kind, reveals itself as distinctly as ever. Every one knows, not merely one, but a good many people who can be counted on to be always civil. Men who remain seated when women enter a room, who take the last potato in the dish, who walk into their dining-room before their guest, are the exceptions. But the decadence of ceremonial has made it more difficult than it used to be to apply any fixed external test of manners, and to say that this or that particular act or omission proves a person to be destitute of breeding. Indeed, we are disposed to go to the other extreme, and to discard as positively over-polite, and consequently incorrect, a great deal of ceremony which was once an essential part of breeding. Among the extremely advanced it is "bad form to have good manners."

Another source of confusion is the fact that there has always been a different standard of manners for men and women, and that the changes in the two have been by no means equal. Women have kept up ceremony deliberately, just as men have deliberately got rid of it; it is only the "new woman," invented in the last ten years, who gives it up altogether, and she is still mainly a fictitious type. Any one who has seen a boy dressed as a woman for private college theatricals, trying to imitate the behavior of a lady, will recognize the gulf which still exists between the sexes.

It is commonly taken for granted by conservatives that the introduction of women into employments formerly exclusively masculine tends to a deterioration of manners on both sides; but there is little in the experience of this country to confirm this view. On nearly every floor of every large office building in New York may be found an office rented by three or four women who earn their living by typewriting. According to our observation they are treated with the same politeness that women receive everywhere else in America. The woman typewriter or the woman reporter expects to have a door opened for her, or to have a seat in a cable car given up to her, as in the case of any other lady. In really antique countries like Germany and England, men listen with horror to the stories told to illustrate the position yielded by politeness to

women in America. Sometimes they get grotesque ideas of the resulting position of man here. We have heard a German say to an American, pointing to a nurse wheeling a baby about in a perambulator, "Now in America you would be doing that yourself?"

But people when they talk or think about manners have, besides the conventional, an ideal standard which is as different from and superior to the former as ideal conduct is superior to such conventional morality as will enable a person to pass muster for respectability or keep on the safe side of the law. They do not by any means always discriminate between the two, but frequently confuse them; besides which in judging of acts they now apply one and now the other. We generally apply the ideal standard, for instance, to enemies, and to foreigners whom we do not like, to those with whom we have had a quarrel or desire to have one; while in judging of our own acts, or those of such as are near to us, like our children, we generally apply a much more lenient standard.

Manners have lost a great part of their significance as a passport to success in the world, not merely because so many other avenues to prosperity have been opened, but because the control of society has passed out of the hands of the class which cultivates manners and has the leisure to do so. But they have not lost their importance. They have become in a certain sense more important than they ever were, because of the vast throng of persons in the democratic world who, having no advantages of birth or breeding behind them, feel themselves entitled, not only to a fair share of the education and wealth that they see about them, but of the breeding too. They all desire, or if they do not, the women connected with them do, to be recognized as having good manners, and to associate on terms of equality with those possessing them.

The fact that manners have passed out of the control of a class capable of enforcing its decrees, and that the external standard of breeding is not clearly defined, as it once was, makes it very often seem as if manners were going to the dogs, though per capita it may be that there is actually more politeness in the world than fifty years ago. The fact is that, to a very great extent, where manners were formerly obligatory, they are now voluntary. Almost everybody desires to pass for polite, just as he desires to pass for educated, but this is very different from being tested for politeness by a recognized tribunal such as once existed, and from which there was no appeal.

#### THE USE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S CONSCIENCES

A CORRECTIVE OF SPIRITUAL PROTECTIONISM.....N. Y. OBSERVER

There are people who never use any consciences but their own. They constitute themselves the sole judges of what is right for themselves, if not for others. Duty to such does not come of argument, but has all the vividness and conclusiveness of a clear intuition. And the tendency of the times is rather toward the emphasizing of the authority of the single conscience. The trend is to individualism in many directions. In militarism, modern tactics largely consist of "extended order" movements, which tend to take the private soldier out of touch with his comrades and to invest him with a

graver responsibility than before. In politics the tendency is to segregation and division, so that nowadays almost every tenth man is a party by himself. And a like divisibility of interest is noticeable to some extent in the ecclesiastical sphere, where many schools bisect and even dissect many sects.

And individualism was, of course, emphatically a product, if not the sole product, of the Reformation, which was but the unmistakable assertion of the freeness of the human unit to find and to worship God after the dictates of its own conscience. What the Reformation did was to once more set souls face to face with the Bible, and to bid them discover therein their God and their duty. It meant the education of the individual conscience on Bible lines. And it was natural that in view of the intolerable burdens which an unwieldy ecclesiasticism had previously imposed upon human consciences the reaction should have been extreme. But spiritual independence, however precious a privilege, must evidently have certain limits. For manifestly it would be absurd to suppose that the conscience is free to form for itself any morality it desires, without let or hindrance from any principles existent objectively in the moral frame of the universe. There must be regulative influences somewhere about.

These outside criteria are found primarily, of course, in the Word of God, "the only infallible rule of faith and practice." But how shall that Word be interpreted? Suppose that my neighbor and I derive a different lesson from the same Word? Shall I then assume with a calm serenity that I am absolutely enlightened in my judgment of Scripture, or shall I use his conscience a bit for purposes of comparison both with mine and with the Word itself? The fanatic, whose creed is built up of the assumption that there is only one side to every question, namely, his side, would answer this last question in the negative, so absolutely convinced is he of his own infallibility. We are always out of patience with the bigot, who never uses any conscience save his own, but we cannot convince him. He is the spiritual protectionist, who completely encircles himself with a high tariff wall in order to exclude from his soul all disturbing ideas of a contrary nature to his own. It was out of a somewhat extended experience with such conceitedly convinced and often erratic believers that the godly but sensible Charles Spurgeon was once moved to remark with a fine though gentle irony: "It is strange that some persons, who think so much of what God's Spirit has revealed to them, should think so little of what he has revealed to other men."

There is evidently, then, a use for other people's consciences, since God does not intrust his truth exclusively to one man or to a single class of minds. There is a measure of truth in the old dictum, *Vox populi vox Dei*. The many sometimes know more than the few. In the multitude of counselors there is often safety. A consensus of enlightened public opinion is valuable, as tending to correct eccentricities of a private judgment run wild.

But other people's consciences must be used with caution. And so indeed must our own. Consciences are like compasses, liable to variation, and constantly needing to be compensated for by a

reference to the immutable criterion of the divine Word. And if this course be taken, with a humble reliance upon the aid of the Spirit of God, the moral sense of others about us, constituting a kind of public conscience, may be consulted with advantage in the effort to render the private judgment worthy of the title of a good conscience, "void of offence."

**IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE CENTURY**

LOOKING TOWARD TO-MORROW'S DAWN.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

We speak of nations having each their day, and it is customary to conceive of periods of time as having their morning, meridian and evening. In the same way we speak of the dawn of a century, its "twilight" or its "close." But as a matter of fact there are three kinds of century in full headway, not counting the centuries of China and Japan, or any of the remote Orient. The current Christian century is indeed near its twilight. The dusk of evening is about it. But the Mohammedan century is still fresh with the dew of the morning, and the Hebrew century is just about midway of the two extremes. The progress of events takes no note of the century landmarks. The "twilight" is a purely individual matter. We speak of generations as if the life of the race were divided into periods of about thirty years, when, as a matter of fact, the race is one continuous river that flows steadily to the sea. "Every minute dies a man; every minute one is born."

The French revolution and the establishment of a constitutional republic on this continent gave to the close of the eighteenth century a certain climax. It was the twilight of monarchy and the dawn of democracy, but there is nothing of that transitional character discernible in the twilight of the nineteenth and the "dim, gray dawn" of the twentieth, as its "jocund morn stands tiptoe on the mountain top." The world is gradually moving toward a larger life for the many, the overthrow of all forms of oppression, a better understanding of the conditions of human happiness, and a nobler conception of human rights and of human obligations.

We like to believe the new century will be much freer from suffering and sin, casualty and crime, than the one whose "twilight" is closing upon us. But it needs only a hurried and casual review of the events of the past ninety-six years to enable us to appreciate how fine and various the web of human history and experience, and how complicated its warp. In a greater or less degree the spirit of these events will be reproduced in the twentieth century. Fate, providence, force—call it what you will—will go on elaborating the wonderful universe and humanity will pursue the vain search after the unknowable, and aspire to things beyond its grasp.

But this we have learned, that our divisions of time have nothing to do with the ever-unfolding "process of the ages;" that time is not short, but endless; that eternity is not at the end of time—a mysterious something which we shall enter at death—but is totality of duration, and includes all that is, or ever shall be—that we are in and of it now—that this very present moment is a constituent element of its infinity. We are learning, too, that duty has nothing to do with duration, that the soul is independent of times and seasons, and will live elsewhere what it lives not here; that all true motives of

obedience and convictions of duty, and appeals to generosity, heroism, patriotism, self-sacrifice and saintliness have their rise and the response in sentiments which are as divine as Deity; and that the true thing for us is to square our conduct by the everlasting moralities which have nothing to do with our poor measures of time, and to think and act as free minds, asking only what is true and doing what is right. Meanwhile the world tends, we know, to better and higher conditions, and humanity steadily progresses even when discouragement is greatest and the advance seems imperceptible.

**THE ETHICS OF INDIFFERENCE**

PHILOSOPHIC FORGETFULNESS.....N. Y. HOME JOURNAL

Of all the nursery heroes surely he that "broke the pitcher, and was neither glad nor sorry" for having done so, most captivates attention by the mystery of his indifference. Was his superiority to joy or sorrow the outcome of incipient heroism? Was it admirable or shameful? The result of fortitude or apathy? Was the pitcher a daily burden, heavy when empty, intolerable when full, that natural relief at its destruction neutralized natural regret? Was it so ugly or so damaged an amphora as to have justly offended an embryo aesthetic mind, and rendered it callous even to remorse? Was it the royalty of an inward happiness that lifted the youth above a carking care for a paltry pipkin? Or—dreadful thought—was he a relative, as nursery kinship goes, to that other who, because he "didn't care," came, and comes, finally to so bad an end?

There is a suspicious resemblance indicative of consanguinity. To rise superior to fate, to accident—though subject to the one, and having just met with the other (that is, supposing the pipkin to have come fairly accidentally to potsherds)—to be open to blame, to have earned a scolding, and perhaps a scourging, and yet to be neither glad or sorry! In such calm lies the germ of a possible future hero. With a like indifference, real or feigned, did Achilles shut himself up in a tent while, in consequence of his absention, "woes unnumbered" afflicted his brethren of the Greek host; with even a more joyous indifference did Nero fiddle an answer to the burning Roman question of his day and hour. If the pitcher-boy and the original "Don't Care" were not identical, and their histories two legends of one and the same demi-god, as it were, then it is presumable that, "to make a third," Nature "joined the former two" in the person of a boy of tender years, who, being admonished as to his probable end, replied, with the philosophy of a Toots, that "it was of no consequence," for, "if Don't Care was hanged, it didn't matter, for he didn't care, any more than he did!" With such armor-plated invulnerability as this, argument is impotent. Is it the inherited memory of generations of brave men, or the blue blood into which a drop of that mysterious lymph, that divine ichor of freedom forever from care, has entered, and is circulating so triumphantly through his childish veins that he can't care?

The acquired indifference that could permit a man of Sir Thomas More's wisdom to jest whimsically with his beard on the block is as far removed

from the callousness of a highwayman "dying game" as it is from that indifference which is the offspring of dulness. Here a good digestion, and little or no imagination, enable a man to pass through troubles, almost scathless, that would sink a more sensitive or irritable nature into a slough of despair. And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his fortune is a-ripening, and wakes one morning to find his affairs all at sixes and sevens, why, he resigns himself to his want of success with masterly indifference. By so doing he avoids chagrin, if he loses dignity and happiness. He will never be a martyr to cat-killing care. He breaks misfortune with superior force—the force of apathy. Care is no cure, he sagely remarks; so he goes comfortably to bed and to sleep, for the care that works at night labors to no purpose; so he refuses to let so corrosive a sublime make his eyelids smart.

Yet it is undoubtedly better to incur ridicule for too anxious a care than to be ruined for the want of it. Not to rank one's self with the barbarous multitude to care for this or that is good; not to be a pipe for fortune to play what tune she pleases on is better; but indifference presents a poor picture when, in Spenser's words, "Rude was his garment and to rags all rent, Ne better had he, ne for better cared." To be able to assume indifference, to wrap ourselves in it as the dying Cæsar wrapped himself in his mantle, as the even more bitterly anguished Virginius hid his face in the corner of his gown to be shaken within, yet show no outward sign of tribulation, was a Roman virtue, and well worthy of the name. Although nowadays we are happily not often called upon either to enact or witness such heroic self-mastery as these, there are still many lighter occasions when it is a good thing to slip into the toga of indifference. Circumstances either irritating or ludicrous, or both, are apt to overtake us when least expected.

Not long since, a lady sketching in a quiet corner of a French provincial town, displayed under provocation a sang-froid that filled at least one observer with envious admiration. Gradually there had gathered round her all the idle gamins of the place. From merely crowding round her, sniffing—it is imperative on a watching boy to sniff—and commenting aloud on her and her work, one, the boldest, constituting himself her gamin-in-chief, began coolly picking from her dress and bonnet certain green caterpillars, which fell pretty continuously from the sycamore beneath which she sat, presenting each one for her inspection, with, "Une autre petite bête, Madame," while he winked aside to his companions. Madame continued her work with an indifference more apparent, perhaps, than real, when, fortunately for her, a baker opposite, kneading bread, or, rather, dough, in a cellar, with his feet, caught sight through a grating of this petty persecution going on before his eyes. To seize a whip, and spring naked-footed into the middle of the road, and crack that whip as only a Frenchman can, was the work of an instant; the members of the inquisition, including the grand inquisitor, fled, howling, and Madame's indifference melted into a smile, as she exchanged bows with the retiring Frenchman.

Infectious as is fear, it is scarcely more so than

courage. Many a panic has been stayed and lives saved by one brave man who scorned not death, but the fear of it. In like manner the gravity, not to say severity, of one in authority has been known to stiffen to their decorous performance of their parts a score of people under novel and incongruous circumstances. In a certain old edifice, on a certain occasion, the bag, plate, or toll-dish, was missing. A consultation, *sotto voce*, between the collector and his chief concluded by the latter handing the former a large brown leather folio, and bidding him, audibly, "Collect on that." He did so, and with so immovable composure, that from the first depositor to the last, nothing but a preternatural solemnity marked the method of collecting as out of the common course of levying.

Comparing notes afterwards, the company confessed, each, his inward terror, as that brown sloping substitute approached him in its rounds, lest his treacherous coin, or no less treacherous self-control, might play him a trick at the last moment, and cover him with confusion. But it was the imposing unconcern of the principal actor that, like the marquis of Steyne's carriage at Becky's door, "kep us up," and carried the company triumphantly through the ordeal. Among many kinds of indifference, two are chiefly practised, not merely on the great world's stage, but on those small stages where actors most do congregate—a smiling indifference, and a stony one. The comic actor naturally adopts the first, and by his careless, don't-mention-it, daffing aside of the applause, as it were, commonly earns another round; while the tragedian, his stern, indifferent gaze fixed immovably on vacancy, does his best to extinguish the enthusiasm he has worked so hard to kindle, and succeeds.

To manifest indifference to injuries no doubt argues greatness of mind; to be careful not to avenge one's self is due to the wrong-doer. But indifference should not lead a man to forget that he has been wronged: this he owes to himself. Indifference may be, according to circumstances, either a precious anodyne or a pernicious poison. In certain troubles, such as fall to the lot of most men at some period of their lives, such as a disastrous lawsuit, an irreparable loss, or losses, ill-conducted relatives, or disease, one may, by exercising a cultivated indifference, prevent the misfortune, whatever it may be, from pressing too fatally on the recollection. When a man has wrung from a certain trouble all the instruction, the experience, the warning—in a word, all the good it will yield him, he will do well to cast the grief substantially behind him, and have done with it. An error of judgment, a mistake, may also wisely be so treated; but a fault, or still less a crime—never; unless the fault, the crime, be due to ignorance. In this case the recollection of the offence may be banished by adroitly fixing the attention on something else when it invades the memory. We have far more power over our minds than we are willing to concede, because to exert the capacity is irksome. "Sure we cannot help our thoughts," is often affirmed. But, if we cannot, we are in a poor case.

The art, like other arts, is to be acquired, and it is possible even dreams are more amenable to the habit of mind of the dreamer than is dreamt of in his philosophy.

## SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

### EVOLUTION OF FACIAL EXPRESSION

EMOTIONS OF PREHISTORIC MAN.....GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

Edouard Cuyer set forth at a recent session of the Transformistes of Paris, the latest view of the evolutionist as to the origin of facial expression in man. His lecture, as summarized in a bulletin of the Société d'Anthropologie, contains the following: Muscles about the mouth help to produce expressions of sadness, contempt and disgust, this last when the lower lip droops and curls. These expressions the lecturer traced to the involuntary effort to eject disagreeable things from the mouth. Our ancestors were children, so to speak, and the civilized babe of to-day, on finding a bitter object in the mouth, first draws down the corners of the lips, then turns the lower lip outward to help eject the disagreeable thing, and as a final resource thrusts out the tongue to expel the offending bitterness. We retain, to express extreme disgust and hatred, this thrusting out of the tongue. Amusement or pleasure is expressed by a smile that widens the mouth and raises it at the corners. The cheeks are rigid at the same time, and there are raylike marks about the eyes. The smile of pleasure, which begins thus with the opening of the mouth, is traced to the joy of our savage ancestors at the prospect of being fed. It is a selfish joy, and M. Cuyer is cynical enough to believe that most of our smiles are the result of gratified selfishness. We welcome our friends with a smile that as much as anything else, perhaps, expresses our selfish pleasure in anticipation of diversion or at the secret thought of our own cleverness which is to entertain the visitor. Often our smiles are of self-complaisance or condescension; and then there are the smiles of defiance, which are simply a survival of the ungenial way in which our savage ancestors grinned in order to show a formidable array of teeth to an enemy.

### FIFTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN INVENTION\*

EDWARD M. BYRN.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The past fifty years represents an epoch of invention and progress unique in the history of the world. It is something more than a merely normal growth or natural development. It has been a gigantic tidal wave of human ingenuity and resource, so stupendous in its magnitude, so complex in its diversity, so profound in its thought, so fruitful in its wealth, so beneficent in its results, that the mind is strained and embarrassed in its effort to expand to a full appreciation of it. Indeed, the period seems a grand climax of discovery, rather than an increment of growth. It has been a splendid, brilliant campaign of brains and energy, rising to the highest achievement amid the most fertile resources, and conducted by the strongest and best equipment of modern thought and modern strength.

The great works of the ancients are in the main mere monuments of the patient manual labor of myriads of workers, and can only rank with the buildings of the diatom and coral insect. Not so

with modern achievement. This last half century has been peculiarly an age of ideas and conservation of energy, materialized in practical embodiment as labor-saving inventions, often the product of a single mind, and partaking of the sacred quality of creation.

The old word of creation is that God breathed into the clay the breath of life. In the new world of invention mind has breathed into matter, and a new and expanding creation unfolds itself. The speculative philosophy of the past is but a too empty consolation for short-lived, busy man, and, seeing with the eye of science the possibilities of matter, he has touched it with the divine breath of thought and made a new world. It is probably safe to say that fully nine-tenths of all the material riches and physical comforts of to-day have grown into existence in the past fifty years. Morse had just harnessed the most elusive steed of all Nature's forces, and put it in the permanent service of man; when nitro-glycerine, discovered by Sobrero, in 1846, for the first time lent its terrible emphasis, and seemed to bring an awakening of the dormant genius of man. Within the first decade (1846-1856) came the sewing machine, Bain's chemical telegraph, the Suez Canal, the House printing telegraph, the McCormick reaper, the discovery of the planet Neptune, the Corliss engine, the collodion and dry plate processes in photography, the Ruhmkorff coil, the Bass time lock for safes, the electric fire alarm of Channing & Farmer, Gintel's duplex telegraph, the sleeping car of Woodruff, Wilson's four-motioned feed for the sewing machine, Ericsson's hot air engine, the Niagara suspension bridge, and the building of the Great Eastern. The next decade (1856-1866) brought with it the Atlantic cable, the discovery of the aniline dyes by Perkin, the making of paper pulp from wood, the discovery of coal oil in the United States, the invention of the circular knitting machine, the Giffard injector, for supplying feed water to steam boilers; the discovery of cæsium, rubidium, indium and thallium; the McKay shoe sewing machine, Ericsson's ironclad monitor, Nobel's explosive gelatine, the Whitehead torpedo, and the first embodiment of the fundamental principles of the dynamo electric generator by Hjorth, of Denmark. The next decade (1866-1876) marks the beginning of the most remarkable period of activity and development in the history of the world. The perfection of the dynamo, and its twin brother the electric motor, by Wilde, Siemens, Wheatstone, Varley, Farmer, Gramme, Brush, Weston, Edison, Thomson, and others, soon brought the great development of the electric light and electric railways. Then appeared the Bessemer process of making steel; dynamite; the St. Louis bridge; the Westinghouse air brake; and the middlings purifying and roller processes in milling. That great chemist and probably greatest public benefactor, Louis Pasteur, added his work to this period; the Gatling gun appeared; great developments were made in ice machines and cold storage equipments; machines for making barbed wire fences; compressed air rock drills and the Mont Cenis tunnel; pressed glass-

\* Extract from the \$250 prize essay in Semi-Centennial number of the Scientific American.

ware; Stearns duplex telegraph, and Edison's quadruplex; the cable car system of Hallidie, and the Janney car coupler; the self-binding reaper and harvester; the tempering of steel wire and springs by electricity; the Lowe process for making water gas; cash carriers for stores; and machines for making tin cans. With the next decade (1876-1886) there arose a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of inventions. The railway and telegraph had already made all people near neighbors, but it remained for the Bell telephone to establish the close kinship of one great talkative family, in constant intercourse, the tiny wire, sentient and responsive to the familiar voice, transmitting the message with tone and accent unchanged by the thousands of miles distance between. Then come in order the hydraulic dredges, and Mississippi jetties of Eads; the Jablochkoff electric candle; photography by electric light; the cigarette machine; the Otto gas engine; the great improvement and development of the typewriter; the casting of chilled car wheels; the Birkenhead and Rabbeth spinning spindles; the enameled sheet iron ware for the kitchen. Next the phonograph of Edison appears, literally speaking for itself, and reproducing human speech and all sounds with startling fidelity. Who can tell what stores of interesting and instructive knowledge would be in our possession if the phonograph had appeared in the ages of the past, and its records had been preserved. The voices of our dead ancestors, of Demosthenes and Cicero, and even of Christ himself speaking as he spake unto the multitude, would be an enduring reality and a precious legacy. In this decade we also find the first electric railway operated in Berlin; the development of the storage battery; welding metals by electricity; passenger elevators; the construction of the Brooklyn bridge; the synthetic production of many useful medicines, dyes, and antiseptics, from the coal-tar products; and the Cowles process for manufacturing aluminum.

In the last decade (1886-1896) inventions in such great numbers and yet of such importance have appeared that selection seems impossible without doing injustice to the others. The graphophone; the Pullman and Wagner railway cars and vestibuled trains; the Harvey process of annealing armor plates; artificial silk from pyroxyline; automobile or horseless carriages; the Zalinski dynamite gun; the Mergenthaler linotype machine, moulding and setting its own type, a whole line at a time, and doing the work of four compositors; the Welsbach gas burner; the Krag-Jorgensen rifle; Prof. Langley's aérodrome; the manufacture of acetylene gas from calcium carbide; the discovery of argon; the application of the cathode rays in photography by Roentgen; Edison's fluoroscope for seeing with the cathode rays; Tesla's discoveries in electricity, and the kinetoscope, are some of the modern inventions which still interest and engage the attention of the world, while the great development in photography, and of the web perfecting printing press, the typewriter, the modern bicycle, and the cash register is beyond enumeration or adequate comment.

Looking at this campaign of progress from an anthropological and geographical standpoint, it is interesting to note who are its agents and what its scene of action. It will be found that almost en-

tirely the field lies in a little belt of the civilized world between the 30th and 50th parallels of latitude of the western hemisphere and between the 40th and 60th parallels of the western part of the eastern hemisphere, and the work of a relatively small number of the Caucasian race under the benign influences of a Christian civilization.

Remembering, furthermore, that most of this great development is of American authorship, does it not appear plain that all this marvelous growth has some correlation that teaches an important lesson? Why should this mighty wave of civilization set in at such a recent period, and more notably in our own land, when there have been so many nations far in advance of us in point of age? The answer is to be found in the beneficent institutions of our comparatively new and free country, whose laws have been made to justly regard the inventor as a public benefactor, and the wisdom of which policy is demonstrated by the growth of this period, amply proving that invention and civilization stand correlated—invention the cause and civilization the effect.

This retrospect, necessarily cursory and superficial, brings to view sufficient of the great inventions as milestones on the great roadway of progress to inspire us with emotions of wonder and admiration at the resourceful and dominant spirit of man. Delving into the secret recesses of the earth, he has tapped the hidden supplies of Nature's fuel, has invaded her treasure house of gold and silver, robbed Mother Earth of her hoarded stores, and possessed himself of her family record, finding on the pages of geology sixty millions of years' existence. Peering into the invisible little world, the infinite secrets of microcosm have yielded their fruitful and potent knowledge of bacteria and cell growth. With telescope and spectroscope he has climbed into limitless space above, and defined the size, distance and constitution of a star millions of miles away. The lightning is made his swift messenger, and thought flashes in submarine depths around the world, the voice travels faster than the wind, dead matter is made to speak, the invisible has been revealed, the powers of Niagara are harnessed to do his will, and all of Nature's forces have been made his constant servants in attendance. We find ourselves asking the question, "Is it all done? Is the work finished? Is the field of invention exhausted?" It does seem that it is quite impossible to again equal the great inventions of this wonderfully prolific epoch; but as these great inventions, which now seem commonplace to us, would have seemed quite impossible to our ancestors, we may indulge the hope of future possibilities beyond any present conception, but onward and upward in the great evolution of human destiny.

Rejoicing in our strength and capabilities, the new light of man's power and destiny breaks more clearly over us, and content with the infinite quality of mind and matter, the teachings of philosophy, and the facts of evolution, we rest in the assurance of positive knowledge that all that has been done in the past is merely preliminary, that human ingenuity knows no limit, and so long as man himself remains hedged about with the limitations of mortality and the conditions of growth, so long will his strivings and attainments be infinite.

## AT THE CART'S TAIL: IN COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND

BY F. J. STIMSON (J. S. OF DALE)

[A selected reading from King Noanutt, a Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay, by F. J. Stimson. Published by Lamson, Wolff & Co.]

We at Springfield had received due notice of the town-meeting and that

"whosoeuer shall haue received notice of the meeteing & shall absetne himselfe one halfe houre after ye beateing of the armme shall forfeit twelve pence; and yf anye shall wholly absetne himselfe shall forfeit the sum of Three shillinges and Fower pence. except ther be some greate occasions to the contrary & ye same be alloed of accordingly in eyther of ye sayd cases."

Whereby we were resolved to go; and when the eventful morning came, did set off (through a sulky mist of sleet) in a majestick procession of both our canoes, and three of Indians from Natick. Now all together there was Miles and I, and Quatchett and Woolacote and Berry; and Awonsamog and Nohkow and other Natick sachems, permitted by Eliot to go and learn how white men practised the mystery of government; while Nehoiden (who was on a visit to us) preferred freely to run along the banks.

'Twas a great day, and we were all in high spirits; for soon the sleet washed the March sky clear to a blueness; and even the heavens, that had so lowered upon us in the morning, as Miles said, like a damsel ruffled by too bold an address, now cleared up again, when they saw we took no notice of their sulkiness. It was a fair Spring noon when we pulled up at the little landing-place by Dedham; and we heard Ralph Daye (who was paid for it, 20s. the year in cedar-board at 4s. per cent) beating the drum lustily to call to meeting.

Now I had never been to these meetings before; and I asked Miles what they were like, and would the good people of Dedham treat us fair? To which he gravely responded that

"In their intercourse with each other, or with strangers, they exhibit as much urbanity, generally speaking, as is consistent with pure republicanism."

I was so taken up with the fineness of this language that I said nothing more, but put on my face of gravest ceremony, until we found ourselves on a back bench of the little meeting-house. "In length 36 Foote it was; and 20 Foote in bredth, and betweene the upp and nether sell in ye studds 12: Foote, the same to be girrte & thetcjt." And no women were allowed within the same, only dogs; and the boys in the gallery, high up, whence they too might in time learn how to govern men (women not needing the same). And the first thing that happened in this town-meeting was that "Goodman Fra. Chickerg be fined one quart of Saick for late coming this daye." So fined he was, and Miles said to me, laughing, "Faith, this is human of them: now whose and when is the drinking of it?"

"Silence," cried Major Lusher, that was moderator (but with a wink to Miles), while Edward Alleyn, the same that we had met before, got up with a long preamble that whereas, "our weekly meeting appointed for other occasions falling to be

at Eben Fairbanke's became altogether spent in agitation concerning the Huntsman, despite the information that our brethren of Meadfield have declared themselves grieved that our Towne have resolved to call for 20l. from thence, and that they have declared a purpose not to pay till it be cleared, and despite our letter to desire a loveing treaty with them on this point," he moved,

"1 that the vote of grant of ye 3 pt of ye meadow ptyly by sale & pt by gift be so altered that those yt would give their pte now cannot;

"2 that ther is not so much loue from Meadf as they expected appeere in refusing 20l. at this time."

Then there did follow a long dispute about the boundary with Meadfield.

Then the matter of a free school was taken up; and it was with "an vnanimous consent concluded that some portion of land in this extended devision should be set apart for publique use: viz. for the Towne a Churche & fre Schoole viz. 40 acres at the least or 60 acres at the most." And thus was established the first free school; they tell me such things are not known in England yet. But when next it was asked

"to be pposed whether the sense of the Towne be and require that girls should be taught in this schoole or not"—the debate waxed more furious. For on the one hand, Alleyn was objecting that the girls should not be overlearned above their sphere; while Miles took sides (partly for dislike of Alleyn and partly for the maids themselves) that the women, as they are better than men, and now do but mislead them, should surely be taught wisdom to lead us aright. And that matter is not settled yet! And then Mr. John Allen Pastor and Eleazar Lusher gave notice of their discovery of a mine of metal or other mineral "whereunto they laid claim to them their heirs executors and assigns for ever by virtue of the order of the town in that case provided. And the land lay betwixt Charles River on the North and the high Rock near the Great Plain and in or near about a small stony valley being encompassed on the south, north and west sides with rocky hills the east end of said valley opening towards a stony brook thereby—"

Then spoke up Fairbanke, our hunting friend, at last, and moved as follows, as we had due record made:

"Resolued, to ppose to the Towne to know therre minde about the raysinge of that Tenn L. for the recompence of the Hunts-man, and whether it be paid in lawful money or in colony coin."

There was some debate, particularly on the last clause; Mr. Alleyn thought Indian shells good enough payment for Indian wildcats or other Indian vermin; Major Lusher reminded him that powder and ball had to be paid for in good silver, and that Captain Courtenay, "whose settlement West of the town was such a protection to us all," had held the King's commission and was ensued to the King's money; Dwight, Wight, Day and Fisher, all our other friends took part; Miles had the sense to keep silent; and, to cut it short, it was at last thus voted

(as any of you may see it yet to-day in the Dedham records, at page the fifteenth of the second part)

"after Lectur (i. e. reading of the resolution) these being pposed: all was left to the 7 men."

"The selectmen!" whispered Miles: "now we'll have them all to dinner!"

We had a very good dinner, at Dwight's tavern; and Miles was even particular to ask "Brother Chickering," that he might get something back from his forfeited quart of sack; whereat he voluntarily doubled his fine, and I doubled this, and Miles doubled my double; ten men we had to dinner, viz., seven selectmen, Chickering, Miles, and I; and by that figuring had fifteen (or was it sixteen?) quarts of sack; for I am getting old-witted, and no longer good at arithmetic.

Only this point I do remember (and from this point it seems but yesterday, for it was the beginning of the end) that we fell to singing, and made so much noise inside the tavern that it must have been a mighty tumult indeed that we could hear outside it. But all at once, we became conscious of a vast murmuring noise, not of cheering, but of jeers; voices of men and boys; but amid them it seemed to me that I heard a woman's cry. And I looked at Miles and saw that he had heard it too.

"Constable Chickering! Constable Chickering!" then we heard them crying; and presently two or three men forced through the door of our room; and one of them held a paper, which he flourished before Chickering, and then at Major Lusher, and I saw that it bore a fair broad seal and ribbons.

"Deborah Lyle, a Quakeress!" he cried. And now we could make what the rabble was crying outside—"Deborah Lyle! to the stocks! the Quakeress to the stocks!" And now too we heard, mingled with the shouting of men and boys, the shrill scolding of the women.

"By order of the worshipful, the Governour," cried he that bore the paper; and Miles whispered me and we both recognized him for a Boston constable, even he that had arrested us that Sunday we arrived, and spoke so rude to little Jennifer. "Deborah Lyle, Quakeress: ordered to be whipt at the cart's tail from Boston to the line of the Providence Plantations—I do hereby deliver to the selectmen of Dedham, across their town line, that by their reeves or constable the worshipful orders of the Governour be carried on. Where is the constable?"

Somebody pointed out Chickering.

"For her safe keeping and delivery beyond the limits of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, you are now responsible." And he thought to thrust the paper into Chickering's hand. But it dropped to the floor; and now we saw that Brother Francis Chickering was very drunk.

"The Quakeress! the Quakeress!" kept howling the mob outside.

"This is no work for me—give it to the hogreeves!" then growled Major Lusher. And going to the window furthest from the street, he jumped out of it; and Miles and I, going after, saw him running with all haste across the fields.

"Come out of this!" cried Miles; and we made into the street. A snowstorm had begun to gather again; and it was nipping cold.

The mob was crowded before the door of the

townhouse. And forcing our way through, we found indeed a cart with two oxen standing by it, that was Christian church as well as townhouse; and there, tied fast by ropes to the cart's tail (for else she would have fallen) was a young girl, not more than twenty, stripped naked to the waist.

"Ten stripes at each town-bound! and ten stripes upon each village green!" cried the Boston constable, who followed. "Where is your chief man?"

The crowd murmured. Some one said, "Major Lusher. He has gone." And the women screeched again, "Whip the Quakeress! Whip the Quakeress!" Only the men and boys were more silent, gaping openmouthed and shamefaced. And in the hush the poor girl, that had seemed fainting or asleep, as her wounds had grown numb and frozen since the last whipping, opened her eyes despairingly, and cast her look about the crowd until it fell upon me and Miles. And all this time the snowflakes were falling on her, scarce whiter than her poor shoulders where there were not already the cruel purple scars.

"Men!" said Miles through his teeth, "ye'll not carry out this thing?"

"That will I!" cried Alleyn; "I am second of the selectmen. Constable, yourself carry out the law! and then we'll rid the town of the pestilent heretick!" Miles looked at me; John Berry and Woolacote had gathered behind us, looking very pale, and even our Indians were there, and, at a glance from Miles, Quatchett and Nehoiden ran towards the landing, where our boats were left.

But before we looked the heavy lash of triple-knotted cords had once descended, circling the girl's back. She but moaned faintly, though it left a crimson weal below her breasts. Some of the women turned and ran away, but the others screeched out shrill and crowded the closer to see.

Then I laid that constable's head open with a stave of his own cart. It was poor John Berry, swearing and crying at once, who cut the poor girl's ropes; and Miles, gathering her up like a child, cried to us to run before, and we made a dash through the crowd and got to the river. Nor did they stop us much, though Alleyn and the constable ran after. They seemed to be fighting among themselves. For when we had got safely into our canoes, and Miles had made a sort of bed for the Quaker maiden, and covered her with furs and blankets, we looked about again. And I did see Brother Francis Chickering, that was so drunk, fall down in the way of Master Alleyn, so that he pitched headlong at the steepest part of the hill; and then did Chickering get up and jump upon him.

But the crowd of women ran down to the water's edge, aye, and into the river, shaking their fists at us; and the officers made ready boats to follow.

Then Miles stood up in his canoe with a loaded gun and swore by the Virgin the first of them that stepped in a canoe should die there. "Man or woman!" cried lie, and crossed himself. And the women, that were much the worst, screamed out at this, but turned and ran, like a parcel of hens. And suddenly Major Lusher appeared; and we heard him call to see their warrant. And it must have taken him a long time to read this warrant; for when we passed around the first bend that hid us from sight of the village, he was reading it still.

## TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

*The Diverting History of John Gilpin*. . . . . William Cowper

John Gilpin was a citizen

Of credit and renown,

A trainband captain eke was he

Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,

" Though wedded we have been

These twice ten tedious years, yet we

No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding day,

And we will then repair

Unto the Bell of Edmonton

All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister and my sister's child,

Myselv and children three,

Will fill the chaise, so you must ride

On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire

Of womankind but one,

And you are she, my dearest dear,

Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen draper bold,

As all the world doth know,

And my good friend the calender

Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said,

And for that wine is dear,

We will be furnished with our own,

Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;

O'erjoyed was he to find,

That though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,

But yet was not allow'd

To drive up to the door, lest all

Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,

Where they did all get in,

Six precious souls, and all agog

To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,

Were never folk so glad,

The stones did rattle underneath,

As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side

Seized fast the flowing mane,

And up he got in haste to ride,

But soon came down again.

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,

His journey to begin,

When, turning round his head, he saw

Three customers coming in.

So down he came; for loss of time,

Although it grieved him sore,

Yet loss of pence, full well he knew

Would trouble him much more.

" Twas long before the customers

Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came down stairs,

" The wine is left behind!"

" Good lack!" quoth he, " yet bring it me,  
My leather belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long, red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain,  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,  
Away went hat and wig,  
He little dreamt when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And every soul cried out, " Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?  
His fame soon spread around,  
" He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
 His reeking head full low,  
 The bottles twain behind his back  
 Were shatter'd at a blow.  
 Down ran the wine into the road  
 Most piteous to be seen,  
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
 As they had basted been.  
 But still he seemed to carry weight,  
 With leathern girdle braced,  
 For all might see the bottle necks  
 Still dangling at his waist.  
 Thus all through merry Islington  
 These gambols did he play,  
 Until he came unto the Wash  
 Of Edmonton so gay.  
 And there he threw the wash about  
 On both sides of the way,  
 Just like unto a trundling mop,  
 Or a wild goose at play.  
 At Edmonton, his loving wife  
 From the balcony spied  
 Her tender husband, wondering much  
 To see how he did ride.  
 "Stop, stop, John Gilpin! —Here's the house!"  
 They all at once did cry,  
 "The dinner waits and we are tired."  
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"  
 But yet his horse was not a whit  
 Inclined to tarry there;  
 For why? — his owner had a house  
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.  
 So, like an arrow, swift he flew,  
 Shot by an archer strong;  
 So did he fly — which brings me to  
 The middle of my song.  
 Away went Gilpin out of breath  
 And sore against his will,  
 Till at his friend the calender's  
 The horse at last stood still.  
 The calender, amazed to see  
 His neighbor in such trim,  
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
 And thus accosted him:  
 "What news? what news? Your tidings tell,  
 Tell me you must and shall —  
 Say why bareheaded you are come,  
 Or why you come at all?"  
 Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
 And loved a timely joke,  
 And thus unto the calender  
 In merry guise he spoke:  
 "I came because your horse would come,  
 And, if I well forebode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here,  
 They are upon the road."  
 The calender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Return'd him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in.  
 When straight came he with hat and wig,  
 A wig that flow'd behind,  
 A hat not much the worse for wear,  
 Each comely in its kind.  
 He held them up, and in his turn  
 Thus show'd his ready wit:

"My head is twice as big as yours,  
 They therefore needs must fit.  
 "But let me scrape the dirt away,  
 That hangs upon your face,  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case."  
 Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
 And all the world would stare  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton  
 And I should dine at Ware."  
 So turning to his horse, he said,  
 "I am in haste to dine;  
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine."  
 Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
 For which he paid full dear;  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear.  
 Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
 Had heard a lion roar,  
 And gallop'd off with all his might  
 As he had done before.  
 Away went Gilpin, and away  
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;  
 He lost them sooner than at first,  
 For why? — they were too big.  
 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
 Her husband posting down  
 Into the country far away,  
 She pull'd out half a crown.  
 And thus unto the youth she said,  
 That drove them to the Bell,  
 "This shall be yours when you bring back  
 My husband safe and well."  
 The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
 John coming back amain,  
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
 By catching at his rein.  
 But not performing what he meant,  
 And gladly would have done,  
 The frightened steed he frightened more,  
 And made him faster run.  
 Away went Gilpin, and away  
 Went postboy at his heels,  
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
 The lumbering of the wheels.  
 Six gentlemen upon the road,  
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
 With postboy scampering in the rear,  
 They raised the hue and cry:—  
 "Stop thief! stop thief! —a highwayman!"  
 Not one of them was mute;  
 And all and each that pass'd that way  
 Did join in the pursuit.  
 And now the turnpike gates again  
 Flew open in short space;  
 The toll men thinking, as before,  
 That Gilpin rode a race.  
 And so he did, and won it, too,  
 For he got first to town;  
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
 He did again get down.  
 Now let us sing, long live the king,  
 And Gilpin, long live he;  
 And when he next doth ride abroad,  
 May I be there to see!

## EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

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### TO ENLIVEN EDUCATION

EDWARD E. HALE.....LEND A HAND

The drift of conversation, discussion, and oratory at the annual school conventions and exhibitions indicates a general consciousness, that, on the whole, the public schools are not practical enough. Such is the familiar, the popular phrase. The feeling grows that the average school does not meet the wish of the average parent, or the need of the average scholar. Roughly expressed, the general criticism would be that the education given, or attempted, is book education, and that it is not applicable to our common life.

It is, of course, to be understood that this criticism is the average criticism applied to the average school in its effort to meet the average need of the average pupil. It is, perhaps, not necessary to say, that our best teachers are fully conscious of the difficulties involved, and that in the best public schools the most spirited efforts are made, and successfully made, to overcome them. The best normal schools which we have in the East are alive to the importance of the problems presented in the public demand for schools which shall meet the necessities of the new life of our century and the century which is coming. The same may be said of many of the admirable normal schools and high schools of the West and the Pacific coast, where with the freshness and light-heartedness of these regions, the leaders have often addressed themselves to such problems as new problems, and have gone to work unfettered by obsolete traditions.

A rough effort to meet the difficulties and the criticisms on the average school is made in the effort to adulterate the present system with a new component, in the shape of what is called industrial education. You squeeze your book course into rather shorter compass, and then you put into the gaps an hour or two of sewing and dressmaking for the girls, while you send the boys into the school cellar with a hammer and a plane. These little devices, however, are but a poor parody on the real industrial education. Industrial education, as an essential feature of modern life, has come to stay. But its methods are thorough and scientific, from end to end; they differ by the whole sky from such rudimentary and exceptional child's play as we have described. And we may be quite sure that the real industrial education of the people will never be gained, by squeezing into schools where such work is not welcomed, an apologetic hour or two given to manual industries. Such an endeavor is recognized at once for what it is. It is a tub thrown to a whale. In this case, the whale knows very well what he wants, and will not, in the long run, be satisfied with anything else.

The average normal school needs much improvement. A normal school ought not to be a poor substitute for a well equipped academy, under a conscientious and far-seeing policy. A normal school ought not to be satisfied with a series of superficial lessons, given to young people in haste to be earning money, who think there is a certain varnish which will conceal their ignorance and real

lack of training. It seems as if the inferior normal schools cared for books too much and did not quicken any interest in education itself. It seems as if they were more indifferent, even, than the old-fashioned colleges, to a knowledge of the realities of life, a knowledge of nature, a knowledge of things, a knowledge of current history, and of the present needs of mankind.

Take what is a good instance, the evident need in the public schools of better and more education in what we call natural history; more interest in nature's work, better habits of observing it. The boy or girl at school, from the age of four to the age of twenty, needs to learn the lesson of "Eyes" as distinguished from "No Eyes." Now such habits are not gained by teaching the child from "Botany in Thirteen Lessons," that a morning glory is "monopetalous," and the rose is "polypetalous." There is no magic in the use of borrowed words, though the average teacher is apt to think there is. It is in the power of an intelligent teacher to quicken the habit of observation of a whole class. It is in her power to make children's passion for questioning a blessing to the school and to themselves, rather than a curse. Their lives, when they are men and women, shall be happier and better, because, as boys and girls, they had the magic spell given them which makes them at home with nature, in her open work or in her secret retreats, which teaches them how to question her and how to interpret her answers.

If we want to give life and cheerful help to the schools where our children go, we must see that the idolatry of books is not the religion of the normal schools. In its place there must come in enthusiasm for the higher life of the children who are to be taught, readiness to help in all which makes men better and happier, and an eager love for nature in all her work and way.

### NEED OF NATURE STUDY IN OUR SCHOOLS

G. STANLEY HALL.....BOSTON JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

Love of nature should be inculcated in the schools. It is not. We talk much of science, and flatter ourselves that it is claiming its rightful place in the schools, but it is not. The teaching of science has steadily decreased in ten years, in twenty years, even in twenty-five years. This is all the worse, because city life has deprived children of the knowledge of nature. All the investigations that have been made have proven conclusively that city children are lamentably ignorant regarding nature.

Nor is this the worst of it. What science we do have has taken a miserable mercenary commercial tone. We choose the sciences that mean most financially, and we teach these in the way that will make them mean most commercially. Astronomy is the grandest of all the sciences. It reaches outward and upward with a majesty that no other science does, but it has no appreciable commercial value, and so the universities—even Harvard—have dropped it from their course. Geology has largely gone from the universities to the special institution at Washington, because there is more probability of making the knowledge required "pay." The

phase of geology that is most emphasized is mining, because it pays best. The phases of chemistry that the universities—some of the highest—teach most enthusiastically are those that the students—sometimes the professors—can make the most profitable. This makes the love of nature through the sciences an impossibility. There is less and less time given to science, less and less love of nature through science, and less and less real teaching of science.

Twenty-five years ago the only idea of biology that anyone seemed to have was classification. This prevailed until embryology revolutionized the science, until development was the ruling idea. The microscope has transformed the science of biology, and it is now a study of race characteristics, of individual characteristics in animals and in plants. Embryology is now the key to all science of life.

Mental science is beginning to feel the thrill of the same new movement. The old mental philosophy was merely a classification. The student analyzed the mind, classified and defined the faculties, making a collection in memory of the definitions of the well-arranged functions of the mind. All this has changed. There is no longer any scholarly respect for such classification, and the student devotes himself to the development of the mind, to a mental embryology, as it were.

The psychologist of to-day studies anthropology, looks into the records of a race, into the advancement in animal life in species and families, into the unfolding of the individual. Through modern psychology, we are to place education on a scientific basis. One of the great revelations of biological science is the importance of the "rudimentary organs," of which there are seventy-one.

In the development of the mind there are rudimentary organs, so to speak. A child's superstition is such a rudimentary activity; it develops into something higher, which higher activity will never be developed without it. The same is true of his love for myths, for fables, nature, etc. The dawn of literature was in the Aryan mythology. Scandinavian and German mythology have played a similar part for the literature of their peoples. All of these myths, fables, and fascinating stories have had their birth in the people's love and reverence for nature.

Love of animals is inborn. The child that has had no pets is to be pitied. He must be dwarfed and stunted. The foundations of religion, even, are not laid. One must love nature. It is as true of intellectual as of religious life that "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Our poets all realize the sentiment in nature. The "geese harrow the sky," the "lark clinks the anvil of the sky," etc.

Feeling is a rudimentary activity of the mind, and cannot be "snipped off" without destroying great possibilities. Evolution has been raised to higher realms. It is now playing a stronger part on the stage of ethics, sociology, economics, and in all the sciences which deal with man and men. The sciences are now bringing their best conception to the study of man.

Great care must be exercised not to "snip off" those activities of the child which are essential to the development of any of the worthy forms of love. One of the most genuine demands now made upon modern education is that there shall be developed in

children more love and reverence for nature. There is a teaching of the technique of science that does not lead to, but away from, love and reverence for nature. There is no study of nature that is to be commended that does not tend to reverence. The Venerable Bede, the founder of nature study, turned from the most profound study of nature to the writing of one of the grandest hymns of the ages, "Gloria in Excelsis." Francis Bacon would turn from his study of nature to the utterance of some of the most devout prayers ever voiced.

Nature is everywhere, and always full of sentiment. There is love in it everywhere. The flower sends from its very heart on the wings of the bee its message of affection to some other flower for the reproduction of its kind. Color in birds means love as well as beauty. Love is everywhere in the aesthetic. Love is the most plastic phase of nature. It may sink to the depths, or rise to the heights; it may degrade and carry nature down, or it may climb to the heights sublime. Nature seems to be always in the birth throes of something higher. She always cries out for something beyond; she invites us to her realm—not for her own sake, but for the sake of higher thoughts and emotions. One of the world's best men once said that he could not see the face of his beloved for the soul that was behind it; and so the lover of nature does not see her countenance for the soul that is behind it.

#### EDUCATIONAL CURRICULUM IN CHINA

JOHN W. FOSTER.....THE CENTURY

They have no conception of learning as understood in the West—of mathematics, chemistry, geology, or kindred sciences, and of universal history. Indeed, they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government, and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed 2,000 years ago, and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries.

One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the Empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education; and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil, or Shakespeare; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Caesar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington, or other modern soldiers; and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics, or the modern sciences. When the American Minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: "That is your civilization, and you learn it; we have ours, and we learn it."

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the West, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family.

## TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

The Lawyer in Embryo—A father, wishing to decide on a profession for his son, left him in the room with a work on theology, an apple, and a piece of money. When he returned, if he found him reading the book, he intended to make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; if interested in the money, a banker. When he did return the boy was seated on the book with the half devoured apple in his hand, and the money in his pocket. "That settles it," said the father, "the lad's a born lawyer, and a lawyer he shall be."

The Ruling Passion—Mr. Brown was a very rich merchant but was extremely superstitious. He had three intimate friends, Mr. Eager, a Protestant; Mr. Savage, a Catholic; and Mr. Goldsmith, a Jew.

One day Mr. Brown became very ill and summoned his three friends to his bedside. He said to them, "I have always been afraid to go into the other world without money, so knowing that you three are such good friends that you will obey my dying request, I shall exact from you a promise that each of you will put \$100 in my coffin before it is closed. In return, I shall leave my entire fortune to be divided between you three." All eagerly promised to carry out his instructions.

Shortly afterwards he died. Mr. Eager, the Protestant, came, and according to his promise put \$100 in the coffin. After he left Mr. Savage, the Catholic, came and put in another \$100. Lastly came Mr. Goldsmith, the Jew. Just as he was about to put in the \$100, a thought struck him. He drew out the \$200 which had been previously put in the coffin, placed it in his pocket, and, writing out a check for \$300, payable to Mr. Brown, against his (Goldsmith's) account in a certain bank, put it beside the dead body of his friend and went on his way rejoicing.

A Competent Criticism—Once when Admiral Gainsborough was on leave and visiting his old home, he attended the village church. The day was warm, and the Admiral nodded during the service, until his attention was arrested by the reading of the lesson which was from that portion of the Scripture that tells of the shipwreck of St. Paul.

"And the sailors cast three anchors astern," read the clergyman.

"Blasted fools," said Gainsborough, half asleep.

In the horror-struck silence that followed, the Admiral, thinking some apology necessary, arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I was somewhat somnolent when I heard the remark that caused my ejaculation; but I desire to say in self-defense that any blame fool commander of the ship should be keelhauled for throwing three anchors astern; for in doing that he would pull the end out of his vessel."

Ingenuous Egotism—An officer in the late Civil War was given command of some raw recruits. After some preparatory drill he marched them for

the first time down several blocks of the city in which they were stationed. Suddenly from the ranks rang out a loud "Halt!" In obedience to the command the men wavered and came to a full stop.

"Who gave that order?" thundered the enraged officer.

"Potts, sir! Potts!" a dozen voices called.

Every eye was turned on the offending Potts.

"What did you mean, sir, by giving that order?" demanded the captain.

"Well, sir," said Private Potts, "I've been trying for two blocks to get this company to keep step with me, and they wouldn't do it, so I stopped them to begin all over again."

An Obituary Sandwich—One of the best of Theodore Hook's witticisms was perpetrated at the expense of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, then just deceased. Being asked to write something about their death, he produced the following:

"'Waiter, two sandwiches' cried Death.

And their wild majesties resigned their breath."

Excepting the Mayor—Foote, the great English comic actor, was one day traveling in the west of England and stopped to dine at an inn. When he had finished his meal, and the cloth had been removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his dinner. "I have dined better than any man in old England," said Foote. "Except the mayor," exclaimed the host. "I'll except nobody," said Foote. "Oh, but you must," exclaimed the host. "I say I won't!" "I say you must!"

At length the landlord, who was a petty magistrate, ended the strife by taking Foote before the mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to except the mayor, and, accordingly, fined the actor one shilling. Foote paid the shilling, eyed the mayor a while, and said:

"I think that landlord is the biggest ass in Christendom—except the mayor."

Thoroughly Hibernian—An Irishman received from his nephew a letter: "Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, —. P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost."

Naturally the uncle was touched, and to his sorrowing nephew he sent immediately a sympathetic reply: "My dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle, —."

\* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

## THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

### A WEIRD PROPHECY FULFILLED

THE MUMMY'S CURSE.....STRAND MAGAZINE

As a kind of souvenir of his adventures in Egypt and the Soudan, Mr. Ingram, an English gentleman traveling in Africa, bought a mummy for £50 from the English consul at Laxor. The mummy was that of a priest of Thetis, and it bore a mysterious inscription. After obtaining at Cairo the necessary permits, Ingram sent the mummy home in a big case which was opened by his brothers at the offices of the Illustrated London News. Over the face was a papier-maché mask, which is now deposited in the British Museum. The last-named institution was asked to send along an expert to decipher and translate the inscription, which was long and blood-curdling. It set forth that whosoever disturbed the body of this priest should himself be deprived of decent burial; he would meet with a violent death, and his mangled remains would be "carried down by a rush of waters to the sea." This is the first part of a fascinating romance of real life. Some time after sending the mummy home, Mr. Ingram and Sir Henry Meux were elephant-shooting in Somaliland, when one day the natives brought in a great chunk of dried earth, saying it was the spoor of the biggest elephant in the world. The temptation was too much for the two sportsmen, so they hunted up that herd. "I've left my elephant-gun behind," cried Sir Henry, in dismay. "Take mine," said Ingram, generously, leaving himself with a comparatively impotent small-bore. When they sighted the elephants, Sir Henry went after a bull, and Mr. Ingram turned his attention to an enormous cow. His method was to turn round in his saddle, fire a shot, and then gallop his pony on ahead, dodging the infuriated elephant among the trees. At last, looking back for another shot, he was swept out of his saddle by the drooping bough of a tree. The moment he reached the ground the wounded elephant was upon him, goring and trampling him to death, notwithstanding the heroism of his Somali servant, who poured a charge of shot right into the monster's ear. For days the elephant would not let anyone approach the spot, but eventually Mr. Ingram's remains were reverently gathered up and buried for the time being in a nullah, or ravine. Never again was the body seen, for, when an expedition was afterwards despatched to the spot, only one sock and part of a human bone were found; these pitiful relics were subsequently interred at Aden with military honors. It was found that the floods caused by heavy rains had washed away Mr. Ingram's remains, thereby fulfilling the ancient prophecy—the awful threat of the priest of Thetis.

### CASTING OUT A LEPER IN BRITTANY

THE LIVING DEATH OF TIMES PAST.....MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

There is a sound of singing that travels on the road, long, sweet, monotonous; the deep voices of men answering the high, flute-like notes of children, alternating, meeting, and falling apart into silence with a slow recurrent melancholy. There is the glitter of sunshine upon a silvered crucifix, whiteness

of fine linen and the pale flicker of candles; there is a black as of mourning that dims even the brightness of the lusty spring; and always the voices rising and falling, long-drawn, sweet, and grave, with the strange remote sadness of a prayer: O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world—

After the tall silver crucifix follow the little choristers, singing shrilly with the happy indifference of use and childhood, the swing of silver censers, the rhythmical tinkle of silver bell, the pale unsteady tapers, and the priests, with the shining of silver wrought into the soft blackness of a velvet cope. There are many that follow after, and some of them weep; they follow, but at a little distance, and between them and the priests there is a stretch of sunlit road, where the spring sunshine makes a riotous glory, and where there is one that walks alone. The singers go before with taper and bell and the pale swaying crucifix; the mourners follow weeping as for one dead. But there is no coffin; only, on the bare patch of road, alone in the midst of the sunshine and the sweet strong spring air, one that walks alone.

It is a funeral on its way to the church, the saddest and strangest in the world; the funeral, as it used to be in Brittany, of a leper. The scourge had been found upon him and there was no escape; he must rise and be driven forth, and his place would know him no more. He had sat waiting for the end, looking dully from wife to child, with eyes that had already grown lustreless and dim; there would be time enough afterward to weep, if lepers remembered how to weep. He could not rebel, he could not escape, there was not anywhere any hope; there was nothing to be said or done, but to wait, only to wait till they came to take him away. His wife wept, and he watched her with a curious remote speculation; soon, very soon, when he was out of sight, her tears would be dried. She would laugh again presently, when he was dead and put away; and he, he would not be so dead, leper as he was, but he would hear her voice when he passed and yearn for her, or curse her. Already he almost hated her for her clean health; and a cruel pleasure swept through him at the thought that perhaps, since she had been constantly with him—. Only when he was dead, he would not care; he would hear many feet running to avoid his path, and he would not know which were the feet of his children; and when his wife laughed, it would be no more to him than a sound, like other sounds; he would not know or care. Dead men did not feel; and already the sting was surely not so very bitter. There was nothing to do but to sit and wait, and to watch his wife and his young children; they wept, but they sat at the far side by the window, and they left him alone. It would not be long now before those came that were to put him outside of life. . . .

In the church all is made ready for the funeral mass. The chancel is hung with black, and in the choir the tressels on which the coffin should stand are black-draped also; but there is no coffin: there is only, between them, a black mat on which kneels

a man in a black gown. On either side, at head and foot, are set the tall funeral tapers, with their quaint sombre placards of skull and cross-bones; the crucifix is reared in the face of the altar; there is solemn chanting, and behind the church is full of peasants, the women with their great white-winged coiffes loosened and hanging upon their shoulders in sign of mourning. All is in its usual place and order; only there is no coffin, but one that kneels, listening and looking confusedly, dully. There will be time enough to-morrow to think and weep, if lepers do either.

The service comes to its end; and now the dead man must be taken to his tomb. Once more they set out in the same order; once more they pass, led by the crucifix, the tinkling bell, and the swinging censers, out of the church, into which the leper, alive or dead, will never again enter. And between the priest and the lagging crowd is still the bare space where one walks alone. The sun shines brightly along the road to the village, but now they turn aside till they come to a hut upon the edge of the wood; it is a poor hut, a leper's hut, and they pause a little way off; there is danger in the air, and one need not go too close. The people huddle in a mass up the wind; only the priest goes forward even to the threshold, where he throws down the little property that a leper may possess. There is the black gown, with the huge black hood and the terrible red cross upon the shoulder; there are the staff, and the rope-girdle with its bell, from the sound of which all men fly, the sack to hold his food, the blanket which is all his bedding. And then he reads the commands, which the leper, on pain of death, must constantly obey: never to leave his hut save with his hood drawn down so that none may see his face; without his girdle with its bell, that at its sound all may avoid him; without his staff, that if he need food he may point to it, or his sack that it may be put therein without touch or nearing of him. Never to let his flesh be seen, so much even as his mouth or the tip of his finger; never to speak wheresoever he may be; never to stand within ten yards of a clean man, save with the way of the wind; to give help to no man, and to receive none, whether for life or death; to look upon the earth continually and to remember that he is no more than a particle of it; to rejoice in the mercy of God, who made Heaven wide enough even for lepers to enter in; to hear mass through the leper's window, or standing 'under the bells'; and to be buried some day in his hut without sacrament or service, for he was already a dead body, here and now committed to the tomb; a dead man in the eye of the law, a dead man in the holding of the church, without rights over his possessions, his children, or his wife; a thing without name, to be henceforward known of no man, save as a leper.

Next the priest, indifferently pitiful, but accustomed, and not unwilling to be done with it, takes the consecrated earth brought from the cemetery, and throws it on the man before him, speaking the usual blessing on the tomb; and then he draws back a little to the spot where the choristers stand beside the crucifix. Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest, and let light everlasting shine on them.

From the threshold of his hut the leper looks once more abroad for the last time. His wife weeps

on the near edge of the crowd, and his children cling to her skirts; over her loosened coiffe she wears the black square of widowhood. They do not come near him; they will never come near him again. There has been no kind parting for him, as for other dead men; from the moment the scourge was found upon him, he had been outcast, aloof. They are alive, and he is utterly dead; his wife may choose a new husband, and he,—he may walk in the wind of her wedding, and pick up the alms thrown to him. Or he may take, if he will, one to replace her, that like himself wears the hood with the terrible red cross, and beneath it is not yet grown too horrible.

The procession moves away, and the sunlight glitters on the white linen and the silver swaying crucifix, till it shines like an upheld point of white fire. The sound of singing travels down the road, long, sweet, exultant; the men's voices meet the treble of the children, in an interminable refrain of triumph and joy: Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.

It is all over, and they are going home, to the wholesomeness of labor and sweet air and young life; and on the threshold of his hut the leper, left alone, puts on the cloak and the hood which are to hide his corruption, and is dead. But from far along the road that winds through fields and orchards to the church, comes still the sound of singing: Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven.

#### VISIT TO A GREWSOME CEMETERY

UNHOUSED BONES OF YUCATAN'S DEAD.....PHILADELPHIA RECORD

The town of Tixkokob, Yucatan, does not amount to much, but it has a fine old church, back of which is the quaintest cemetery I have ever seen. All around its outer walls rows of skulls are arranged; skulls grin along the arms of every cross with which the interior space is thickly set, and several huge vases are piled high with the same ghastly relics. In the middle is a promiscuous heap of human bones several feet deep. Inside the walls, dangling by cords fastened to the top, are baskets and boxes and bundles, each containing a skeleton appropriately labeled. Everywhere are fragments of shrouds, shoes that have dropped from fleshless feet, arms, legs and trunks to which dried flesh still adheres, and scores of skulls with hair clinging to them—some, the long beautiful tresses of women. Inside the church horrors do not cease. The floor is a series of trap doors, each door covering a vault, filled to the brim with former citizens of Tixkokob. Near the altar is a glass case, in which repose the bones of a woman, bright and clean as though newly polished. The arms and legs are laid at the bottom, the ribs disposed neatly in their natural order, the skull set exactly in the middle. She was the wife of a former alcalde, and we are told that the good husband arranged and polished her bones himself, and during his lifetime seemed to derive much pleasure from paying her remains these melancholy attentions. In the choir of this church and on all the window ledges are more skulls, each labeled on the forehead, and some of them bearing startling inscriptions. One of them says: "Soy Pedro Moreno. Un Ave Maria y Paternoster, hermane, por Dios." "I am Pedro Moreno. Give me an Ave Maria and a

Paternoster, brother, for God's sake." Another says: "I languish in Purgatory; oh, pray for me, brother." One small skull, with a name so long that it nearly covers it—Ricardo Jose de la Merced Truxequo de Armas—says: "I am enjoying the kingdom of God forever," for, having died when a child, after being duly baptized into the Church, there was no fear of Purgatory for little Richard Joseph. It is not for any lack of respect or affection for the dead that their bones are thus denied the rest of the grave; doubtless the idea is that when they are kept in sight, with labels on them, they will not be so soon forgotten, but constantly remind the living of their former existence in this world and their uncertain state in the next (for who knows but their souls may yet be in torment?), and, as with voices from the grave, appeal for prayer and masses. On All Souls' Day (November 2) all these skulls—at least, the skulls of those who have living friends to attend to it—are placed upon a black draped dais, surrounded by high candles, where mass is said and incense burned and holy water sprinkled amid the prayers of the people.

#### ARAB SNAKE DANCE

A PRELUDE TO BATTLE.....WESTMINSTER REVIEW

Such wonderful stories have been told about the Arab snake dance that I almost forgot that I was a prisoner, bound and doomed to heaven knew what, when I had an opportunity of witnessing the performance.

The warriors of one tribe were on their way over the sand to obliterate another tribe, for some "cause of blood." It was only an incidental conquest, by the way. They gathered in a gloomy stone chamber, down under a half-ruined mosque. It was evidently quite a proper place for this entertainment, for a fire was ready to light in a hole in the floor in the centre of the chamber and a large bamboo basket, with only a small hole at the top, stood on a raised dais at one end. It was covered with a black and white goatskin cloth when we entered. The fire blazed up in the centre, and most of the Arabs, with savage faces and gleaming eyes, arranged themselves on rude stone benches about the side walls. Their effies were over their heads, but the points were thrown back, clearly disclosing the features of every face, and in the rope which bound each effie waved a long feather, the badge of the Society of Al-Islam. Their weapons and the green derbouka were prominently held in sinewy Bedouin hands. It was a weird sight.

Suddenly a priest appeared before the basket. The firelight gloated and gleamed upon his wrinkled yet oily skin as he stood, almost naked, with his hands raised and a maniac grin showing a hideous array of irregular teeth. Every man in the chamber gave a shout, as if in terror and sympathy, if nothing more. A cold chill ran down my back. Solemnly the grim priest chanted a verse from the koran and ten of the warriors threw off their abbas, loosened their girdles, laid down their weapons and derboukas, and, almost as naked as the priest, slowly approached the basket.

As the first came up the priest lifted the black cloth from the small opening. The Bedouin was silent, but every one else in the chamber groaned and began a fearful guttural chant, which never

ceased till the end of the ceremony, as, with a shudder, he plunged his naked arm into the hole and drew out a huge snake. When the head appeared he made a quick clutch for it with his free hand, then fastened his teeth in the back of the neck close behind the serpent's head, and throwing the wriggling body over his shoulder, to twist and coil about his own neck, he folded his arms and bending forward walked slowly toward the fire.

Another Bedouin followed him, keeping his eye upon the snake's head and with a little wand constantly tapping the reptile's nose, or putting his own naked hand dangerously close to the ugly fangs, evidently to keep them from turning upon the cheek of the fellow whose teeth were set in the neck. The third man, the fifth, the seventh and the ninth each took a snake from the basket and followed the leader in the same fashion.

Three times the ghastly procession moved slowly about the fire, while the rest chanted their unearthly hymn. By that time the reptiles were quiet, and one by one, with an evident shudder, the naked warriors loosened their teeth and let their horrible burdens drop upon the floor, where they lay with only a contortion now and then, waiting to be gathered up by the priest and returned to the basket. Then the ten stood erect about the fire. The chantings ceased and all the warriors fell upon their faces. For a moment the only sound in the chamber was the faint crackling of the dying fire and a hiss from one of the reviving snakes. In another instant they all sprang to their feet and with wild shouts and yells began to circle the fire in a grand, hideous bedlam, till all were utterly exhausted, and the snake dance was ended.

#### QUEER SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CHILDREN

MOTHERS IN MANY LANDS.....BABYHOOD

In Ireland a belt of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away, and garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a newborn baby in Holland. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Estonian mothers attach bits of asafoetida to the necks of their offspring. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children. The knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Among Vosges peasants children born at a new moon are supposed to have tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious. At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton. The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits. The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead. In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

### HISTORICAL WEDDING CAKES

GIANTS AND PIGMIES IN SWEETMEAT.....WESTMINSTER BUDGET

At royal weddings there are always chief cakes and a limited number of lesser cakes. At the Queen's wedding there were two of the former, one made by Messrs. Gunter, and the other by Mr. John C. Mauditt, yeoman confectioner to the Queen's household; and this latter was a big cake. It weighed nearly 300 lb., and was 14 in. thick and 12 ft. in circumference. The topmost figure that surmounted this master tit-bit of currants, spices, eggs, and butter was a representation of Britannia blessing the bride and bridegroom, the Queen and Prince Albert being dressed in the costume of the ancient Romans. Besides these major cakes there were a hundred minor ones. For the Prince of Wales's wedding there were also two important cakes; M. Pagniez, her Majesty's confectioner, made one, and Messrs. Bolland, of Chester, made the other. The Prince of Wales's plume very properly formed the peak, and the rose, shamrock, and thistle no ineffective part of the sugar ornamentation; and five feet was the height of this pile of sweetmeat. These wedding cakes were great, but there was even a greater; the cake made for the Jubilee by Messrs. Gunter. This plummy monster stood 13 ft. from the ground, and weighed a quarter of a ton. Its value—not taking into account the fees paid to the physicians on account of indigestion, etc.—was £300. But the cake world is in no way different from the everyday universe. If there are monsters, there are pygmies also. The smallest wedding-cake made was ordered by a lady for a child. It was a doll's wedding-cake, 3 in. high, and weighed about four ounces. Everything was as perfect as perfect could be, but it was like eating gold: 2s. 6d. per ounce was the charge made for this special delicacy.

### WATER AS A FOOD

DRINK AT TABLE AND BETWEEN MEALS.....KITCHEN MAGAZINE

It is generally acknowledged by physicians that too little fluid is taken rather than too much, and that the great benefit derived from treatment at mineral springs is often quite as much due to the amount as to the kind of water—that is, so far as the cure is due to water at all, and not to regular habits, exercise in the air, better mental condition, faith in the cure, etc.

Many diseases are directly due to too great concentration of the fluids of the body, and are to be counteracted by the imbibition of larger quantities, for a time at least. To have sufficient water present is the rationale of water cures, especially that form which prescribes the drinking of a cupful of hot or cold water half an hour before meals. This not only washes out the stomach; it furnishes the medium for the active secretions, ptyalin, gastric juice, etc., in quantity. On the other hand, excess lies in the path of this as well as other things, and what is a rule for one is not a rule for another. However, if one finds that the taking of a pint of water will relieve that sense of oppression and indigestion which sometimes occurs an hour or two

after a meal, and that only favorable effects follow, the inference is that too little was taken with the food. There is not much danger of taking too much clear water.

The temperature of the water to be drunk is often a vexed question. This may be left to the individual, for the quantity taken (one-half to one pint) at any time can have but little influence upon the temperature of the fourteen pints of blood circulating rapidly about the seventy or more pounds of water in the tissues, which are maintained at a temperature of nearly 100 degrees.

For experiment two tumblers of ice water have been slowly swallowed and promptly siphoned out and found to have attained a temperature of 95 degrees in five minutes. It is true that it is possible to swallow ice water so rapidly and in such quantities that the stomach receives a momentary chill and disturbance sets in, but this is no reason why all ice water should be forbidden.

### SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF EATING

FROM A BUDDHIST POINT OF VIEW.....THE OPEN COURT

Eating and drinking are not to satisfy our private desires but to prepare ourselves to be of public service.

There are five things to be observed:

First, measure the merit of the labor spent in preparing the food.

Once on a time there was a priest who was called Kaikai Jenshi. He used to prepare his own food in the leisure of his study. He had a habit of going to the mountain to gather the wood, to the well to draw his own water, and to wash the floor. His disciples offered their assistance but he refused. One day one of his disciples quietly cooked the food and replaced all utensils. Then the old priest refused to eat and said, "If I do not work one day I do not eat one day."

There is another old saying that one grain of rice is heavier than Mt. Himalaya. Rishiu says:

"The farmer tilled all the day long  
And his perspiration dropped and wetted the ground.  
Who knows about the rice in the dish?  
Each grain represents labor."

Secondly, we must consider whether we have performed our duty before we eat.

Thirdly, we must avoid three evils, namely: greediness, discontent, and disregard. The eater desires to gain an agreeable thing. If he finds anything not pleasing, he despises it. If it is neither pleasing nor displeasing, then he disregards it. All these emotions must be restrained in regard to food. One must be able to eat any wholesome food with the same regard.

Fourthly, receive the food as if taking medicine. Do not take too much when it is delicious, nor take too little when it is poor. In taking medicine, it does not matter whether it is sweet or bitter, we study whether it serves its purpose. So it is in foods, we must simply take those which give best nourishment, because eating is not to satisfy the private person but to sustain a public person which has already been offered to the use of society.

Fifthly, simply take food in order to achieve virtue. Take it in order to comprehend yourself, to comprehend others, and to comprehend everything. To comprehend yourself is not alone to know what you are, but embraces the achievement of your duty.

As soon as the cooking is done, divide the food into four equal parts, one for the Buddha, law, and priests; the second, for parents, sovereign, teachers, and neighbors; the third, for those who are in heaven and even in hell; and the rest to be eaten after prayer. In the first mouthful of your food, you must think to exterminate all evil, in the second, to perpetuate all good, the third mouthful think to help all creatures and to lead them towards Nirvâna. In every swallow of drink and in every mouthful of food as you partake of it say, "Abhor all evil, abide in all good and help all creatures." These are three fundamental needs for purification which every Buddhist must accomplish. No matter how sublime and profound other Buddhist teachings may be, they do not surpass these three aspirations. As you move your hand, as you walk or sit, you must keep these aspirations in your mind, and when you eat and drink you must not forget them, either.

If you bear these prescripts in mind with every mouthful of food, the result will be great. In the first place, you will have no stomach-trouble, you will not be afflicted by the cholera-plague. Your life will be easy and your sentiments serene, and besides you will always be of public service and usefulness. Furthermore, in the three worlds of the past, present, and future, hand in hand with Buddha you acquire discipline in the infinite ocean of religion. What a valuable thing is eating and drinking! If you are wise (*tau*) in eating and drinking, you are wise (*tau*) in the law.

The Shinshu is the simplest sect in its ceremonial forms. The greatest priest of this sect, Rennyo Shonin, once said to his disciple that he should not forget at the time of eating that the food is provided by Amitâbha, and that every time in drinking a glass of water he must be reminded that he is drinking it for the sake of enlightenment.

Be careful not to say any food is tasteful or distasteful; be careful not to say whether plenty or little, as it is but medicine to support life. If we satisfy our hunger and thirst that is enough. If we have the slightest idea of dissatisfaction, we forget that we are parts of the universal existence.

Let us nourish this body of appearances, in order to gain enlightenment. And when we attain it, we will be safe even on the ocean of pain.

#### LO'S DIETARY REGIMEN

QUEER BILLS OF FARE.....NEW YORK SUN

Some curious things are found in the bills of fare of the various tribes of Indians in this country, and the data which have been collected by the government on the subject furnish interesting study.

The Indians of the Columbia River country, in Oregon, are very fond of pulverized crickets, which are roasted for eating. The insects are cooked in a pit, being arranged in alternate layers with hot stones. After thus being prepared, they are dried, ground to powder, and mixed with pounded acorns or berries, the flour thus composed being kneaded into cakes and dried in the sun. Grasshoppers, and

even slugs, are utilized in a similar manner. Experiments have proved that grasshoppers are both palatable and nutritious. Fried in their own oil, or roasted, they have a most agreeable, nutty taste and crispness. Ground and compressed, they will keep fresh indefinitely. Unfledged hoppers boiled with butter, spices, and salt compose a broth that is scarcely distinguishable from beef broth. These Indians also eat the inner bark of a species of pine, compressed when fresh into cakes.

Sunflower roots are a favorite diet of the Klicketas of Vancouver Island. They are prepared by drying in the sun. The raw fat of the reindeer is regarded as a luxury by the aborigines along the Yukon. On the Sacramento River dwell the Kin-klas, who have developed the remarkable accomplishment of diving for mussels, which requires no little skill, inasmuch as those mollusks are strongly attached by the natural byssus to the rocks on which they grow.

The Indians of Vancouver Island sink fresh tree branches in shallow water by means of stones so that the green foliage is not submerged. The next morning they are found covered with herring eggs, deposited upon them during the night. The eggs are washed off into waterproof baskets, squeezed by the hand into small balls, and dried. Thus prepared they are very palatable, and will keep indefinitely. These same natives roast the roots of ferns for food.

Along the Northwest coast, generally, clams are cured in great quantities by sticking the meats on skewers and drying them in smoke. Afterward they are strung like dried apples on cords of native hemp. Dried clams are an important article of trade between the coast Indians and the tribes of the interior.

The Indians of the Hudson Bay region regard the fat of young pelicans as a great delicacy. They melt it down and preserve it in bladders for winter use. It becomes very rank by keeping, but this is considered to improve the flavor. The fat of pigeons is equally esteemed by the aborigines of North Carolina, who put it away for the cold season by hundreds of gallons. It is used with bread as white people use butter. In Louisiana the Indians collect bear's fat in gourds, utilizing it for butter. For the same purpose they gather the oil of walnuts, which is beautifully clear and butter-like.

Cabea de Vaca, the famous explorer, made record of the fact that the Indians of Texas in earlier times ate lizards and snakes. They saved the bones of these reptiles and pounded them to powder, which was used as an ingredient for cakes. When other food was scarce they devoured ants' eggs, worms, and even spiders. The grubs of wasps are considered a luxury by the Digger Indians of California, who eat them in the combs. These Indians are also fond of field crickets, consuming them as we do shrimps. They likewise roast them and make them into cakes. The Diggers make bread of acorn flour. The nuts are separated from the shells and pounded with a stone pestle in a sort of crude mortar. Being thus reduced to fine powder, the flour is made into cakes, wrapped in leaves, and baked. Sopano Indians make soup of angle worms. Several tribes of the plains devour the entrails of birds and small mammals.

## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

### ARE HOLIDAYS BENEFICIAL?

PROPER REST FOR THE BRAIN.....MEDICAL PRESS

It is one of the fashions of the times to assert that holidays are more necessary now than they were not so many years ago. The reason usually alleged is that, owing to the high pressure and hurry of the present day, the human brain requires longer and more frequent rests than formerly, and that competition is so great that a larger number of "days off" are absolutely necessary to repair the waste of gray matter used up in the inevitable struggle. We are inclined to think, however, that the holiday craze is going too far. The best mode of giving the brain tissue its required rest is not to indulge in furious "biking," nor yet to drowse away a week or a month in a sleepy hollow. The brain does not need, when healthy, even a week's rest: a good night's sleep is much more to the purpose. Still better is a hobby, and especially one which calls for some mental effort different from that required in the daily work. Any professional man who has no interests beyond his profession, or no chance of varying his daily duties, has our sincerest pity. To take the case of medical men themselves, the day's work is far more fitly ended by mental exercises of some difficulty rather than by desultory reading. In the first instance, the brain works in another groove to the benefit of all its functions; in the second, it may be said not to work at all, in the proper sense of the word, most of that which is read never reaching the higher centres. To turn again to the more general aspects of the case, how many business men now require their afternoon off, and their Saturday's, and, it may be, their Sunday's, stay in the country as well? For the benefit of the family, also, a house is taken in the country for two to four months, where the children learn to idle, and the bread-winner journeys long distances several times a week to town to do his work. The common-sense expediency of this is not always obvious. We are not at all sure that holidays of more than ten days or a fortnight at a time are good for anyone who is in health and has work to do. For those who never do any real work all time is practically a holiday, and it is immaterial where it is spent.

The return after a long holiday is usually signalized by restlessness, inability to concentrate the mind to the details of work, and, though this may appear paradoxical, by a proneness to attacks of disease. It would be quite worth while for some one to investigate the statistics bearing on this point. We ourselves have often noticed that more visits have to be paid in October and November, shortly after the holiday season, than in any other time of the year, except the end of February and the whole of March. Some may be disposed to ascribe this to increased liability to infection from insanitary houses or convalescent fever patients. But it is not fever cases to which we refer—they increase, indeed, at that time owing to the opening of the schools—but to the ordinary complaints of the respiratory and nervous systems. These are probably caused by recklessness with regard to rain and

damp, innocuous in the country from the more active habits, and by the greater and sudden confinement to the house for a larger part of the day. Short holidays two or three times a year are probably of more use than one long one, while, if the week-ends are often out of town, less than that is enough. The constant wish to get away from work, which is so characteristic of the present day, indicates little love for it, and that little love betokens degeneracy. Turning again to the medical side, those whose practice lies in the richer parts of a city often find nowadays that the majority of their patients have flown to pastures new on the advent of summer. In some of the rich residential districts, such is the passion at present for prolonged holidays, that families rent a country house for four months, and the doctor finds little to do. It is a fact that in one town, with a favorite watering-place within an hour's journey by train, a fashionable physician finds it worth his while to go down in summer within easy distance of the pleasure resort, visit those of his patients who are living there, and come to town daily to continue his ordinary work.

### NECESSITY FOR VENTILATION

DANGERS OF VITIATED AIR.....THE SCOTSMAN

Although ventilation was discussed at probably an early period in the history of civilization, and although it is a question that must have constantly forced itself on the consideration of mankind, it is a striking fact how little progress has been made towards a satisfactory solution of the problems connected therewith. Among the most ancient appliances used for ventilating rooms were the shafts which connected the apartments with the roofs of the houses of the ancient Egyptians, and it may be said that all subsequent methods of ventilation consist of modifications, carried out to a greater or less extent, of this process. For successfully ventilating a room three things may be said to be necessary. In the first place there must be proper inlets for admitting the fresh air; in the second place, outlets for the vitiated air, and, thirdly, the means for promoting air-currents so as to permit of the removal of the foul air and the ingress of fresh air. Now, simple as these requirements seem to be, the difficulty of successfully meeting them by a process of ventilation which will not be open to the objection of causing discomfort to the occupants of a room or a house would seem to be very great, if, indeed, not well-nigh insuperable—if we judge by the history of ventilation in the past.

We do not mean here to suggest any process of ventilation, but rather to point out the great necessity there exists for ventilation, and the conditions which any scheme of ventilation, if it is to be successful, must fulfill. As every one is doubtless aware, the pollution of the air in enclosed spaces, through the presence of men or animals, is commonly ascribed to the carbonic acid gas which is the chief product of respiration. In fresh air we have already small quantities of this noxious gas, but the quantity is such that it does not exert a deleterious effect on our health. It is not, then, the

mere presence of this gas, but its percentage amount, that would seem to be the characteristic of vitiated air. The first question which ought obviously to be clearly understood in dealing with the problem of ventilation is—What is the amount of carbonic acid in air which renders it dangerous?

Now, before stating this, it may be well to discuss the accuracy of the statement that the dangerous element in "stuffy" air is really carbonic acid gas. Carbonic acid is certainly a poisonous gas, and if inhaled in a pure condition, it need scarcely be added, would speedily produce death; but we have strong reasons for believing that the chief danger in breathing vitiated air is not entirely, or even chiefly, due to the carbonic acid gas, but rather to the organic impurities which are invariably present in expired air. The truth of this statement is proved by the fact that it is quite possible to breathe air containing one-fortieth of its bulk of pure carbonic acid, while air containing the one two-hundredth of its bulk of carbonic impurities given off in expired air is perfectly intolerable. As we shall immediately see, one part per thousand is generally considered as constituting impure air; if, however, the air were free from organic impurities, and contained merely one part of pure carbonic acid per thousand, it would be of little account. As, however, carbonic acid is a convenient test of the impurity of the air, it is generally assumed by the public that it is the deleterious constituent. The rate at which air is rendered impure may be best estimated by considering the process of respiration. This consists of inhaling into our lungs a quantity of air, and, after a short time, exhaling it. This process takes place fifteen or twenty times a minute, and results in a very important change in the composition of the air, which chiefly consists in its enrichment in carbonic acid. Before entering the lungs it may be said to contain only about four parts per 10,000; whereas when expired from the lungs it contains 400 to 500 parts—the carbonic acid being increased, in short, about 120 times. And here it may be pointed out that the other chief product of respiration is water, and an amount, varying from 6 to 27 ounces, it has been calculated, may be given off in the course of twenty-four hours. Dr. De Chaumont, a well-known authority on this subject, has estimated that an assembly of 2,000 people during a period of two hours—that is, the duration of an ordinary meeting—may exhale in respiration and give off in perspiration some seventeen gallons of water. The amount of carbonic acid given off by a man amounts to about three-quarters of a cubic foot per hour, or 19 cubic feet in twenty-four hours. Each individual, therefore, may be said to destroy about 15 cubic feet of air per hour, or 380 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.

We have said that the dangerous constituent in impure air is rather to be found in the organic matter which it contains and which consists of particles of effete or worn-out tissue. This may amount to as much as 30 grains per day for each individual. Respiration, while the chief cause of impurity of the air in houses, is not, it may be mentioned, the sole cause. Indeed, the gas, candles, or oil lamps used for lighting rooms, and the coal fires used for heating them, give out large quantities of impurities. An ordinary gas burner when lighted

gives off as much carbonic acid as a single person. In addition to candles, lamps and the coal in our fires, gas, when burned, gives off minute quantities of unconsumed carbon in the form of soot. But a poisonous substance much more dangerous than any we have mentioned is sometimes apt to be present in the air of inhabited rooms, viz., carbonic oxide, a body which chemically does not differ much from carbonic acid, but possesses much more poisonous properties. Where imperfect combustion takes place it is apt to be generated, and it is frequently present in coal gas. The danger of this gas being present in rooms where slow combustion stoves are used for heating purposes is greater than in those with open fireplaces. It may be added that it has been found in minute quantities in tobacco smoke. We also, unfortunately, have sulphurous fumes sometimes present in the air, derived from both the gas and the coal burned. Their effect is seen by the tarnishing action they exert on silver plate and their destructive influence on books and pictures. The effect of breathing vitiated air, while it sometimes may not be immediately recognizable, tells indirectly on the health, as everyone competent to judge is aware. "Stuffiness" in a room induces headache, languor and lassitude, and those constantly subjected to impure air become pale and sickly in appearance, and suffer from loss of appetite and muscular strength and spirits. Living in an impure atmosphere seems to interfere with the aeration and nutrition of the blood; anaemia, which is so common in large towns, there can be little doubt, is largely traceable to this cause. The prevalence of disease germs in such air is well known.

What the standard purity of air in enclosed spaces ought to be is a subject which has been much discussed. No doubt in the interests of public health it is desirable to fix the limit at which air ceases to be pure as low as possible. Some authorities fix this at six volumes of carbonic acid per ten thousand of air, or two volumes in excess of outside air. According to these authorities air containing eight volumes ceases to be wholesome; that containing ten is distinctly bad, and that containing twelve is very bad. The chances of securing the adoption of such a low standard, however, are extremely remote. Other authorities have suggested ten volumes of carbonic acid per ten thousand. The place where it seems to be most difficult to obtain proper ventilation is in our public schools, and it may be doubted whether any standard lower than thirteen parts per ten thousand is likely to be observed under the present conditions. It may be pointed out that it is probably of greater importance to have the rooms in which we sleep ventilated than our sitting-rooms, since it is believed that the body is engaged in storing up oxygen during sleep.

What then, let us ask, is the necessary amount of fresh air which each individual requires in order to maintain a proper atmosphere? Now, since a man inhales on an average 16 to 18 cubic feet of air in an hour, and the air he exhales contains 180 times as much carbonic acid as fresh air, it will require 120 times as much fresh air to dilute it sufficiently in order to render it suitable for respiration. Each individual will require, therefore, about 2,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. In practice it is generally

found that a larger quantity is desirable, and this is usually stated at 3,000 cubic feet. Since the air of a room, it may be said, is not changed more than three or four times an hour, it is desirable that, if each individual is to be provided with 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour, he should have an air-space of from 750 to 1,000 cubic feet. It has been found that where a current of air enters a room at a greater rate than 2 feet per second a draught is caused. The art of ventilation, therefore, may be described as the art of supplying a public building or dwelling with air at this rate and in quantities sufficient to prevent the possibility of the carbonic acid increasing beyond the limits of purity.

In the past ventilation has been effected by a variety of devices, such as by inducing air currents by revolving fans, etc. Such methods, however, are only suited for ventilating large public buildings, and not for ordinary rooms. In the case of the latter, natural ventilation, induced by a variety of causes, takes place. In houses, it may be said, there is a constant diffusion of air going on. The difference in the temperature of the air outside and inside a house is a potent influence. Whenever hot air ascends through cold air it sets in motion a number of eddies. Air currents are therefore much more abundant than we imagine. Indeed, the very causes which tend to pollute a room may be said to aid in its ventilation. The air we exhale being, as a rule, warmer than the surrounding air, helps in this way in inducing air currents. The very heat of our bodies or of illuminating agents, effects the same end. But the most important agent in ventilating a room is the open fireplace. The extent to which this is done, of course, will depend on the size of the chimney and the rate of combustion. Taking an average, however, it may be said that the amount of air drawn up a chimney may be stated at something like 10,000 cubic feet per hour. This should be sufficient to keep the air fresh for six people. It is a subject of common regret that the open fireplace is apt to create disagreeable draughts. It is, perhaps, not generally recognized by many that ventilation takes place through the walls of houses. This depends on the difference of temperature between the air outside and inside the house, and explains the reason why houses are often better ventilated in winter, when both doors and windows are shut, than they are in summer time when doors and windows are wide open.

#### DEFYING SNAKE BITES

DR. CALMETTE'S ANTIDOTE.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

For the past five years Dr. Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, has been diligently studying poisonous snakes. He has at last exhibited facts in regard to the action and nature of snake venom which bid fair to do for the victims of the serpent even more than Pasteur is claimed to have done for those bitten by a mad dog. His investigations have led to the discovery of a new anti-venomous serum, an absolute antidote to the poison of any snake. He has also made clear the way in which both venom and serum act upon the system. Burning a snake bite with a red-hot iron, cauterizing by means of lunar caustic, or cutting away the flesh around the wound with a knife he has proved to be almost useless. When a person is bitten the poison

goes into the system with marvelous rapidity, and these methods are useless, if even a few minutes have elapsed after the bite.

Dr. Calmette repeatedly injected a mortal dose of venom into the tip of a rat's tail, and less than a minute afterwards cut off the tail close to the body. The rat in every instance died from the effects of the venom. If a very vascular part is bitten, death ensues very quickly. A rabbit's ear is full of veins, and an injection of cobra venom into the marginal veins will kill the animal almost instantaneously. Human beings are much more capable of resisting the poison than most animals. Even after the bite of a hooded cobra, death rarely ensues in a man before three hours have elapsed. The new anti-venom acts by neutralizing the poison which has been introduced into the system. The serum is absorbed into the system just as rapidly as the snake venom, and unless paralysis has already set in will render the poison entirely harmless. The action is exactly like that of antitoxin in diphtheria, and the serum is procured in a similar way. The blood of a horse which has gradually been accustomed to doses of venom becomes laden with great quantities of the antitoxin of snake poison. A dose of venom sufficient to kill four hundred horses can be supported by such an animal without any ill effects, and the serum from its blood is an absolute antidote to the poison of any venomous snake.

There is no known chemical which, by injection into the system, can be depended upon to nullify the effects of snake venom. Chloride of lime and chloride of gold are the most efficacious, but their action is very uncertain. If over half an hour has elapsed after the bite they are always useless. The anti-venomous serum will neutralize the poison two hours after the bite, and in the case of the less poisonous snakes, after a much longer interval. For many years scientists have been trying to find out the exact chemical nature of snake poison. So far they have been unsuccessful. It has been proved to consist of three distinct substances, but nobody knows very accurately what they are. The first substance is said to be peptone, which has a very slow action and produces ulceration locally. The second is some virulent matter which causes great infiltration of blood when injected into the tissues; the third is of an albuminous nature, and is not apparently poisonous in itself. Boiling heat destroys the poisonous qualities of snake venom. When concentrated by removing the albumen and retaining the salts, the residuum is forty times more poisonous than the normal venom. It is then the most powerful poison known, and enough of it could be put into a thimble to kill twenty-five thousand people. The only living creatures known which are proof against snake poison are snakes themselves.

Of all the different snakes collected by Dr. Calmette, the venom is almost identical. It only differs in the degree of virulence, the venom being more diluted in some snakes than in others. The cobra of India, the black snakes of Australia, and the rattle of America—all have practically the same venom. Thus only one antidote is required for all snake bites, but the amount injected must vary with the intensity of the venom of the snake, and the quantity infused in the wound.

## CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

*By Rockaway River to Bedford Town .. Martha Banks.. Outlook*

Every day, when the sun goes down,  
The babies are off to Bedford town;  
All of the little folk, grave or gay,  
Down by the river of Rockaway.  
A mother's lap is each bonnie boat;  
The Lullaby Lady will set it afloat;  
Little elf Lazylid pushes from shore,  
Good fairy Dreams lends her aid at the oar;  
Nod, nod goes each weary young crown,  
And it's all aboard for Bedford town.

Rock, rock, they ride over the billows;  
Sleep, sleep, mother-arms are the pillows;  
Glide, glide o'er the rippling tide,  
As the eyelids drop and the dimples hide;  
Swing, swing, while the mother shall sing  
Of lambs in the meadow, of birds on the wing;  
The stars light their lanterns afar in the sky,  
Each tired little daisy-bud closes its eye,  
While the babies, steadily drifting down,  
Drop into the harbor of Bedford town.

*The Naughty Boy.... William S. Lord.... Chicago Record*

Once I was naughty — ran away  
To see what I could see ;  
It was a horrid poky day —  
My mother punished me.  
  
She didn't whip me—wisht she had,  
So hard she left a mark !  
She shut me up for being bad :  
The room was big and dark.  
  
It was so dark I thought I saw  
Strange creatures' awful eyes,  
And I was scared and couldn't draw  
My breath for screams and cries.  
  
I wisht something would gobble me,  
And so I didn't stir ;  
Then I'd be gone, and mother, she—  
Guess that would punish her !

*Babykin Boykin.... J. Edmund V. Cooke... Chicago Inter-Ocean*

Did the baskety woman a-sweeping the sky  
Discover the Babykin there?  
Did she tumble him down from his nest on high  
Through all of the sky-blue air?  
Did she find there was never a room to spare  
In the toe of her sister's shoe?  
Surely that was enough to scare  
The Babykin Boykin-Boo !  
  
Did the moony man give him half a crown  
And tell him he'd better be born?  
And with Jack and Jill was he tumbled down  
One summery, shiny morn?  
Or did Babykin come to town  
On a cow with a crumpled horn?  
Did the Babykin lie on her back asleep  
On a mattress of genuine hair?  
And did Simon the Simple and Little Boopie  
Come skipping along to the fair?  
Did they blatantly blow a terrible blare  
On the horn of the Little Boy Blue,  
To wake him up with an awful scare?  
Poor Babykin Boykin-Boo !  
  
But if Babykin Boykin now will stay,  
We'll feed him on victuals and drink,

And the Muffety maiden will give him some whey  
And a pat of her curds, I think.  
And the toes of the Banbury dame shall play,  
And her fingery bells go "chink!"  
And the hey-diddle cow shall jump in the air  
As high as she used to do.  
Oh, dear me ! but she must not scare  
Our Babykin Boykin-Boo !

*Teddy's Query..... A. F. Caldwell ... Youth's Companion*

One brother was tall and slim,  
The other chubby and short—  
Teddy sat looking at them one night,  
Apparently lost in thought.

" Mamma," he asked at length,  
" Which would you like the best,—  
For me to grow north and south, like Tom,  
Or like Willie, from east to west ? "

*The Doll Queen..... Chicago Post*

The little rag doll is queen —  
Her realm is a maiden's heart,  
And there she will reign serene,  
And play the important part.  
A bundle of rags is she,  
With collar of scraggy fur ;  
She's only a doll to me,  
But more than a doll to her.

A doll that I thought a prize  
I gave to the little maid,  
That opened and shut its eyes,  
And beauty of face displayed ;  
But somehow it seemed to me  
She never received the care  
I daily and hourly see  
Bestowed on a doll less fair.

The doll that can really talk,  
The doll in the silken dress,  
The doll that is made to walk,  
Lies lonely in some recess ;  
Forgotten and pushed aside,  
It lies in the dust apart,  
While that of the rags in pride  
Is held to the maiden's heart.

The doll is a doll to me,  
A bundle of rags and fur,  
And yet I am quick to see  
It's more than a doll to her ;  
And so it maintains its place,  
Unrivaled it holds its own ;  
In rags and a painted face  
It stands in her heart alone.

*At Bedtime..... Pall Mall Gazette*

When my good-nights and prayers are said,  
And I am warm tucked up in bed,  
I know my guardian angel stands  
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,  
Because I keep my eyes shut tight,  
For if I open them I know  
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear  
His white wings rustling very near ;  
I know it is his darling wings,  
Not mother folding up my things.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

**SEARCHING FOR THE NORTH POLE**  
DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.....LONDON CHRONICLE

The Fram left Jugor Strait Aug. 4, 1893. We had to force our way through much ice along the Siberian coast. We discovered an island in the Kara Sea and a great number of islands along the coast to Cape Cheljuskin. In several places we found evidences of a glacial epoch during which Northern Siberia must have been covered by ice to a great extent.

On September 15 we were off the mouth of the Olenex River, but we thought it was too late to go in there to fetch out dogs, as we would not risk losing a year. We passed the New Siberian islands September 22. We made fast to a floe in latitude 78 deg. 50 min. north and in longitude 133 deg. 37 min. east. We then allowed the ship to be closed in by the ice.

As anticipated, we were gradually drifted north and northwestward during the autumn and winter from the constantly exposed and violent pressures, but she (The Fram) surpassed our expectation, being superior to any strain. The temperature fell rapidly and was constantly low, with little variation for the whole winter. During weeks the mercury was frozen. The lowest temperature was 62 degrees below zero. Every man on board was in perfect health during the whole voyage. The electric light generated by a windmill fulfilled our expectations. The most friendly feeling existed and time passed pleasantly. Every one made pleasure and a better lot of men could hardly be found.

The sea was up to 90 fathoms deep south of 79 degrees north, where the depth suddenly increased and was from 1,600 to 1,900 fathoms north of that latitude. This will necessarily upset all previous theories based on a shallow polar basin. The sea bottom was remarkably devoid of organic matter. During the whole drift I had good opportunity to take a series of scientific observations meteorological, magnetic, astronomical and biological, soundings, deep sea temperatures, examinations for the salinity of the sea water, etc. Under the stratum of cold ice water covering the surface of the polar basin, I soon discovered warmer and more saline water, due to the gulf stream, with temperatures from 31 degrees to 33 degrees.

We saw no land and no open water, except narrow cracks, in any direction. As anticipated our drift northwest was most rapid during the winter. On June 18, 1894, we were on 81 degrees, 52 minutes north, but we drifted then southward only. On October 21 we passed 82 degrees north. On Christmas eve, 1894, latitude 83 degrees north was reached, and a few days later 83 degrees 24 minutes, the furthest north latitude previously reached by man.

On January 4 and 5 the Fram was exposed to the most violent ice pressures we experienced. She was then firmly frozen in ice of more than thirty feet of measured thickness. This was overridden by great ice masses which were pressed against the port side with irresistible force and threatened to bury, if not crush her. The necessary provisions

with the canvas kayaks and other equipments had been placed in safety upon the yoke. Every man was ready to leave the ship and was prepared to continue with the drift living in the floe. But the Fram proved even stronger than our trust in her. When the pressure rose to the highest and the ice was piled up high above the bulwarks she was broken loose and slowly lifted out of her bed in which she had been frozen between without the slightest sign of a split to be discovered anywhere in her. After that experience I consider the Fram almost equal to anything in the way of pressure. For a few days we experienced nothing more of the wind, but our drift was rapidly continued north and northwestward.

As I certainly anticipated that the Fram would soon reach her highest latitude north of Franz Josef Land and that she would not easily fail to carry out the programme of the expedition, viz., to cross the unknown polar basin, I decided to leave the ship in order to explore the sea north of her route. Lieut. Johanson volunteered to join me and I could not easily have found a better companion in any respect. The leadership of the expedition on board the Fram I left to Servedup. With my trust in his qualifications as a leader and his ability to overcome difficulties, I have no fear but that he will bring all the men safely back, even if the worst should happen, and the Fram be lost which I consider improbable.

On March 3, we reached 84 degrees, four minutes north. Johanson and I left the Fram on March 14, 1895, at 83 degrees 45 minutes north and 102 degrees, 27 minutes east. Our purpose was to explore the sea to the north and reach the highest latitude possible, and then go to Spitzbergen via Franz Josef Land, where we felt certain to find a ship. We had 28 dogs, two sledges and two kayaks for possible open waters. The dog food was calculated for thirty days and our provision 100 days. We found the ice in the beginning tolerably good travelling and so made good distances and the ice did not appear drifting much. On March 22, we were 85 degrees 10 minutes north. Although the dogs were less enduring than we had hoped, still they were tolerably good. Ice now became rougher and the drift contrary. On March 25, we had only reached 85 degrees 19 minutes north and on March 29, 85 degrees 35 minutes.

We were now evidently drifting fast toward the south. Our progress was very slow. It was fatiguing to work our way and carry our sledges over the high hummocks constantly being built up by the floes grinding against each other. The ice was in strong movement and the ice pressure was heard in all directions.

On April 3, we were 85 degrees 50 minutes north, constantly hoping to meet some other ice. On April 4, we reached 86 degrees 3 minutes north, but the ice became rougher until on April 7, it got so bad it was unwise to continue our march in a northerly direction.

We were then at 86 degrees 14 minutes north. We then made an excursion on skids further northward in order to examine as to the possibility of a

further advance. But we could see nothing but ice of the same description, hummock after hummock, to the horizon, looking like a sea of frozen breakers. We had had low temperature. During nearly three weeks it was in the neighborhood of 40 degrees below zero. On April 1, it rose to 8 degrees below zero, but soon sank again to 38. When a wind was blowing in this temperature we did not feel comfortable in our thin woolen clothing. To save weight we had left our fur suits on board the ship. The minimum temperature in March was 49 and the maximum was 24; in April the minimum was 38 and the maximum 20 degrees.

We saw no sign of land in any direction. In fact the floe ice seemed to move so freely before the wind that there seemed not to be anything in the way of land to stop it for a long distance off. We were now drifting rapidly northward.

On April 8 we began our march toward Franz Josef Land. On April 12 our watches ran down, owing to the unusual length of the day march. After that date we were uncertain as to our longitude, but hoped that our dead reckoning was fairly correct. As we came south we met many cracks which greatly retarded our progress. The provisions were rapidly decreasing. The dogs were killed one after the other to feed the rest.

In June the cracks became very bad and the snow was in exceedingly bad condition for traveling. The dogs and the skid and sledge runners broke through crust and sank deep in the wet snow. Only a few dogs were now left and progress was next to impossible. But unfortunately we had no line of retreat. The dogs' rations as well as our own were reduced to a minimum and we made the best headway we could. We expected daily to find land in sight but we looked in vain. On May 31 we were in 82 degrees 21 minutes north and on June 4, 82 degrees 18 minutes north, but on June 15 we had drifted to the northwest to 82 degrees 26 minutes north. No land was to be seen, although according to the map we had expected to meet with Petermann Land at 83 degrees north. These discrepancies became more and more puzzling as time went on.

On June 22 we had at last shot a bear and seal and as snow became constantly worse we determined to wait. We now had a supply of seal meat until it melted away. We also shot three bears. We had only two dogs left, which were now well fed upon meat.

On July 22 we continued our journey over tolerably good snow. On July 24 when about 82 degrees north we sighted unknown land at last, but the ice was everywhere broken into small floes, the water between being filled with crushed ice in which the use of kayaks was impossible. We therefore had to make our way balancing from one ice piece to another and did not reach land until August 6, at 81 degrees 38 minutes north and about 43 degrees east longitude.

This proved to be entirely ice capped islands. In kayaks we made our way westward in open water along these islands and on August 12 we discovered land extending from southeast to northwest. The country became more and more puzzling as we found no agreement with Payer's map. I then thought we were in a longitude east of Austria

Sound, but if this was correct we were now traveling straight across Wilzok land and Dove glacier, without seeing any land near us.

On August 26 we reached a spot in 81 degrees, 13 minutes north and 56 east, evidently well suited to wintering and as it was now too late for a voyage to Spitzbergen I considered it wisest to stop and prepare for winter. We shot bears and walruses and built the hut of stones, earth and moss, making the roof of walrus hide tied down with rope and covered with snow. We used the blubber for cooking, light and heat. The bear meat and the blubber were our only food for ten months. The bear skins formed our beds and sleeping bag. The winter, however, passed well and we were both in perfect health. Spring came with sunshine and with much open water to the southwest. We hoped to have an easy voyage to Spitzbergen over the floes of ice and to open water. We were obliged to manufacture new clothes from blankets and a new sleeping bag of bear skins. Our provisions were now bear meat and blubber. On May 19 we were at last ready to start. We came to open water on May 23 in 81 degrees, 50 minutes north, but were retarded by storms until June 3. A little south of 81 degrees we found land extending westward and open water which reached west northwest along its north coast. But we preferred to travel southward over the ice through a broad sound.

We came on June 12 to the south side of the island and found much open water there and westward. We sailed and paddled in this direction in order to get across to Spitzbergen.

We left Franz Josef Land on the steamer Windward on August 7, and had a short and very pleasant passage, thanks to the masterly way in which Capt. Brown brought his ship through the ice and thence in the open sea to Vardoe.

#### THE LAKE OF GENEVA

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.....THE SCENERY OF SWITZERLAND\*

The Lake of Geneva is 45 miles in length, and about 10 in breadth. It is 375 metres above the sea, and 309 in depth. The bottom, moreover, is covered by subsequent deposits to an unknown depth, so that originally it was probably below, perhaps much below, the sea-level. Indeed, if the slopes of the mountains at Meillerie and Vevay are continued under the bed of the lake, the alluvium must have a thickness of no less than 600-800 metres, which would make it 200-400 metres below the sea-level. The actual outlet at Geneva is in superficial debris, but the river comes upon solid rock at Vernier, 1197 feet above the sea-level, 33 feet therefore below the surface level of the lake, and 951 feet above the bottom. It is therefore a true rock basin.

In the Port of Geneva, a little to the southeast of the Jardin Anglais, are two erratic blocks which project above the water. They are known as the Pierres de Niton, and it is said that in Roman times sacrifices were offered to Neptune upon them.

The Lake of Geneva has somewhat the form of a crescent, and if we remember that the valley, as far at any rate as St. Maurice, if not to Brieg, was once part of the lake, the resemblance must have been even more marked formerly. Port Valais is

\* Published by Macmillan & Co.

supposed to have been on the lake in Roman times.

Most of the promontories round the lake are traversed by a stream; they are, in fact, river cones. That of Yvoire, however, cannot be so accounted for; and Favre has pointed out that it is, in fact, a great moraine. It is one of the most picturesque districts of the whole shore. The view of the lake, the magnificent groups of chestnuts, and the innumerable erratic blocks give it quite a special character.

The plain on the south side of the lake, and even the high terrace of St. Paul, above Evian, is entirely erratic, and due to the confluence of the ancient glaciers of the Rhone and the Drance. The deposits attain an immense thickness in the valley of the Drance above Thonon, from the study of which Morlot many years ago convinced himself of the existence of at least two glacial periods.

The chain of the Voivrons is an anticlinal north-south ridge, overthrown to the west; and the arch is more or less profoundly broken to the Flysch, the Neocomian, or even the Malm.

The country about Vevay and Montreux is the Riviera of Switzerland. It is lovely now, but what must it have been before the monotonous terraces of the vineyards, and the endless rows of vine bushes replaced the ancient forests of chestnut, birch and beech; and the picturesque Swiss chalets were extinguished by whitewashed villas and gigantic hotels.

Morlot first called attention to the existence of a fault to the west of Vevey. It begins at Gonelles, just to the west of the town, and goes in the direction of Chatel St. Denis, following for some distance the right bank of the Vevayse.

The cone of the Tinière is particularly interesting from the attempt made by M. Morlot to calculate roughly the date of the later Stone age in Switzerland. He estimated for the age of Bronze an antiquity of from 2,900 years to 4,200 years, for that of the Stone period from 4,700 to 7,000 years, for the whole cone of from 7,400 to 11,000 years.

At the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva the strata are thrown into a series of arches on the north side.

The Tour d'Ai which forms so conspicuous a feature in the landscape at the eastern end of the lake is the point of a broken arch of Malm.

From the Rocher de Naye, now accessible by a mountain railway, there is a glorious view. To the east the Bernese Oberland, further west the Dent du Midi and the extreme summit of Mont Blanc, to the north the great plain of Switzerland, around us the Pleiades, etc., the Tours d'Ai and de Mayen, a wilderness of ridges and valleys, gray precipices, steep, bright green grass slopes, mottled with dark masses, patches, lines, and groups of pines, below which are paler green deciduous trees, and at our feet the blue water of the Lake of Geneva.

Though the form of the lake is in itself so simple, the lake is in reality formed of two converging basins: that of the east which is a cross valley, while the western half, like the Lakes of Neuchâtel, of Biel, and of Morat, follows the direction of the Jurassic chains and the anticlinal axis of the Molasse. The Petit Lac, the Lake of Neuchâtel, and that of Biel may almost be said to form one lake

basin. It probably originated at the same time as the mountains, which have the same general curve as that part of the lake.

The eastern end on the contrary as far as a line crossing from Vevay to Meillerie is a transverse valley or cluse, cut through the Secondary and Eocene strata, which are thrown into a succession of synclinal and anticlinal folds. The greater part of the original "Haut Lac" is now a plain, filled up to an unknown depth by the deposits of the Rhone.

The "Haut Lac" is in fact a transverse river valley cut out by the Rhone, and subsequently, owing to a change of inclination, partly filled up again.

This distinction between different parts of the lake is to some extent recognized in the local nomenclature, the eastern end being known as the "Haut Lac," the centre as the "Grand Lac," and the narrower western end as the "Petit Lac."

The water of the Rhone from its greater density sinks rapidly below the blue water of the lake, but the fine mud is carried half way across the lake, and covers the bottom as far as Amphion and St. Sulpice.

The "Grand Lac" is bounded on the north by Miocene Molasse, on the south as far as Tour-Ronde by Lias and Jurassic, and further to the west by immense alluvial and glacial deposits. The centre is occupied by an almost horizontal plain at a depth of 309 metres, indicating that the alluvium must be of great depth.

The western half of the lake is in almost horizontal middle strata of middle Miocene Molasse. It was therefore excavated after the middle Miocene, and before the close of the Glacial epoch.

As already mentioned, there is some reason for supposing that the Petit Lac was originally the valley of the Arve. It presents a general inclination from Geneva to Morges, but with some slightly marked basins, owing to transverse banks, which Forel considers to be ancient moraines. The sides, moreover, like those of an ordinary river valley, slope more or less towards the centre. I have already given reasons for thinking that the outflow of the waters was formerly, not at Geneva, but between Morges and Lausanne, to the Lake of Neuchâtel.

Between Yvoire and Rolle and at a depth of 60 metres, is a remarkable bank known as the Omblie, because it is the best fishing ground for the "Omble Chevalier," which comes there to breed. It is an old moraine, and is also remarkable because a moss still lives on these stones.

The "blue waters of the arrowy Rhone rush out with a depth of 15 feet," says Ruskin, "of not flowing but flying water; not water neither, melted glacier matter one should call it; the force of the ice is in it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the countenance of the time."

The remains of the lake villages show that, as in the other great lakes, the surface level has varied very little for several thousand years; for if the water level had been lower, the remains would have been destroyed, and on the other hand the piles could not have been fixed in deeper water.

At present the lake is maintained at a nearly constant level by dams and sluices at Geneva.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

### ELIZA AND THE INK BARRY PAIN.....TO-DAY

The ink-pot contained a shallow sediment, composed of short hairs, adipose deposit, grated bricks, and a small percentage of moisture. It came out on the pen in chunks. When I had spoiled the third postcard, Eliza said I was not to talk like that.

"Very well, then," I said, "why don't you have the ink-pot refilled? I'm not made of postcards, and I hate waste."

She replied that anybody would think I was made of something to hear me talk. I thought I had never heard a poorer retort, and told her so. I did not stay to argue it further, as I had to be off to the city. On my return I found the ink-pot full. "This," I thought to myself, "is very nice of Eliza." I had a letter I wanted to write, and sat down to it.

I wrote one word and it came out a delicate pale gray. I called Eliza at once. I was never quieter in my manner, and it was absurd of her to say that I needn't howl the house down.

"We will not discuss that," I replied. "Just now I sat down to write a letter—"

"What do you want to write letters for now? You might just as well have done them at the office."

I shrugged my shoulders in a Continental manner. "You are probably not aware that I was writing to your own mother. She has so few pleasures. If you do not feel rebuked now—"

"I don't think mamma will lend you any more if you do write."

"We will not enter into that. Why did you fill the ink-pot with water?"

"I didn't."

"Then who did?"

"Nobody did. I didn't think of it until tea-time, and then—well, the tea was there."

I once read a story where a man laughed a low, mirthless laugh. I did that laugh then. "Say no more," I said. "This is contemptible. Now I forbid you to get the ink—I will get it myself."

On the following night she asked me if I had bought that ink. I replied, "No, Eliza; it has been an exceptionally busy day, and I have not had the time."

"I thought you had forgotten it, perhaps."

"I supposed you would say that," I said. "In you, it does not surprise me."

A week later Eliza said that she wanted to do her accounts. "I am glad of that," I said. "Now you will know the misery of living without ink in the house."

"No, I sha'n't," she said, "because I always do my accounts in pencil."

"About three months ago I asked you to fill that ink-pot with ink. Why is it not done?"

"Because you also definitely forbade me to get any ink to fill it with. And you said you'd get it yourself. And it wasn't three months ago."

"I always knew you could not argue, Eliza," I replied. "But I am sorry to see that your memory is failing you as well."

On the next day I bought a penny bottle of ink,

and left it behind me in an omnibus. There was another bottle (this must have been a week later) which I bought, but dropped on the pavement, where it broke. I did not mention these things to Eliza, but I asked her how much longer she was going to wreck our married life by neglecting to fill the ink-pot. "Why," she said, "that has been done days and days ago! How can you be so unjust?"

It was as she had said. I made up my mind at once to write to Eliza's mother—who really has very few pleasures. I felt happier now than I had done for some time, and made up my mind to tell Eliza I had forgiven her. I wrote a long, cheerful letter to her mother, and thought I would show it to Eliza before I posted it. I called upstairs to her, "Come down, darling, and see what I've done."

Then I sat down again, and knocked the ink-pot over. The ink covered the letter, the table, my clothes and the carpet; a black stream of it wandered away looking for something else to spoil.

Then Eliza came down and saw what I had done. To this day she cannot see that it was entirely her own fault.

### HOW HEPZIBAH SHUT THE GATES OF PARADISE

MARK SALE.....CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE

The room had been very still for a long while; only the even, monotonous splash of the out-going tide, and now and again a restless, unconscious movement of the dying woman in the bed, disturbed the stillness of the night.

In the big arm-chair by the bedside, in the light of the lamp, sat a gaunt woman, angular and haggard, with thin compressed lips, yellow skin, light eyes, and dead straw-colored hair drawn tightly back from her forehead, and twisted into an uncompromising knot at the nape of the neck.

She had watched for many weary nights now beside that bed, but still her eyes were wide and watchful, and her attitude alert. She counted each fluttering breath of the girlish form beneath the sheet, she noted each quiver of the unconscious eyelids.

The night wore on, and with the coming of the gray dawn, a wind arose, moaning 'round the little house, and shaking the fastenings of the sick room window.

The dying woman stirred; she moaned, then slowly opened her eyes. Great sad blue eyes—like a child in trouble. She fixed them upon the watcher in the chair with a pathetic look of entreaty.

"Hepzibah!" The pale lips just formed the whispered word.

The gaunt woman rose hastily and bent over her. "Hepzibah—you have been very good to me—"

A painful pause, breathing was so difficult.

"Am I dying now?"

The woman bending over her made no response, but tears gathered in her hard eyes, her thin lips quivered.

"No, you need not tell me. I know I am. I can feel it. Hepzibah—you have been so good to me.

There is something that—you must do—for me—when I am gone—”

Hepzibah bent over her, waiting, watchful.

The dying girl raised one feeble hand, pointing towards the old bureau in the corner of the room.

“There—in the third drawer on the left—a packet—letters—will you bring them to me?”

Hepzibah brought over to her a little bundle, tied round with faded pink ribbon.

The young woman fingered it lovingly, wistfully.

“They are Jack’s letters—my Jack, Hepzibah! When I am gone, I trust you to burn them for me. Tom must never know. Poor Tom—he has been a good husband to me; but I loved Jack first—only he was so wild—I did not know that he cared for me. And—he went away in a temper—and I married Tom. But when Jack came back from sea last time, I—I found out how much he cared. It was terrible—and I loved him so! Then he was drowned—my poor Jack—”

A weak sob choked her broken whispering.

“Promise me you will burn them, Hepzibah, for Tom’s sake—”

“Dear, I promise.”

“You have been so good to me, so patient with me. When I am gone you will be good to poor Tom.”

A dull red flush overspread the elder woman’s face. She turned her head into the shadow.

“I will do what I can, Nellie,” she responded in a smothered voice.

“Call Tom now, I feel I am going soon—going. I feel so cold—so numb.”

Hepzibah hastily left the room. She was back in an instant, followed by a stout, ruddy-faced man of about fifty. He stepped softly to the bed, and took the dying woman’s hand in his big grasp.

“Come, Nell, my lass, you must bear a brave heart. We’ll have you better soon.” There were tears in his cheery voice.

Nellie looked at him with a faint smile; she raised the big red hand in which her own was imprisoned, to her lips. Then, exhausted by her recent efforts, she closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep. Presently she started violently; her eyes opened in terror.

“The letters! You will burn them, Hepzibah—”

Tom turned to Hepzibah, wonderingly. He thought the delirium had returned.

“What letters does she mean?”

Hepzibah was silent; she averted her eyes. Then—

“She means her dead mother’s letters,” she replied in a steady voice.

The dying woman looked her gratitude for the saving lie. There was a silence again and a solemn sense of waiting in the room. At last Nellie made a faint movement with her hand.

The tide was nearly out. Beyond, the sun was rising in golden splendor, making a glittering pathway across the waves, straight to the cottage window. The night wind had softened into a warm breeze. It came wafted in, mingling with the salt of the sea—with the scent of the flowers in the little garden below.

Nellie’s big, sad eyes took in all the beauty of the morning, then they gently closed.

So Nellie Thurgood, Tom Thurgood’s young wife, died, and was buried in the little churchyard

by the sea; and the tide came in and the tide went out, through the long summer days and nights, and peaceful order reigned in the little cottage, for Hepzibah was a notable housekeeper: and Tom was grateful to her in a dull, impersonal way. His heart was buried in a newly-made grave on the cliff side, and nothing seemed real to him but that.

Hepzibah watched him from under her white eyelashes, and kept silent; but his pipe was always ready for him when he came indoors, and his favorite food simmered on the hob.

Hepzibah’s hair grew brighter as the days went on; her cheeks had a comely flush: she began to take thought of her dress. She bought a blue gingham gown in the village, and a muslin handkerchief for her neck. Her voice took a softer note, she began to sing about her work.

But Tom would sit in the churchyard through the long summer twilights, and when he came in to his supper his feet dragged wearily, and his eyes were dull with misery.

“You should not grieve so,” said Hepzibah, softly, one night after supper. She was knitting in the firelight; her head was bent over her work.

Tom woke as from a dream; he looked at her with unseeing eyes.

“Ah, it’s well to say that to a man whose heart is breaking!”

His voice grew husky, he turned away his head to the fire.

“But you shouldn’t grieve as one without hope. Time must soften things a bit,—you have your life before you.”

Tom laughed a short, bitter laugh, not good to hear.

“She was all I had—my Nellie. The apple of my eye. What good’s life to me now? Such pretty ways she had, too,” he went on musingly; “such loving, tender ways—”

Hepzibah’s needles flashed in the firelight.

“There are other women in the world as fond as Nellie,” she said softly, with her eyes on her knitting.

There was a long silence in the room. The fire flickered; a cinder fell on the hearth. Hepzibah could hear her heart throbs; she slowly lifted her eyes to the man’s face.

He was not looking at her at all, but at a china shepherdess upon the little table against the wall. His eyes were troubled, he was trying to remember.

“My Nellie did not keep that on there. No, it was on the mantelpiece, here, that she had it.”

He brought the ornament over, dusting it with his handkerchief.

“We must keep the things as she left them, Hepzibah,” he said. But Hepzibah had slipped out of the door into the summer darkness.

She rested her arms on the little gate, and stood looking far out to sea. Her face shone white and ghostly in the dimness. She shivered in the warm air.

“You dead woman,—you Nellie,” she whispered tensely, “why will you not give him up to me? You have your Jack, you do not want him—and I —oh, my God!”

A great tearless sob choked her; the shimmering waves mocked her; her face hardened.

“Why should I not tell him! I shall do you no

harm. How can one hurt the dead! You are asleep in the churchyard; and I love him—I tell you I love him!"

The man was sitting smoking moodily, gazing into the glowing fire, when Hepzibah glided in and stood behind his chair.

"Tom, I can't bear that you should grieve so. She wasn't worthy of a love like yours."

"Hepzibah!"

"I have thought you ought to know—" she faltered, "because I can't bear to see you spoilin' your life for love of her—her who did not love you at all, but Jack."

"Woman! what do you mean? What lies are you telling me?"

"It's true. Don't you remember her calling out about the 'letters' the night she died? She gave me a packet—Jack's letters to her."

"My God! Give them to me!"

"You must not mind so much, Tom."

"The letters!"

Hepzibah laid the packet on the table, and crept away up the staircase to her room.

The still hours passed by. Night waned, but Hepzibah, wild-eyed and numb, crouched by the bed, straining her ears for any sound from below.

An hour before dawn came the sound of a chair scraping on the flagged floor; then drawers were opened and shut; his footsteps echoed to and fro. Then silence and the scratching of a pen.

It grew unbearable. Dishevelled, wan, fearful, she crept down the stairs and peered in.

Tom Thurgood sat at the table, writing by the dim candle light. He had on his rough pilot's coat; a bundle tied in a red handkerchief rested beside him.

Hepzibah's broken cry aroused him. He rose and came towards her.

"I'm going away—back to sea again," he said gravely. "You're welcome to the cottage and the bits of furniture. There's no home for me now—the place would kill me. Get back to bed, woman. Good-bye; there, go!"

He turned back to his writing and the room was quiet again. Presently he threw down his pen and passed his inky fingers through his hair.

"The wind moans terrible to-night," he said.

It was Hepzibah above, crying for her lost Paradise.

#### LAURA READS ALOUD

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.....BROOKLYN LIFE

Scene—A sloping bank near a river. Trees, sunshine, grass, rugs, pillows, books.

Dramatis Personæ—Six girls, all more or less in recumbent attitudes. A cow in an adjoining field.

Angie—This is blissful, but we ought to improve our minds a little. Laura, won't you read aloud to us?

Laura—Willingly.

Kate (pensively)—I wish my trunk would come. The man said it ought to be here this morning.

Marjorie—Do stop about that trunk! You've mentioned it six times since dinner.

Kate—But I haven't a thing to wear!

Angie—Adjust your mind to higher conditions. Laura is going to read something.

Addie (sleepily)—What sort of a thing?

Laura—When you're ready—

Kate—Wait a minute. I must move farther out of the sun.

Marjorie—We ought to get up a little classic course, I think—Browning or Homer or St. Beuve.

Angie (firmly)—I think so. Something uplifting.

Marie (glancing apprehensively at the cow in the near distance)—Oh, don't—don't say that!

Laura—Well, I've brought Raybie's "Essays on Literature." The one on Dante—

Angie (enthusiastically)—Oh, that one is glorious! Begin.

Kate—And, for goodness, don't put on that angelic voice you keep for poetry! It makes me want to cry.

Marjorie—Kate, be still! Go on, Laura.

Laura (reading)—"It is characteristic of a mind of the first order—"

Addie (sitting up suddenly)—Oh, good gracious, oh!

Chorus—What's the matter?

Addie—Such a horrid-looking, walking thing on the back of my neck! Ugh!

Marjorie—What a fuss you make! Here, put your head on my rubber pillow. Marie, can't you move a little bit? Excuse us, Laura.

Angie (with sarcasm)—Yes, Laura; excuse them if you can.

Laura (reading)—"It is characteristic of a mind of the first order—"

Marie (under her breath)—I can't help it. I am afraid of that cow! He's coming over the hedge. I know he is!

Marjorie (in like manner)—Sh. That's Mrs. Boardem's cow. It's one of the family.

Laura (reading)—"That its relations to life are never—"

Marie—It's terrific, the way he keeps on chewing and looking straight at me. Shoo—shoo—sho-o-o!

Marjorie—Do be quiet, Marie.

Laura (reading)—"Are never at any time—"

Marie (quite aloud)—Oh, he's co-o-oming. I told you so. Chase him away, somebody—please!

Marjorie—What foolishness! Sit down; (Energetically to the cow.) Here, get away—go back to your pasture—skit! See how it minds, as nice as can be. Marie, sit down and be sensible.

Angie (with resignation)—Laura, you would better begin again, I think.

Laura (reading)—"It is characteristic of a mind of the highest order—"

Kate (excitedly)—There's a wagon coming over the bridge. I do believe it's my trunk, at last!

Marjorie—There is a trunk in the wagon, sure enough.

Kate (jumping up)—Oh, I'm so glad! I must go and scold the man. (Scampers off.)

Angie—Well, now perhaps we can settle down to our essay. Will you resume?

Laura (reading)—"That its relations to life—"

Marjorie—Oh, do forgive me, girls, but there comes the boy with the mail.

Omnès—Oh, where, where? General uprising and stampede in the direction of the boy. The "Essay on Dante" lies face downward in the grass, and the scene closes.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about fifty per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Astronomers calculate that the surface of the earth contains 31,625,625 square miles, of which 23,814,121 are water and 7,811,504 are land, the water thus covering about seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

The greatest corporation on earth is the London and Northwestern Railway Company, of England. It has a capital of \$595,000,000 and a revenue of \$6,500 an hour; has 2,300 engines, and employs 60,000 men. Everything is made by the company—bridges, engines, rails, carriages, wagons and an innumerable lot of other things; even the coal scuttles and wooden limbs for the injured of its staff. Repairs to the permanent way cost \$130,000 a month.

The largest place of worship in the world is the Coliseum, in Rome, which was consecrated as a church many years ago to prevent further desecration; it formerly seated 80,000 spectators. The next largest is St. Peter's, which can seat 54,000 worshipers.

The seventy-two races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,004 different tongues, and confess to about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years, about one-third of the population dying before the age of seventeen.

The forests of the world cover 1,501,000,000 acres, distributed as follows: Russia, 485,000,000; United States, 476,000,000; Canada, 174,000,000; Brazil, 135,000,000; Scandinavia, 63,000,000; Austria, 46,000,000; Gran Chaco, 37,000,000; Germany, 33,000,000; France, 23,000,000; Italy, 11,000,000; Spain and Portugal, 9,000,000; Algeria, 6,000,000; United Kingdom, 2,000,000; Belgium and Holland, 1,500,000. These figures are from an estimate made in 1883. Since 1848 the French have converted 9,000,000 acres of waste land into forests, producing nearly \$2 an acre. Paris burns the timber of 50,000 acres yearly. Woodcutters in the United States fell 30,000 acres daily or 9,000,000 acres per annum. In 1892, the forest area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and Indian reservations, was 481,764,599 acres.

Italy has 48 per cent illiterate people; France and Belgium about 15 per cent. In Hungary the illiterates number 43 per cent; in Austria, 39 per cent, and in Ireland, 21 per cent. In India only 11,000,000 out of 250,000,000 can read and write.

St. Louis is the largest tobacco manufacturing centre in the world.

At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private car companies of America nearly 1,250,000 freight cars, or, in other words, enough cars to make two continuous

trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco, with an engine for every forty-five cars.

More eyes must be damaged or lost than most people suppose. Two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.

The largest theatrical building is the Grand Opera of Paris. It covers three acres of ground.

The youngest monarch at his accession was Henry VI., who was nine months old. The oldest was William IV., who succeeded his brother in his sixty-fifth year. The king who died youngest was Edward V., who was murdered in his thirteenth year. No king prior to George II. attained the age of seventy years.

The largest kitchen in the world is in that great Parisian store, the Bon Marché, which has 4,000 employés. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of the roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets.

The growth of the nails on the left hand requires eight or ten days more than those on the right.

The ages at which the greatest commanders made their reputations are these: Alexander the Great, between 21 and 33; Hannibal between 26 and 45; Julius Caesar, between 42 and 55; Frederick the Great, between 29 and 51; Gustavus Adolphus, between 36 and 38; Napoleon, between 27 and 46.

According to late statistics, there are in the United States 40,000 deaf mutes.

The Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians began the year in autumn.

Henry VIII. was the first king of England who assumed the title of "Majesty." Before that reign the sovereigns were addressed as "My Liege," and "Your Grace"—the latter of which epithets was originally conferred on Henry IV.

If London streets were put end to end they would reach to St. Petersburg.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,290 feet: deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev.; depth, 3,300 feet.

The biggest bug in the world lives in Venezuela. It is called the "elephant beetle," and a full-grown one weighs about half-a-pound.

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to hold a tiger.

There are 1,425 characters in the 24 books that Charles Dickens wrote.

On January 1 the armies of the world numbered nearly 4,500,000 men.

The greatest length of England and Scotland, north and south, is about 608 miles.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as 700 B. C. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

### THE TREATMENT OF HABITUAL CRIMINALS

DIFFICULTIES OF THE PROBLEM.....THE SPECTATOR

The treatment of habitual criminals is becoming an urgent as well as difficult question. That class plays the part of a nursery from which at any moment the perfect offender can be obtained. Habitual criminals may not in all cases be prepared to commit murder whenever a sufficient inducement offers itself, but an unknown and probably an increasing percentage of them are ready to answer any sudden call of this kind. The border-line between murder and lesser crimes is not so clearly marked as poets and novelists would have us think. There are men in fair abundance who are not murderers simply because they have no occasion to become murderers. Consequently, as often as a man comes out of prison for the second or third time, a possible murderer is let loose upon society. This is an uncomfortable reflection for all people who have property that is worth taking. With the most sincere intention of offering no obstacle to a burglar's movements, they may, merely by their undesired presence on the scene of his operations, irritate him into the use of his revolver. Without any distinct purpose of committing a murder, they belong to a class which regards murder simply as an incident which may at any time present itself in the course of the burglaries which form their regular occupation. In this aspect—and it is an aspect that is growing increasingly common—the habitual criminal becomes a personage who claims serious attention.

Probably judges and magistrates are responsible to some extent for the existence of this class. The uncertainty which prevails, first as to the severity of the sentence that will be passed by a particular judge on a particular offender, and next as to the degree of importance that a particular judge will attach to repeated convictions, introduces a mischievous uncertainty into the criminal law. Absolute uniformity of sentences is undesirable as well as unattainable, but the inevitable variety should have its origin in the extenuating circumstance on the part of the prisoner, not in mere eccentricity on the part of the judge. Anything that goes beyond this converts punishment into a lottery in which any one may hope to draw a prize. It is probable, again, that the prison life of first offenders is not as wisely regulated as it might be. We are not blind, indeed, to the difficulties which lie in the way. Solitary confinement soon becomes an intolerably severe penalty; association with other prisoners involves almost inevitable contamination. But it ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of the experts in prison discipline to devise some method by which, in the case of first offenders, the penalty may be made irksome enough to be really deterrent, and yet not of a kind which turns out the prisoner a worse man than he came in. This end will not be attained by simply shortening the sentence. On the contrary, we are inclined to doubt whether the sentences on first offenders might not with advantage be at once longer and less severe than they are now,—whether, in short, a first offense, at all events

when committed under a certain age, might not be a passport to a reformatory rather than to a gaol.

Still, after the manufacture of habitual criminals has been lessened in every possible way, there will still be a remnant—probably a large remnant—to be dealt with somehow. As it is, they come up for trial and condemnation again and again, and when their punishment is over they are dismissed from one prison only to turn up with unfailing regularity in another. Their first robbery is committed perhaps at 15, and from that day forward their lives are a monotonous record of fresh offenses and fresh imprisonments. The deterrent effect of the penalty has disappeared. They are so accustomed to a gaol that their imagination seems no longer able to picture any better mode of life. And, indeed, if it still performed its proper function in this way it might only paint an unattainable good. We wonder idly at the rooted indisposition to honest work which is bred of prison life, but we do not ask ourselves quite so often what chance an habitual criminal would have of getting work if by some miracle he came to desire it. The most charitable among us would hesitate before giving employment to the hero of several repeated convictions. We might be anxious that he should have another chance, and be given the opportunity to make a fresh start, but we should also be of opinion that it was a case for "an institution rather than for individual help."

There is rather a consensus of opinion just now in favor of the perpetual detention of habitual criminals in an asylum prison. After a certain number of convictions a criminal would not again be let loose to prey upon society. The remainder of his life would be spent in prison. The discipline, indeed, would be less severe than that with which he was familiar, but to compensate for this it would last as long as he did. He would go in, as he had so often gone in before, but he would never come out. The advantages of this project are obvious enough. We spend a great deal of money in keeping criminals in prison only to send them out again more fit for punishment than they were before. Consequently we do but delay the evil day as regards either them or ourselves. After 20 years, possibly, of a man's life have been passed in gaol, he is set at liberty for the fifth or tenth time, and then commits murder and is hanged.

Unfortunately, though the advantages of the proposal are obvious, the objections to it are at least equally obvious. In the first place, it would be very costly. So, it may be said, is the present system. If we had more burglars in prison we should have fewer at large, and to keep the whole class might in the end prove less expensive than leaving them to keep themselves. That is a point on which it is hard to form an opinion, but even if the calculation is accurate, the whole community would have to pay for the asylums, whereas it is, after all, but a fraction of the community that runs any serious risk of being burgled, or is anxious to pay a larger insurance against it. In the next place, the maintenance of discipline in the asylums would be a work of great difficulty. So long as the prisoners did not go

the length of murder they could only be imprisoned, and that, exhypothesis, they are already, and for life. Bread and water and dark cells might or might not have any effect on them, and if they had not, could not be prolonged indefinitely. Moreover, while they lasted, they would throw the whole burden of the prisoner's maintenance on the community, for even an industrious man would find it hard to do profitable work without light, and with only bread and water to live upon. One theory of the matter seems to be that the prisoners would be under no temptation to be troublesome. Work and food would be provided for them and they "would be treated with no greater harshness than was compatible with discipline." But to make life in an asylum as pleasant as this would be tantamount to offering a prize to constancy in ill-doing. The man who had been imprisoned twice would find no relaxation of the penalty when he entered upon his third term. The man who had been imprisoned half a dozen times would find that his sixth term was, by comparison, a bed of roses. No doubt this difficulty would be lessened by the adoption of a plan suggested some years ago, by which the prisoners would have to work for their living, and would get no more food or clothing than they had actually earned. To this, however, there are two objections. One is the immense difficulty of ascertaining how much each man was able to do. It is plain that the money paid them must be calculated on the basis of their ability to labor. A man who, outside the prison, could do so much in a day, would be on a level inside the prison with the man who could do twice as much in the same time. Each would have done his best, and each would have established his title to the maintenance promised to all who did their best to earn it. We greatly fear that the first case in which the gaol officials miscalculated a man's powers, or an obstinate prisoner submitted to something like starvation rather than get through his allotted task, would be fatal to the project. And that one or other or both of these things would happen before the system had been long in operation we can hardly doubt. We wish that there were more promise in it, but we cannot honestly say that we think the case for it is as yet perfectly made out.

#### INCORRIGIBLE PARENTS

QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE IN THE FAMILY.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

Scattered over the country are institutions known as retreats for incorrigible children. There is a profound error in their very name. They should be called retreats for the children of incorrigible parents. There is no such thing as an incorrigible child. The term is as false and contradictory as dark sunlight or discordant harmony. There are, undoubtedly, children who have inherited evil tendencies, and children who have been contaminated by bad surroundings and hardened by bad management. But an irreclaimable child does not exist. The institutions themselves are a proof of this fact. Why should they be established at such an outlay of time and thought and money, if the children are, as they are called, hopelessly bad? Philanthropists recognize this fact, if not in word, that it is the parents who are irreclaimable and that any child may be saved. It is an axiom that in

childhood the mind is so plastic, so easily formed and reformed that it may be cast in any mould the educator wills. Rudely handled, the spiritual wax may seem to lose its divine impress, but it needs only proper conditions to restore it. The children who are inmates of these institutions come usually from homes of degradation, where the only discipline is brutal whippings, and the only moral restraint is physical fear. The evil ideas with which they are surrounded are quickly and faithfully reproduced in the unfolding characters, and behold! the children are "incorrigible."

Ideas on the subject of punishment have changed rapidly in the past few years. It is hard to believe that the last generation was brought up in the fear of the rod. Yet it is true that the scriptural aphorism, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was not long ago the keynote of government in every well-regulated family. It was a barbarous custom, this wreaking the vengeance of angry parents on defenseless children. It had no justification in reason or result. Its only effect was to produce antagonism, rebellious mortification, and a sense of injustice. Fortunately, it is a thing of the past. But as long as parents are afflicted with temper, children are doomed to suffer the penalty of corporal punishment. It would be well if it were made as much a legal offense for parents to raise their hands against their children as against their neighbors.

The whole idea of discipline is put upon a wrong plane. Parents assume an authority over the children such as a master might over a slave. They assume the right of absolute direction, of conviction without trial, of anything caprice may suggest. With all the progress in educational ideas, it is rare to find a family where the government is republican, and the children are regarded as independent individuals, with rights and opinions to be respected. The home is too often a despotic monarchy. There is great need of the doctrine that parents do not own their children, and have no rightful authority over them, save what they acquire from superior wisdom and the children's need of guidance.

#### THE HOME-HIRING TENDENCY

A NATIONAL EVIL.....NEW YORK RECORDER

The 1890 census returned the total number of families in the United States as numbering 12,690,152. Of these the number owning and occupying mortgaged homes and farms was 2,250,000, leaving 10,440,152 families occupying hired homes and farms, or those they own free of incumbrance.

The pace at which we are becoming a nation of dwellers in hired homes, alike in the city and country, may well cause patriotic men, who understand that states are not in a good way when their wealth tends to concentrate in fewer and fewer hands, to put on their thinking caps.

At the height of its power and magnificence—when, indeed, it seemed to be at the most prosperous point in its history—ancient Rome had a population of 1,000,000 souls. Its records show that at that time 150,000 of its families were dwellers in tenement houses, paying rent, while less than 2,000 other families owned their homes, which were literally palaces. That state of things ended, as we all know, in a catastrophe. And it has been well said that "history is philosophy teaching by examples."

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

### THE STORY OF MUSIC

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.....NEW YORK LEDGER

When Herbert Spencer claimed that our strange capacity for being affected by melody and harmony implied the possibilities of our nature to attain through them the ideal life they suggest, he opened to many a mind new vistas of thought. An intelligent consideration of the story of music makes it easy to agree with him that music ministers more than any other art to human welfare.

The birth of music may be said to date with that of animate creation. Whatever moves and has a being must necessarily be accompanied by that rhythmic throb which pulses through all life. We think of it and the tones attendant on it from the beginning of day's dawn as the breath of Nature, the voice of God.

Such appears to have been the universal impression of mankind in all ages and all climes, and wherever we trace the music of a people to a remote past we find ascribed to it a divine origin. The ancient Hindoos regarded their mighty god Brahma as the creator of music, and his peerless consort Sarasvati as its guardian. The early Chinese accepted it as a gift from a lofty source, and have handed down sixty-nine theoretical works on the art, one of which is believed to date at a period eleven hundred years before our present era.

Osiris, source of spiritual light, and his spouse, benevolent Mother Isis, were honored by the Egyptians of old as the authors of music. The spiritual and intellectual education of no young person was deemed complete amid the noble civilization of the land of the Nile without thorough training in the art. According to Plato, good music had prevailed in Egypt ten thousand years before his day, and he declares the religious songs of the land to be of a nature to enoble mankind. The influence of Egyptian musical culture was widely felt by the Greeks. It was also deeply impressed on the Israelites, whose magnificent music, so glowingly depicted in the Old Testament, was doubtless enriched from various Oriental sources.

With the early Christian, as with the Hebrew, music voiced the soul's fervent outpourings of prayer and praise. When Jesus and his disciples had partaken of the Last Supper they sang a hymn. Paul and Silas sang hymns in prison, and commended to the faithful the singing of psalms, hymns and spiritual songs. Thus from the outset we find music the faithful attendant of the new religion, and through the latter, music, in turn, derived new inspiration.

The relations between our architecture, painting, sculpture and poetry and their highly developed prototypes of antiquity can readily be demonstrated. These arts deal with tangible objects, or with ideas formed from material types and their attributes, and we possess noble results of their previous existence. With music it is different. While other modern arts have followed paths denoted in antiquity, it has been compelled to work out pathways of its own. Modern music is essentially the one absolutely new art of our era. It has grown slowly

to its present rich bloom, unfolding more and more as the dignity and freedom of humanity were more and more established. It would seem that music had waited for complete development until freedom was offered to thought.

Examine a well-planned chart of the history of our music and you will readily understand that during those eleven centuries of the Christian era from 384, when the first attempt at founding a defined musical system appears, until 1500, the masters of music were chiefly busied in controlling the elements and fashioning the materials of their art. From that time to the present events have crowded upon events, developments upon developments, with rapidly increasing ratio.

Our present system of musical notation is largely the product of the last three or four centuries. During our art's infancy, the only way known of writing music was a species of musical shorthand indicating the intervals through which the voice was to rise or fall. From the appearance of the Neume, or signs, employed, it would seem that much must have been left to the imagination or the memory. The foundation of our present system of harmony was laid in the ninth century, when the pipe organ was being widely introduced into the churches. In the thirteenth century man's creative spirit began to frame artistic plans of rhythm, and time was divided into Perfect, or triple, in honor of the "blessed Trinity," and Imperfect, or dual, the same as our common time.

First in Italy, then in France and the Netherlands, the church cherished, nourished and trained the tender child of musical art until through too much restraint and too close surveillance it became stilted and formal and cold. Meanwhile, there was springing up everywhere, like a beautiful wild flower in the forest, the folk-song, the untrammeled stream of melody from the heart-life of the people. It wandered from land to land, from age to age, gaining new coloring from each nation and each period through which it passed. Noble knight and strolling minstrel bore it from lordly castle to lowly hut, and it expressed the truest life of both.

When we reach the age of Columbus, the period of exploration and great achievements, we find music, ever faithful exponent of the spirit of the times, voicing the impulse with which the world was throbbing, and pressing forward in the race for freedom. Then it was that the music of the church and the music of the people became united and art-melody was born. The Gallo-Belgic and Netherland masters of part-writing, who had been busily, if unconsciously, engaged in fixing the fundamental laws of harmony for all time, had little conception of the higher province of the divine art. Their elaborate counter-point was little better than musical mathematics. The time had now come when established art forms were expected to serve as the mere outward bodily form to be animated by an inner spiritual life.

The agitations of the Reformation, the invention of the printing press, the introduction of a method of printing notes, improved notation, all combined

to influence the growth of music. The services of Martin Luther to musical progress were equal to his services to the German language. He gathered about him an earnest group of musicians as his helpers in the Protestant movement, and the foundation of the German school of music was laid. The tremendous power exercised over the people by the melodious music introduced into the Protestant worship was quickly perceived by the fathers of the Catholic Church, and at the Council of Trent, in 1562, it was decided that something must be done to infuse fresh vigor into their own church music. Help came through Palestrina, who was appointed chief composer of the Catholic Church at Rome, and who wholly regenerated the polyphonic system in vogue, investing it with æsthetic beauty and breathing into it the breath of life. He became the father of the later Catholic Church music.

The oratorio and the opera are both outgrowths of those early sacred dramas known as Mysteries, Moralities and Miracle Plays, and appeared in Italy in the year 1600. They were the immediate results of the zeal and genius of a group of learned and aristocratic gentlemen and ladies who were in the habit of meeting at a distinguished home in Florence to discuss the restoration of the Greek drama and the lost music which was an essential part of it, but who ended in originating something of far more value and significance to the world.

About the same time instrumental music, which hitherto had merely served as an accompaniment for the voice or the dance, began to display a tendency to develop into an independent art. The orchestral parts of the young opera began to assume suitable characteristic coloring, to indicate different dramatic situations. Dance melodies, too, became idealized and connected together in a manner to prepare the way for the sonata form in music, which first saw the light in Italy, grew to increased proportions in France, and in Germany attained its full majesty.

In 1685 there was born, in Eisenach, the man who has done more than any other one person to lift music into its legitimate place, Johann Sebastian Bach. He may be said to have constructed a great University of Music, from which all must graduate who would accomplish aught of value in the art. He furnished inspiration for all future workers in instrumental music; he developed the choral dedicated by Luther to the German people, and his *Passion oratorios* are models for all time.

The father of modern orchestration is Haydn. Poetic warmth was added by Mozart to the specific forms and tone-coloring that were features of his work, and the dramatic element was introduced by Beethoven. This last giant proved music to be the most perfect existing mirror of the spiritual and emotional life of humanity. Richard Wagner has declared that beyond Beethoven absolute music could not go, and certainly in his Ninth Symphony, Beethoven himself began to indicate a new union of words and music. This union was realized in the creations of Richard Wagner, who was proud to consider himself the legitimate descendant of Beethoven.

When we consider the rich literature of music from Bach to the present time, we find ourselves asking what more there can be. Wagner declared

that genuine musical art could not exist until every form of slavery was wiped out and the universal freedom of the teachings of Jesus prevailed. Freedom and light are confidently expected. They will surely bring some masterful genius who will facilitate the development of the language of our spiritual being, and lift mankind to the higher plane pointed out by Herbert Spencer. To speed the work musical education must be placed on the same rational basis as other studies.

And what part has woman played in the story of music? Hers has been a magnificent rôle. She has not been so active in the work of creative composition as her brother, but she has ever been his inspirer, his sympathetic interpreter, his invaluable coworker. It was a woman, Laura Guidicciioni, who wrote the text for both embryo opera and oratorio. A woman, too, Vittoria Archilei, through her noble rendering of the prominent rôles, contributed largely to their success. It would be difficult to estimate what Robert Schumann owed his wife, Clara, what Richard Wagner owed his wife, Cosima, and what Edvard Grieg owes his wife, Nina. Woman should thankfully accept what she has accomplished, and look hopefully to the future.

#### THE "DATING" OF PLAYS

G. BERNARD SHAW.....SATURDAY REVIEW

As the world goes on, manners, customs, and morals change their aspect with revolutionary completeness, whilst man remains almost the same. Honor and decency, coats and shirts, cleanliness and politeness, eating and drinking, may persist as names; but the actual habits which the names denote alter so much that no century would tolerate those of its forerunner or successor. Compare the gentleman of Sheridan's time with the gentleman of to-day. What a change in all that is distinctively gentlemanly!—the dress, the hair, the watch-chain, the manners, the point of honor, the meals, the ablutions, and so on! Yet strip the twain, and they are as like as two eggs: maroon them on Juan Fernandez, and what difference will there be between their habits and those of Robinson Crusoe?

Nevertheless, men do change, not only in what they think and what they do, but in what they are. Sometimes they change, just like their fashions, by the abolition of one sort and color of man and the substitution of another,—white for black or yellow for red, white being the height of fashion with us. But they also change by slow development of the same kind of man; so that, whilst the difference between the institutions of the eighteenth and twentieth centuries may be as complete as the difference between a horse and a bicycle, the difference between the men of those periods is only a trifling increment of efficiency, not nearly so great as that which differentiated Shakespeare from the average Elizabethan. That is why Shakespeare's plays, though obsolete as representations of fashion and manners, are still far ahead of the public as dramatic studies of humanity.

But I must cut my argument more finely than this. To say that fashions change more rapidly than men is a very crude statement of extremes. Everything has its own rate of change. Fashions change more quickly than manners, manners more quickly than morals, morals more quickly than pas-

sions, and, in general, the conscious, reasonable, intellectual life more quickly than the instinctive, willful, affectionate one. The dramatist who deals with the irony and humor of the relatively durable sides of life, or with their pity and terror, is the one whose comedies and tragedies will last longest—sometimes so long as to lead a book-struck generation to dub him "Immortal," and proclaim him as "not for an age, but for all time." Fashionable dramatists begin to "date," as the critics call it, in a few years; the accusation is rife at present against the earlier plays of Pinero and Grundy, though it is due to these gentlemen to observe that Shakespeare's plays must have "dated" far more when they were from twenty to a hundred years old than they have done since the world gave up expecting them to mirror the passing hour.

When "Caste" and "Diplomacy" were fresh, "London Assurance" had begun to "date" most horribly: nowadays "Caste" and "Diplomacy" "date" like the day-before-yesterday's tinned salmon; whereas, if "London Assurance" were revived (and I beg that nothing of the kind be attempted), there would be no more question of "dating" about it than about the plays of Garrick or Tobin or Mrs. Centlivre.

But now observe the consequences, as to this "dating" business, of the fact that morals change more slowly than costumes and manners, and instincts and passions than morals. It follows, does it not, that every "immortal" play will run the following course? First, like "London Assurance," its manners and fashions will begin to "date." If its matter is deep enough to tide it over this danger, it will come into repute again, like the comedies of Sheridan or Goldsmith, as a modern classic. But after some time—some centuries, perhaps—it will begin to "date" again in point of its ethical conception. Yet, if it deals so powerfully with the instincts and passions of humanity as to survive this also, it will again regain its place, this time as an antique classic, especially if it tells a capital story. It is impossible now to read, without curdling of the blood and a bristling of the hair, the frightful but dramatically most powerful speech which David, on his death-bed, delivers to his son about the old enemy whom he had himself sworn to spare. "Thou art a wise man and knowest what thou oughtest to do unto him; but his hoar head bring thou down to the grave with blood." Odysseus, proud of outwitting all men at cheating and lying, and intensely relishing the blood of Penelope's suitors, is equally outside our morality. So is Punch. But David and Ulysses, like Punch and Judy, will survive for many a long day yet. Not until the change has reached our instincts and passions will their stories begin to "date" again for the last time before their final obsolescence.

"The School for Scandal," which has got over its first attack of that complaint so triumphantly that its obsolete costumes and manners positively heighten its attraction, "dates" very perceptibly in point of morals. Its thesis of the superiority of the good-natured libertine to the ill-natured formalist and hypocrite may pass, though it is only a dramatization of "Tom Jones," and hardly demurs to the old morality further than to demonstrate that a bad man is not so bad as a worse. But there is an

ancient and fishlike smell about the "villainy" of Joseph and the ladylikeness of Lady Teazle. If you want to bring "The School for Scandal" up to date, you must make Charles a woman, and Joseph a perfectly sincere moralist. Then you will be in the atmosphere of Ibsen and of "The Greatest of All These—" at once. And it is because there is no sort of hint of this now familiar atmosphere—because Joseph's virtue is a pretense instead of a reality, and because the women in the play are set apart and regarded as absolutely outside of the region of free judgment in which the men act—that the play, as aforesaid, "dates."

#### METHODS OF THE JAPANESE ARTIST LAFCADIO HEARN.....ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Youth is indicated by the absence of all but essential touches, and by the clean smooth curves of the face and neck. Excepting the touches which suggest eyes, nose and mouth, there are no lines. The curves speak sufficiently of fullness, smoothness, ripeness. For illustrative purpose it is unnecessary to elaborate feature; for the age is correctly indicated by the style of the coiffure and the fashion of the dress. In female figures, the absence of eyebrows, also, indicates wifehood; a straggling tress signifies grief; troubled thought is shown by an unmistakable pose or gesture. Hair, costume, and attitude are indeed enough to explain almost everything. But the Japanese artist knows how, by means of extremely delicate variations in the direction and position of the half-dozen touches indicating feature, to give some hint of character, whether sympathetic or unsympathetic; and this hint is seldom lost upon a Japanese eye. Again, an almost imperceptible hardening or softening of these touches has moral significance. Still, this is never individual; it is only the faintest possible hint of a physiognomical law. In the case of immature youth, boy and girl faces, there is only a general indication of softness and gentleness.

In the portrayal of maturer types the lines are more numerous and more accentuated, in recognition of the fact that character necessarily becomes more marked in middle age, as the facial muscles begin to show.

In the representation of old age, the Japanese artist shows us all the wrinkles, the hollows, the shrinking of tissues, the "crow's-feet," the gray hairs, the change in the line of the face following upon the loss of teeth. His old men and women show character. They delight us by a certain worn sweetness of expression, a look of benevolent resignation; or they repel us by an aspect of cunning, avarice or envy. There are many types of old age, but they are types of human conditions, not of personality. The picture is not drawn from a model; it is not the reflection of an individual existence; its value is made by the recognition which it exhibits of a general physiognomical or biological law.

Here it is worth while to notice that the reserves of Japanese art in the matter of facial expression accord with the ethics of Oriental society. For ages the rule of conduct has been to mask all selfish feeling as far as possible—to hide pain and passion under an exterior semblance of smiling amiability or impassive resignation. One key to the enigmas of Japanese art is Buddhism.

## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

### WHALING BY ELECTRICITY

FIN DE SIECLE METHOD OF CAPTURE.....BOSTON GLOBE

That the field for the application of electricity is practically unlimited is again demonstrated by a seafaring man who proposes to go out and kill whales with it.

The salt had so much faith in his scheme that he engaged an electrician to build a dynamo that would generate an alternating current of 10,000 volts. That dynamo he will have rigged up in his ship, and then he will sail away to the north to capture the whale in a fin-de-siècle manner.

Captain Charles W. Hershell, of Halifax, owner and commander of the whaling ship Rosalie, is the man who intends to wipe out the customs and traditions of the whaling industry with a small wire and a large dynamo.

As to the method of application, the captain explained it to a New York writer as follows:

"I am going to place the dynamo on the whaler, and not put it into operation until the whaling grounds are reached. On board I will have a big reel of heavily insulated wire.

"The reel will be placed in a smaller boat in which we go out to meet the whale. We shall have several thousand feet of wire on the reel. One end will be connected with the dynamo. At the other end, which will be in the smaller boat, will be a hard rubber stick, about four feet in length. The wire will run through that stick, so that it may be handled easily and safely.

"At the end of the stick will be attached a piece of metal twenty-four inches long and one inch in diameter. The point of that needle will be sharp, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily.

"The hard-rubber stick and the big needle will be used just as we use the harpoon to-day. When near the big fish, as near as we get in the old way, the harpooner will throw the electric barb.

"At the time there will be a current of 10,000 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, and the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and be dead in the fraction of a second."

### REVERSING THE KINETOSCOPE

DEVELOPING BACKWARD....AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY

"Impossibilities made possible by means of the modern inventions in the electrical field" furnished the theme of a lecture by Professor G. Queroult, in the Paris Academy of Sciences. During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of pictures seen through the kinetoscope, whereupon he proceeded as follows. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, the same sequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappear-

ing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closed over it. The most incredible things are developed before the eyes of a spectator, if a most ordinary series of pictures is reversed. A drinker takes up an empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it up his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is recovered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him into their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing, because we never saw these most ordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side dishes are also returned full to their places.

### THE LONG-DISTANCE TYPEWRITER

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.....LITERARY DIGEST

The "ZeroGraph," the invention of Leo Karum, is, it is said, being tested by the British post-office department with a view to introducing it into the national telegraphic system. The peculiarities and achievements of the device, which is practically a typewriter whose keyboard actuates type-bars miles away, may be learned from the following paragraphs taken from an interview with Mr. Karum by a reporter of Black and White (London). The inventor describes it as follows:

"It is a telegraphic instrument that, instead of printing dots and dashes on a strip of paper, types-writes a message on a sheet of letter-paper at both ends of the wire simultaneously. The two machines are identical in every respect, and can be used indifferently as transmitters or as receivers. . . . The operator depresses the keys, as in ordinary typewriting, and this causes a current from a local battery to disengage a balanced pendulum in both machines. There are 36 signs for letters, numerals, and spaces. You observe this circular framework, and fractions of half a second (down to machine is constructed so that it takes half a second for the pendulum to travel from end to end of this framework, and fractions of half a second (down to a thirty-sixth) for it to move between various intervening bars. Now, the letter or numeral printed will depend upon the space moved by this pendulum; in other words, upon the length of time which elapses between two successive electrical impulses. There are various automatic devices for moving the paper, adjusting the alinement, inking the letters, and so on. The fundamental principle whereon the machine is worked is the absolute synchronism between the two instruments. But for this absolute synchronism—isochronism is the precise term—it would be impossible to produce the same symbols at both ends, because the difference between one sign and another resolves into minute difference of time."

In answer to a question regarding the advantages

of his invention over existing forms of printing telegraph, the inventor said:

"My invention has certain advantages. It prints on an ordinary sheet of paper in lines and paragraphs. Instead of requiring an experienced telegraph operator, it can be used by any one who types. It can be used in private offices like the telephone, and worked at all times of the day or night without the intervention of telegraph officials. The machine is automatic, and delivers its message whether there is or is not someone at the receiving end. It also has the advantage of dispensing with clockwork, motors, and other cumbersome and costly devices. It can be worked on the exchange system. In fact, it combines the functions of typewriter, telegraph, and telephone. . . .

"It is quite equal to anything hitherto obtained, if not faster—more particularly for long distances, the electrostatic capacity to be overcome being considerably less in the case of the zerograph. Whereas other instruments operate at a speed of 25 to 30 words a minute, I can see my way to increase my present speed to 40 words a minute. . . .

"It can be turned out as a column-writer at about the same cost as a standard Remington—say from £15 to £20."

#### HISTORY OF THE LINEN INDUSTRY

CHIEF ENTERPRISE OF IRELAND....THE CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER

Linen cloth is old in story—so old that its origin is lost in the traditions that come down to us from the early Egyptians. From the story revealed to us by the mummies of old Egypt, we know that the rude looms of her ancient craftsmen were capable of producing fine and delicate fabrics, as well as the coarser materials that composed the garments of ordinary wear; and it is quite probable that the "fine linen" mentioned in Scripture was as perfect in general excellence as any linen that comes from the looms in these modern days. In that renowned preserve of relics of the past, the British Museum, there are specimens of mummy cloths that exhibit the thinness and transparency of the famous muslins of India.

Linen has frequent mention in both sacred and profane history. Its story is interwoven with the purple and fine gold of courts and temples, with the entry of the newly born and with the shrouds of the dead. Poets give it a place in their verses with the silks of Cathay and the gossamer wonders of Persia. Its fostering belongs to both cabin and castle, for fair ladies embellished with fanciful art the cloth that was made by ruder workers, and gave to our wondering eyes those legacies of lace and tapestry that tell of women's pastime when gallant knights were at the wars breaking lances.

In that portion of France known as Normandy there is a sleepy little town called Bayeux. Its old cathedral is a shrine for pilgrims of all lands. In a building known as the Public Library there is a glass case 227 feet long. Within it, preserved with the greatest care and jealously guarded, is a strip of linen cloth of the color of brown holland. It is twenty inches wide, and, in an arrangement of fifty-three groups, there is worked upon it in threads and colored worsteds the story of the Norman invasion and conquest of England. It is the famous "Bayeux Tapestry," looking so fresh and bright

that one feels like challenging its right to its record of 800 years and over. Like all that belongs to the province of tradition, its conception and execution must ever remain a part of that blending of facts and fiction that embarrasses us with its uncertainties, but which delights us as the charming element of romantic song and legendary story. Let us hope that the faith we entertain that this piece of linen cloth was worked upon by the queen and ladies of the court of William the Conqueror will not suffer extinguishment at the hands of our modern image breakers.

But our manufacturers are more interested in later history, and this brings us to Ireland, from whence come their shirting and collar linens. There is no risk in asserting that the spinning of flax and the weaving of coarse cloth was a homely art in the days of the ancient Irish—long before the English and Scotch colonists, under the auspices of James I., early in the seventeenth century, laid the foundation upon which were builded the fortunes of the province of Ulster.

When Shane O'Neil, the renowned Ulster chieftain, made submission to Queen Elizabeth in person, he and his followers were clad partly in linen—"their long curling hair descended on their shoulders from their uncovered heads, their linen vests were dyed with the crocus." That was toward the close of the sixteenth century. Early in the same century, during the reign of that oft-married sovereign, Henry VIII., certain acts were enacted that had reference to the linen yarn of Ireland. During the time of Charles I. and well toward the middle of the seventeenth century, Irish linen manufacture seems to have had its beginnings in the tangible form of acknowledged industry. The Earl of Strafford, who was made governor of Ireland in 1632, exerted himself with great energy in the linen interest.

In the furtherance of the enterprise he contributed generously from his private purse; caused flax-seed to be brought from Holland, and induced spinners and manufacturers from France and the Netherlands to settle in Ulster, and impart to its people their skilled knowledge of the linen making craft. Political disturbances, however, frustrated the endeavors of the noble patron, and the industry languished until his successor, the Duke of Ormond, assumed its protection and carried the plans of the unfortunate Strafford to successful issue. When Ormond resigned office in 1685 the linen trade of Ireland was fully established, and French refugees—expatriated through the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—were teaching the native artisans the making of fine linen, cambrics, and damasks.

During 1698 the trade passed under the mantle of royal protection, and William III. was "graciously pleased to take measures for discouraging woolen manufacture in Ireland and establishing that of linen in its stead." This was encouraging one handicraft at the expense of another; but there was no linen making in England to suffer at the hands of Irish rivals: woolen making was there, however, and the English prosecutors of this vexed their souls until the royal prerogative was interposed on their behalf. And so the fostering care of linen production went on. In 1711 a board of trustees, under government patronage, was appointed to watch over its progress, with power to bestow pre-

miums for merit. It is curious to note that while one of the enactments of English law required that the dead should be buried in woolen shrouds, it was obligatory in Ireland that linen scarfs and hatbands should be worn in the conduct of funerals.

In 1743 bounties were granted on the exportation of Irish linen, and the system was not discontinued until 1832. Following 1743 exchanges wherein linen merchants might congregate were established in several Irish towns, the Belfast linen hall being opened in 1785.

About Belfast centres the great linen industry of Ulster, and nearly all the white linens that go upon the cutting tables of our shirt and collar manufacturers leave their owners' hands at this thriving seaport, for such indeed it is, though one must sail through Belfast Lough before reaching the sea, just as he has to sail through New York Bay before reaching the Atlantic. Unlike Dublin, which has a place in history as far back as the ninth century, Belfast is comparatively a modern city. That it was a place of slight importance as late as 1586 is shown from the fact that it is not mentioned in an enumeration of the chief towns of Down and Antrim published that year. In 1635, after the "Plantation of Ulster" was well established, it became prominent; and in 1641, at the time of "the great rebellion," the town and castle of Belfast were important holdings for the loyalist forces.

The Belfast of to-day is a flourishing city of some 250,000 inhabitants, enjoying a prosperity that places it first in the commercial annals of Ireland. Though it possesses no relics of the far-away past, it is well worth a few days of the traveler's time. The approaches to it by rail are through the most fertile and best-cultivated land holdings in the North of Ireland; and a journey by water through Belfast Lough has all the effects that render a landscape diversified and pleasing.

As the city's site is chiefly a flat, one sees little of it until within its borders, where he finds much to attract the eye in the way of well laid-out streets, handsome public, banking, and commercial buildings, etc. High Street and Donegal Place are lined with retail shops, the show windows of which are marvelous with display, affording enough of pastime for an entire afternoon's gazing. Royal Avenue, Belfast's newest thoroughfare, contains many buildings that would remind the New Yorker of his own Broadway.

The town of Ballymena, about an hour from Belfast by rail, was formerly the great market for shirting linens in the unbleached state—the hand-woven goods. Every Saturday for a great many years manufacturers brought their unbleached cloth there and disposed of it to buyers from Belfast, who had it bleached and finished for shipping. These hand-woven goods are the "Ballymenas" known to our shirt and collar makers, this title distinguishing them from the "power-looms" made at the great spinning and weaving mills at and near to Belfast. But the glory of Ballymena has departed. Time was when it was a scene of bustling excitement, a great mart of active trade, every Saturday marking a period in the town's history. But the age of steam has gone far toward diminishing the hand-loom industry; and, although these examples of the primitive art are still popular with manufacturers of linen

goods for men's and women's wear, the products of the steam-driven looms are slowly replacing them. At present there are no hand-made linens under the grade known as "Eighteen hundred," barring the heavy makes known as "County towns," etc., and power-looms have been coming forward for several years in all grades used at Troy and elsewhere.

Bleaching is a quick process now, as compared with the older days when the work was done entirely on the grass. Then the time of purification ran into months, but there were no "tender" linens, and cloth seemed to be everlasting for wear. Every bleach green now has its professional bleacher. He must know the laws of chemical action as far as they govern the ingredients he uses in his hastening methods—and all these to a nicety, else his "boilings" may develop serious damage and consequent loss to his employers, they being responsible to those who consign brown cloth to their hands.

While art assists the present quick way of bleaching—requiring, say, six weeks—nature still has her share in the process; for, while this is going forward, numerous spreadings upon the grass alternate with the work of the pots, and the last stage of the labor sees its completion upon the green. The humid atmosphere of Ireland is particularly adapted for bleaching; and the comparative evenness of temperature that prevails through her different seasons makes it an ideal spot for the purpose.

He who would witness the final preparation of white linen for the market must go, first to the finishing rooms of the bleach works, then to the lapping rooms. The den of the beetling engine is the scene of the finishing process, and the sight of a number of these pounding monsters hammering away upon rolls of cloth slowly turning beneath them would open a Troy man's eyes, and, for a moment, close his ears. Sign language alone is the means of communication there, for the visitor is standing amid muffled thunder.

Lapping—or folding—a web of linen into the forms known as book-fold and long-fold (technically spoken of as "crisped" and "at-width") is an art that must be learned through an apprenticeship, and is followed by a class of workers known to the trade as "lapppers."

The linen industry of Ulster is the support of thousands of homes, from the thatched cottage of the hand-loom weaver to the substantial abode of the merchant. Weavers who own their looms, and who prosecute their work within their habitations, are an independent class in their way. Life to many of them is a go-as-you-please existence. The thrifty ones—men and women—take relief from the tedious work of watching a web increase thread by thread by hiring themselves at day wages to farmers at certain seasons, especially at harvest time. This gives them a beneficial change from the confinement of indoor labor.

Previous to 1830 the spinning of flax into yarn was done by hand, and it was a great cottage industry. When steam power succeeded it carried away a fruitful source of income to the peasantry and the farming class. A few old wheels, treasured now for the associations connected with them, are to be seen in some localities; and people are yet living who remember the days of their usefulness.

## IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

### **CHRISTIANITY AND THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENSE**

DISCRETIONARY NON-RESISTANCE...THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

In social intercourse it is the duty of the Christian, both in his judgment of men and in his dealings with them, to possess and manifest the spirit of charity, to avoid all unjust or unkind causes of estrangement, to be slow to take offense, prompt to forgive, and ready to make it easy for the offender to bear the cross of repentance, acknowledgment, and reconciliation.

In business transactions it is the duty of the Christian in dealing with his fellow-men to be governed by the principles of equity, to give an equivalent in goods or money for what he buys, and to return an equivalent in money or goods for the price received by him for what he sells; the equivalent representing the value, the work, and the risk; and it is his duty to apply the Golden Rule as to the profit which he will put upon his wares and services, charging others what he conscientiously believes that they would have a right to charge him under a reversal of the circumstances.

If any whom he trusts do not pay him, it is the duty of the Christian to consider whether the character and action of the debtor are such as to justify indulgence, and, second, whether he can grant indulgence with due regard to his own solvency, and to make the decision under the influence of the Golden Rule. Should he, however, conclude that the debtor is endeavoring to impose upon him, it is his privilege to resort to the civil law in order to secure the enforcement of justice; and if he think the debtor worthy of indulgence, if he conclude it is impossible for him to grant it and maintain his own solvency, it is then his Christian duty, though he will regret the necessity, to enforce his claims by law. Also, in every instance in which he has been swindled, it is his duty as a Christian, for the public welfare, to secure the trial and conviction and imprisonment of the guilty person. We believe the man who pursues that course is doing God's work as really as the man who preaches the Gospel.

In an uncivilized or unorganized community, where there are no courts or prisons, it is the duty of the Christian to be prepared to protect himself and his family, and it is right to join an organization which shall—for the purpose of self-protection—assume the functions of government, and such would be the case if government should abdicate its functions. Therefore, had we lived in San Francisco in the days of the Vigilance Committee, we should have joined it, and prayed at the family altar for the blessing of God upon the work committed to us by the committee in the same way in which we now invoke His blessing upon the missionary cause.

In a civilized government, when the Christian is assaulted or when his house is invaded by a burglar, he should capture the assailant, if possible, and hand him over to the authorities. Should the assailant complete the act and escape, or escape without accomplishing his object, it is the Christian's duty to aid the authorities in securing him, and to contribute by every means in his power to his conviction and punishment; to do this with determination, but not with malice.

But one question remains, and that is, What should the Christian do if his house, his family, himself should be attacked with murderous intent?

If possible, he should capture the assailant, but should not attempt to do that when it is probable that he cannot succeed. The professional burglar may be assumed to be ready to kill. The Christian should fight for his family if they are attacked, and die with them rather than surrender. But if it be a mere question of property, and he sees himself utterly helpless, prudence will say Submit. A man in his nightdress, awakened from slumber, rising to contend with an armed burglar who has every motive to kill that he may escape, who came prepared to do it rather than be captured, who is accustomed to the use of firearms or knives and in the full possession of his faculties, has but little chance of success. And in many such struggles the innocent victim of outrage is wounded or killed, and not unfrequently in attempting to slay the burglar puts a bullet into his wife or child. As a question of prudence, therefore, a man may do as seems best.

The point specially in view now is, if he regard himself competent to meet the foe, what does Christianity require? That he shall submit to assault and the destruction of his property? We hold that it does not, that the burglar has no right to the protection of any law, that the inalienable principle of self-defense—a principle never to be surrendered except on grounds of prudence or as a means of doing a man spiritual good—comes into authority. Under such circumstances the man who can command himself and is competent, and shoots down the burglar that invades his store or his house, is a universal friend of humanity, and is as worthy of a monument as the man who performs heroic deeds in the right cause on the field of battle.

What of the Sermon on the Mount? Most true, most beautiful, an absolutely correct description of the spirit which should dwell in the Christian's heart.

But the man who fancies that the words in the Sermon on the Mount, "That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," are of the nature of specific prescriptions to be applied literally, and not descriptions of the general spirit which He inculcates, misunderstands the spirit and teachings of Jesus, and has not read the gospels through.

This phraseology was intended to teach the disciples how to act in their transient period of persecution. The man who is persecuted as a disciple of Christ, as an apostle engaged in introducing Christianity, is not to resist. By his meekness and love he should demonstrate conclusively his motive, and take away from his persecutor, unless he be a demon incarnate, all motive to continue to perse-

cute so unresisting, so loving a person. Jesus had called His apostles away from all social relations for that specific purpose.

The narrative shows that they were to suffer until the completion of the tragedy of Christ.

They were then sent out into the world to practice the principles of the Golden Rule, but to avail themselves of all their legal and civil rights for personal defense. In harmony with these views Paul appealed unto Cæsar, and when Cæsar is unable to protect the Christian he must protect himself by such means as are allowed, and governments have solemnly invested the citizen with the right of self-defense.

#### CHRISTIAN ALTRUISM

INDIRECT INFLUENCE ON SECULAR ACTIVITY.....N. Y. OBSERVER

"Altruism" is no better a word than the olden "self-sacrifice," but we employ it since it pleases the age to every now and then coin new words for its moralities, and where no principle is involved to the contrary, it is of advantage to move with the motions and speak with the phraseologies of the times. Nowadays when a man is moral, he is of "ethical" temper; if he has a religion, it is a "cult"; and if he be strenuous for perfection, he is a man of "ideality." There is no harm in these nomenclatures, which are but old pagan terminologies revamped, provided they be christened with the name and meanings of the Nazarene; and if we have respect to the origin of these terms, it makes little difference whether we call our science of duty a system of "morals," after the dissolute manners of the Romans, or "ethics," after the equivocal "ethos" (character) of the Greek, so long as the somewhat sinister historic associations of the etymology are contradicted by the indisputably high quality of the morality effectuated under modern and Christian auspices.

Accordingly, we can have no quarrel with the term "altruism," despite its somewhat pedantic sound, while yet we recognize that this expression, which means etymologically but the care for the other one, is practically but the reënforcement of the old idea of self-sacrifice. Altruism, however, can never be made to bulk up to the dimensions of a religion, however often spelled with a big "A."

And the fact should be recognized that a genuine altruism is the product of Christianity. Jesus Christ taught humanity to care for the other man, as he also supplies now the gracious energizing by which men are enabled to perform their duty when it is once recognized as such. And where, as in America, the teaching and grace of Christ have been for a long time operative there grows up a custom of considerateness and a habit of altruism, which in some cases amounts to the sacrifice of life itself, though in many instances sufficing only to ameliorate the manners or to somewhat relieve the natural selfishness of humanity. Christianity both inculcates and illustrates the best altruism. It declares that that is a partial if not a pseudo altruism which seeks to serve man for man's sake only, and it imports into self-sacrifice a divine motive which speaks of love for man for Christ's sake most of all. Thus the faith of the Man of Nazareth dignifies self-sacrifice, because it links itself in sympathy not merely with the earthly fortunes of a mere human

atom, but as well with the fullness of a redemptive love and the blessedness of a heavenly hope.

We wish that some of the moral teachers of the times, the modern Senecas and Epictetuses, could see this. Humanitarianism is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, since its trend is solely along earthly levels and never to celestial heights. The Good Samaritan is not the complete type of man. Philanthropy is not piety. Just to throw a dime to a beggar, or even to send a dozen fresh air children to the country, is not to be religious. The smaller term is not equal to the larger, and never can be. But the larger term of Christianity includes the minor ministries of a divinely inspired humanitarianism. The Good Samaritan is not the Christian, but the Christian is the Good Samaritan plus a good deal else besides. That is a very thin and meagre philanthropy which merely clothes or feeds the body and does nothing for the soul. At the longest, even when tortured the most, the poor body within a few years sinks into the grave, but the cravings of the immortal spirit, for which philanthropy has no message, will never know an end.

It is to be regretted that many tireless workers for the poor seem to mislay this fact when it comes to actual practice. The idea that university settlements, for example, must in order to succeed be non-Christian, and that everybody but Jesus Christ is welcome to enter within their portals, is pure assumption, and a gratuitous insult to the Christian faith. By such ignoring of the religion of Jesus nothing is gained, while, indeed, facts seem to show that settlements with a Christian animus, such as Mansfield House in London, are accomplishing actually more than neutral enterprises such as Toynbee Hall. Christian altruism is the best altruism there is, and that which really the people most want.

It is not in contradiction to all that has here been said, however, to add that the real inspiration that lies back of most of the humanitarian efforts of the present day is from Christianity. Secular altruism is an unconscious tribute to the faith and practice of Jesus, which still stir multitudes to disinterested actions for which his religion obtains no credit. Christianity is the myriad-pointed stimulus.

It would, of course, be far easier to estimate the extent of this indirect altruistic influence of Christianity could we once divest, in imagination, this ramified nineteenth century civilization of all its component Christian elements, and count up the small balance that remained. And yet in order to estimate the residual non-Christian factors it would not be enough to effect a stoppage of Christianity for a year, or a decade, or perhaps a century, as even in this longer interval its historic headway would not be lost. Its influence would be still traceable as multitudes continued to act automatically along practically Christian lines long after they ceased to recall from what quarter they or their fathers obtained their initial impulse.

It is this momentum of morality, this historic headway that Christian forces gather to themselves during the centuries, that must always be taken into account in estimating the total efficiency of Christianity in the world. It is the force of forces, and the imperishable hope of humanity.

## MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

### THE ORIGIN OF FAN TAN

STEWART CULIN.....OVERLAND MONTHLY

Fán T'án, like the lottery, is invariably carried on by regularly organized companies. Like the lottery companies they take an auspicious name. A cellar is usually hired, a table of unpainted wood erected, and with the addition of a few chairs, the establishment is ready for business.

The game itself is extremely simple. A handful of Chinese "cash" or other small objects are counted off by fours, and the players guess what remainder will be left. The name means "repeatedly spreading out," and refers to the manner in which the "cash" are counted off. The table upon which the game is played is about four feet high, and covered with a mat. In the centre of this is a square called the t'án ching, or "spreading out square," consisting of a piece of tin with its four sides marked from right to left with the numerals from one to four, or, as is more common here, of an unnumbered diagram, outlined in ink upon the mat. This is usually about eighteen inches square.

Two men are required to run the game. One of them, called the T'án kún, or "Ruler of the spreading out," stands by the side of the table corresponding with the "one" side of the diagram, while the other, called the Ho kún, whose office is that of clerk and cashier, sits on his left.

The T'án kún takes a handful of bright brass "cash" from a pile before him, and covers them with a shallow brass cup about three and one-half inches in diameter, called the t'án koi, or "spreading out cover." The players lay their wagers on or beside the numbers they choose on the plate, and the T'án kún raises the cover and counts off the "cash" in fours, not touching them with his hands, but using a tapering rod of black wood about eighteen inches in length, called the t'án pong, or "spreading out rod," for the purpose. If there is a remainder of one, after as many fours as possible have been counted off, "one" wins,—or if two or three remain, "two" or "three" wins, while if there is no remainder, "four" wins. The operation is conducted in silence, and when the result is apparent the T'án kún mechanically replaces the separated "cash" into the large pile and takes another handful which he covers as before.

Before proceeding to discuss the origin of the game, it may be interesting to review some of its striking peculiarities. In the small games, open to the poorer player, the stakes, usually in American silver, are placed directly upon the diagram. Where the player is known and the amount wagered is large, counters or chips are used. These consist of Chinese "cash," representing ten; small buttons of white glass, called "white pearls," one hundred; "black pearls," five hundred; chessmen, one thousand, and dominoes, five thousand. When counters or chips are played instead of money, the player frequently deposits a bank note, or purse, with the cashier. The latter selects a Chinese playing card from a pack kept for the purpose, to mark the deposit, and with each bet the gambler puts a corresponding card on the board to mark his play.

Customs, more rigid than those of our banks and clearing-houses, regulate the affairs of the gambling houses. The partners take turns in keeping game, and are paid a small sum each time from the common fund; or one may be appointed keeper, and then receives a monthly salary.

After the play has continued for about half an hour, a settlement is made with the players and any of them are usually permitted to take the table and run it for their own profit upon paying a small rental to the company and a fee to the cashier for his services. The latter ordinarily receives a salary of about twenty-five dollars per month and often has a small interest in the concern.

Strict as are the rules which may be regarded as having an economic basis—and so uniform are they that one description serves for every Cantonese settlement, whether in New York City, San Francisco, or the ports along the coast of China itself—they are transcended by those which are the outcome of superstition, and have descended with the game itself from remote antiquity. All colors are carefully avoided by the owners on the walls and decorations of the gambling rooms. White, the color of mourning, the color of the robes thought to be worn by the spirits of the dead, always considered inauspicious, is associated with the idea of losing money, and is believed to bring bad fortune to the patrons of the gambling houses and corresponding gains to the owners. Even the inscriptions to the tutelary spirit are always written on white paper, and white instead of red candles burned before his shrine. Gamblers on their way to play, turn back if any one jostles them, or if they are hindered by an obstruction in the road. If a player's hand encounters another's as he lays his stakes on the board, he will not put his money on the number towards which he was reaching. Gamblers refrain from reading books before playing, and books are not regarded with favor in gambling houses, from the word shü, "book," sounding like shü "to lose." All inauspicious words are avoided. Thus the almanac, t'ung shü, is called kat sing, "lucky stars," through an unwillingness to utter the ominous shü.

In San Francisco it is the custom for gambling houses to provide a supper every night after the games, keeping a good cook for the purpose. Any one may go in and eat what he wants, but it is not considered lucky for one person to address another, and all talk of gambling is especially avoided. When seated at the table, it is considered unlucky for another to join the company.

And now as to the origin of the game. I have found that games originated in primitive conditions, such as existed in Asia in remote antiquity. Their history is to be recovered, not from written records, but by the study and comparison of the customs of primitive people. Furthermore they were once almost, if not invariably, magical and divinatory. We may expect then to trace this now notorious game of Fán t'án back to a time when it was regarded as sacred, and practiced, not as a vulgar game, but as a means of discovering the past

and forecasting the future. Strange as it may seem, its antetype exists at the present day in China, and conforming to the theory I have advanced, is a divinatory process which was known, not as a new invention or discovery, but as coming down from an early period, even in the days of Confucius.

Fortune-telling is practiced in Japan with fifty splints of bamboo called zeichaku. The same method is also current in China and Korea, as a survival or possibly revival of a classical mode of divination described in one of the Appendices to the Chinese Book of Divination. The rationale of the process is the discovery of a number by the chance partition of the magical splints, place being found by counting around a magical diagram symbolic of the four directions and the intermediary points. It is to this, or a system akin to it, that I attribute the origin of Fán t'án. Observe that in the game, the handful of "cash" taken at random from the pile, is substituted for the bundle of splints divided in the same manner, and that the counts are made around a square diagram instead of one referring to the eight directions.

By analogies drawn from other games, we may justly regard the square tablet of the Fán t'án board as cosmical, originally signifying the world and its four quarters. Nor is the substitution of the coins, or ts'in, for the fifty splints merely the result of accident or convenience. The bundle of splints, as is clearly shown by many striking and curious parallels among the Indians of America, was once a bundle of arrows or arrow shaftments. From the arrow, t'sin, used as an emblem of authority, I regard the coins, ts'in, as being directly derived. In many other of the later forms of arrow divination we find coins substituted for the arrow-derived splints or staves.

From what has been adduced, I think that the original divinatory significance of Fán t'án may be looked upon as assumed, and that it may be justly regarded as another of the many outgrowths of the ceremonial use of the arrow, the progeny of which are numerous as the stars.

#### NIGHT SHOOTING IN INDIA

COLONEL T. S. ST. CLAIR.....THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

It will give some idea of the experiences of night shooting if I narrate the events of three nights in the month of April, 1869, which were recorded by me at the time. I left Deesa, where my battalion was stationed, on the usual commanding officer's leave of three days, having received from my shikari "khubber" of a tiger. On the first night, after the moon had risen, a large bear appeared on the high ground opposite my position, and began to scramble down the rocks towards the water. As the light shone on me, I refrained from raising my rifle, intending only to do so when the animal was below me and had commenced to drink; but by waiting I lost my opportunity, for, after descending some distance he turned into the shadow by some rocks and disappeared.

On the second night the tiger came, but unfortunately approached by the higher ground, directly above where I was placed. He soon detected me, and began a succession of growls and roars, moving about above me for a considerable time, anxious to drink, but evidently afraid to descend. There

was a substantial screen between me and the water, but no cover of any description behind me, the ground being very open and well lighted by the moon. I turned where I was, with cocked rifle, waiting events, and was considerably relieved when his growls ceased and he took his departure.

On the third night, at a different water, I underwent a novel experience, the like of which I have never heard; and in order that it may be understood, it is necessary that I should describe the position. The pool was surrounded on three sides by hill slopes, covered with large trees without much undergrowth. It had been a particularly dry season, and water was scarce, and vegetation very deficient, so that animals were compelled to travel considerable distances at night to obtain sustenance. Close to the water was a large boulder of rock, on which grew a few stunted shrubs. On the top of the rock was a slight depression, and here I took position with my shikari, some twelve or fourteen feet above the water, only partially screened from view, and exposed to the full moonlight. It will thus be seen that I was completely removed from the observation of animals in the pool, but was liable to detection by any on the slopes. The space was very cramped, and I accordingly was obliged to sit upright, my shikari squatting beside me.

The first animals to appear were two porcupines; they were followed by a small panther, that lapped the water like a large cat only a few yards from me, but at which I did not fire for fear of disturbing the tiger. After the panther left, some time elapsed without further visitor, and I was beginning to anticipate a blank night, when my shikari touched me on the arm and whispered, "Janwar arta, Sahib" (An animal is coming, sir). I soon detected in the distance the tread of some animal on the slope opposite me, cautiously advancing a few paces at a time, and then stopping to reconnoitre. It is needless to say that both I and my shikari remained in the moonlight motionless, as if we formed part of the rock. I soon made out the indistinct form of a sambre, the largest description of Indian deer. As I watched him, I heard a stealthy footstep descending the slope behind me, and then the advance of a third sambre on the third slope, and soon I found that instinct had caused these animals to approach the water concurrently from all sides, as the best means of discovering hidden danger. I can only imagine that my raised position and the absence of any wind prevented me from being discovered, for as the sambre came nearer their caution seemed to decrease, and they rushed the last twenty yards or so into the water in their impatience to drink. The vanguard consisted entirely of females with their fawns, not a stag being with them, and nothing could exceed the fascination of that fairy-like moonlight scene, some thirty of these beautiful animals of various sizes sporting in the water within a few yards of me, and entirely unconscious of my proximity.

I watched this interesting sight for at least half an hour, I should imagine, until my upright motionless position in the moonlight began to become painful, and I thought I would experiment upon them to make them leave the water. I accordingly, very cautiously, without moving my body, felt on the rock for small stones, which I flung at the deer,

hitting them on the head, ears, and body, but without causing them to do more than shake their heads as if to get rid of a fly. The stags were now coming down, the younger animals in front, the older ones behind, but all advancing as the females had done, singly and cautiously from different quarters. Finding that small stones were disregarded, I thought I would try the effect of noise, and I accordingly whistled one note. This they took no notice of, so I ran down the scale without producing upon them the slightest effect, and I hope I shall be believed when I state as a fact that I eventually whistled the whole of our regimental March Past air quite loudly, sitting in the moonlight, exposed to view, and within a few yards of these large deer sporting in the water, without causing them to be alarmed, or even, so far as I could observe, to take any notice.

My shikari, crouching down as well as he could, was in fits of silent laughter, and whether he was seen or heard by one of the advancing stags on the slope, or whether I made some movement of my body, I cannot tell, but in a moment alarm was taken, and the whole of the deer rushed pell-mell out of the water and up the opposite slope, and the most singular sporting adventure I ever experienced terminated. I was particularly struck by the thorough confidence in their own sagacity shown by these sambre, as if the usual precautions to prove the safety of the water which they had adopted, together with the knowledge that their rear was well watched and protected, rendered them unable to conceive the possibility of danger, and to disregard what, under other circumstances, would have alarmed them at once. Perhaps, also, the scarcity that season of both water and grass was the cause of greater boldness.

The next morning I bagged the tiger, and, although I am only now writing about night shooting, I may be permitted, perhaps, to tell the story, especially as it was the sequel to these three blank nights. As I was returning for some breakfast, preparatory to riding back to Deesa, disgusted with the thought that I might have easily bagged either the panther or the best head amongst the sambre, we passed the fresh pugs (footsteps) of a tiger. It was decided that I should go on to refresh myself after my night's vigil, leaving my shikari to see if he could make anything of the pugs; and as I was finishing breakfast he appeared, beaming all over, and followed by some beaters, by which I knew at once that there was good news. It seems that, when following up the pugs, he came upon the tiger in a nullah. The animal gave a roar and went up the watercourse, and as the sun was then well up, my shikari knew he would not go far, but would probably lie up in the first convenient piece of cover.

I started without delay, and was posted up the hill at the head of the nullah, which there contracted to a small opening of a few yards. On the sides of the nullah were some scrub bushes which partially concealed the ground; but about sixty yards from me was a clear opening, and I mentally decided that if the tiger came up the nullah I would shoot him at this spot. Almost as soon as the beat began I caught sight of him some distance down the hill, coming on at a trot, and stopping every now and then

to listen. His last halt was fortunately in the space between the bushes I had already selected, and when he stopped he turned his head round and growled at the beaters, presenting an excellent opportunity. I hit him behind the shoulder with one of Forsyth's wedged shells, which failed to explode. It was a little high, and broke his back, rolling him over, so that I lost sight of him. I picked up my gun and ran to the head of the nullah. As soon as the tiger saw me he began to roar, and, even with his back broken, tried to come to me, raising himself partially and pawing with his fore-paws, but a shot through the head finished him.

The tiger measured as he lay ten feet from nose to tip of tail. He had a beautifully clean and well-marked skin, with a perfect set of teeth, not one being missing or even discolored, and his head, preserved by Messrs. Ward, of Wigmore Street, now adorns my dining-room. I judged him to be a young animal, but my shikari pretended to be able to tell from the markings on the top of the head that he was fourteen years.

I thus exemplified the truth of the general opinion amongst Indian sportsmen that, for the bag, night shooting cannot compare with day shooting; whilst I equally established, to my own satisfaction at least, the special attractions of the former sport.

#### ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CRAPS

BERNARD DE MARIGNY ITS ORIGINATOR.....HARPER'S WEEKLY

The City Council of New Orleans some time since passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club, or at home, craps is specially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game is of New Orleans origin, and over a hundred years old. Bernard de Marigny, who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood, seventy years ago, at the head of the creole colony of the state as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in France—was the inventor, or father, of “craps,” and brought it in high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it up into lots, he named one of the principal streets “Craps,” and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps Street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street especially given to churches. “The Craps Street Methodist Church” sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny’s death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale, and was finally monopolized mainly by negroes and street gamins. Some five or six years ago, however, some Chicagoans, who happened to be on the levee in New Orleans, were struck by the game as offering novelties to the jaded taste of dice-players and took it home with them. It crept into favor at once in the West, and “craps” now rages from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and no well-regulated gambling-house is without a “craps room.”

## PADDY THE LEAPER'S PROBATION

BY WILLIAM LINDSEY

[A selected reading from *Cinder Path Tales*, by William Lindsey. Published by Copeland & Day.]

Patrick O'Malley is to-day as much a fixture of the cinder-path as one of the posts at the finish. And yet, strange as it may seem, he attained his present honorable position only after a long and trying probation.

He won his spurs by enduring patiently and successfully such tests and trials as would have discouraged many a brave knight of old. In fact, had Paddy lived in the days when a stout heart and a strong arm were the two best cards in the game of life, he would have been the king of Ireland at least.

Pat put in his first appearance early in the spring of 188—, the year the track was rebuilt. He was just over, and well I remember how he looked in his moleskin trousers and rough coat, with the queer hat on his head, and the odd little neckcloth tied tight around his neck. He stood close to six feet, was well put together; his hair was caroty, his face red and freckled, and his eyes were small, and blue, and bright. He was engaged as a day-laborer, wheeling dirt, shoveling, raking, and I know not what else; but busy he was from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night. He did the work of two men, for he had not learned, like the others, the knack of loafing gracefully.

Indeed, I think Paddy would have been contented to have continued as he was to the age of seventy, for the pay seemed fabulous to him, and he was living in a shower of luxuries, with meat every day, and a palatial room, eight by ten, in which to spend his nights and Sundays.

But unfortunately the labor of track-making would not last forever; one by one the men were discharged, until by the first of May there were only a half-dozen left, Paddy among them, and they were expecting to be paid off in a couple of weeks, or sooner.

Now there was something about the atmosphere of the college grounds, and particularly the cinder-path, that suited Paddy's constitution wonderfully, and when it reached his ears that one man would probably be retained for regular work until winter, and perhaps a snug berth in the gymnasium might follow, he made up his mind to have that job.

I am not sure that he made a vow, as would a knight of the fourteenth century; but he did the same thing in his own way, and resolved, come what might, if mortal man might compass it, no labor or trial would he avoid, no care would he neglect, until "that job" was his.

He began by ingratiating himself with every man who wore a running-shoe,—not a difficult task, for they all liked him, and found in his words and acts a never-failing source of amusement. He had also that rare tact which makes an Irish gentleman the most fascinating on earth. With Paddy it showed itself in a never-failing good-nature, a ready hand, and a wonderful faculty for remembering names and faces.

The boys soon found out which way his ambition pointed, that he was entirely devoted to it, and a gay life they led him forthwith.

Now, you must not think that Paddy was anybody's fool. He was green enough, but began to pick up in a wonderful fashion after the boys got at him. He became more and more handy and useful, until I began to think I might do worse than to keep him after all, though not a hint did I give him of the possibility.

It was on a Saturday night, when I had nearly made up my mind to give him a trial, that Paddy had his experience with the "ghostly hurdler," his last and crowning test,—a fest that made nothing of all that had preceded, and that tried Paddy's soul almost to the limits of its endurance. Indeed, the rough horse play and physical trials through which Paddy went, I more than half believe he enjoyed as well as the boys, and he probably blundered into traps which he clearly saw, and did not care to avoid, if they gave anybody any satisfaction.

But with all Pat's courage he was as arrant a coward as ever breathed when the powers of the unknown world were arrayed against him. He believed most firmly in banshees, spooks, goblins, and little people. Now he was to be assailed where his soul was weakest.

I was at work in my little office at the gymnasium, making out some physical development charts,—a tedious task which I did not enjoy, and was anxious to finish. The clock had struck nine, ten, and eleven since I had taken my seat at the desk, and the minute-hand was swinging round the track to twelve, like a tired runner on his last lap. The charts showed the usual small percentage of well-developed bodies, some with no development at all, and the larger part entirely out of proportion. In some cases the unbalanced proportions approached deformities, as in the chart of a freshman by the name of Mason. His height was but a little over six feet, yet his leg measurement was astonishing, bettering any record in my book by nearly two inches. This extraordinary length of leg was of course taken from the body, which was like that of a boy of twelve, and upon his first appearance on the track he was given the very appropriate alias of "Two Pieces." He certainly had appeared when running as if there was not much more in the game than an unattached pair of legs, and with one more would have been the complete picture of the well-known heraldic device appropriated by the Isle of Man.

"Two Pieces," like many another freshman, had suffered an extremely dangerous attack of athletic fever, choosing the high hurdles for his special efforts. But although he could almost step them in his stride, without any lift at all, he was so deathly slow between, that he did poorly enough. He trained, however, in a desperate fashion, and was half daft with the idea that he would some time startle the fancy and fracture the record. Early and late "Two Pieces" might be seen taking his flights over the hurdles, his left leg tucked under him, like a startled crane, his right dragging after, and every other stick tumbling if he tried to make time faster than a good walker.

It so happened that Mason's was the last card,

and I finished it only a few minutes before midnight.

At this hour all was silent but the ticking of the clock and the snapping of the wood fire in the grate. I was just preparing to take my departure when suddenly the oppressive silence of the midnight was broken by the most horrible yell that ever assailed my ears. It fairly curdled my blood, so full of the agony of fear was it, and I sat still and held my breath until a second and a third, not less hideous, reached my ears, and then I gathered myself together, rushed to the window, and threw up the curtain.

By this time all was silent again, and I half wondered if I had only imagined the cry. I looked out over the field and track, seeing nothing but the shifting shadows, more bewildering than absolute darkness, which a half moon throws through broken clouds. It was a particularly ghastly light; there was not a thing stirring, not even the wind, until suddenly the bending figure of a man at extreme speed emerged from the gloom, sprang up the steps with a single leap, and a second later the huge door beneath my feet was shaken in a furious fashion.

I confess to a feeling of relief as I thought of its two-inch oak plank, nail studded and heavy hinged, and knew that the assailant, whoever he was, could not gain entrance with anything less than an old-fashioned battering-ram. I was also a bit startled, for I could not at all make out what the trouble was. The door-shaking continuing, accompanied by the kicks of a heavy foot and a series of yells, I seized the heavy poker from the hearth and hurried downstairs.

When I reached the door I hesitated a moment, wondering if the man was mad, and then tried to turn the key with my left hand, holding the poker firmly in my right. In this I was unsuccessful, so tightly was the door pressed by the frightened man outside. I shifted the poker to my left hand, and put my shoulder against the door; there was a sharp click of the opening lock, and the next second I was hurled like a bolt from a catapult by the heavy door.

As I landed on my back, "Paddy the Leaper" appeared with the suddenness of a "Jack-in-the-box." He slammed the door after him, threw the bolt with a single motion, and, slapping himself on the floor, pressed his broad back against the door, as if he feared the fastenings would not hold.

For several seconds we neither of us spoke, and a blooming tableau we must have been: both sitting bolt upright, our feet almost touching, Paddy's red face blanched and mottled with fear, and mine undoubtedly blank and vacant with surprise. Paddy's closely cropped red hair was always on end, and now, with the accompaniment of eyes rolling half out of their sockets, and white, trembling lips, he was the very image of fear.

I came to myself first, and was beginning to ask the crazy bog-trotter what was the matter with him, when he suddenly found tongue, and broke in with a husky "The saints save us! Howly hiven hilp us! Fur the luve av God, Misster Brown, git up an' put yer fut ag'in the dure."

I slung the poker into the pit of his stomach, got on my feet, and gave him a clip on the head with the flat of my hand that would have felled a man with an average thickness of skull. The blow from the

poker resulted only in a grunt, and while that of my hand relieved my feelings a bit, it seemed to help Paddy's addled brains not at all. He caught me by the leg, pulled me down, and sat me up against the door by his side as if I had been a wax doll, saying in a maunding and contented fashion, "Faith, thin, Misster Brown, 'tis now we have it, an' safe we are."

"Safe, are we? I'm safe enough; but as for you, you howling idiot, if you lay your hand on me again, you'll wish you'd stayed outside."

At this, Paddy started crooning again, like a tom-cat on a fence; he rocked his huge carcass, crossed himself without intermission, and called on all the saints in the calendar. I was convulsed with wonder, laughter, and anger—the latter most in evidence—at the undignified part I was playing, in being set up like a dummy by my crazy companion. I got on my feet again, and with my arms akimbo stood studying him a full minute, doubtful what to do, and somewhat anxious for his reason.

Suddenly he looked up to me and asked in a loud whisper, "For the luve av hiven, Misster Brown, tell me, what was it?"

"What was it?" answered I. "What was what?"

"Sure it was," said he; and at this remarkable dialogue seemed perfectly satisfied, began to croon and rock again, and lapsed into a state of "innocuous desuetude," as before.

Deciding, at last, that the time for heroic measures had arrived, I took hold of Paddy's collar with both my hands, shook him violently for a few seconds, and then began to bang his head against the door. It did not take many raps against the hard oak to bring into the vacant face a hint of reason, and, at last, with a good blow of my fist, which bowled him over, I told him either to tell me at once what the trouble was, or I would open the door and throw him out.

The last threat was enough, and he raised himself to the perpendicular again, lifting his hands with a gesture, half resistance and half petition, saying in an appealing fashion, "Sure, you'd not hev the black heart to do it; an' 'tis God's truth I'll tell."

He told his story as follows in a hoarse whisper, growing a little louder toward the end of the tale: "'Tis guilty av nothin' I am at all; 'twas walkin' home I was, all innocent an' aisy loike, after a bit av a picnic at Larry Costigan's, the same that lives forinst the junk-shop by the river. I lift the sthreet, tuk a cut acrost the tennis-courts to save me toime (fer late it was, an' Mrs. Dooley, me boardin' mistress, locks the dure at 12), an' was a-follerin' the track along the stritch, whin on the suddint I heard futstips behindt, an' whin I turned me head I saw (howly hiven guard her own) a big, white spook a-follerin' in me track."

At this Paddy went back to his crooning and crossing again, and I was obliged to administer another blow, and take a step toward the door, with a significant glance at the lock, to bring him back to a state of relative sanity. He gathered his senses together, and with a mighty gulp went on with his story.

"'Twas in a long white robe it was, an' after me it came; not a-flyin', nor a-glidin' loike, nor runnin' flat at all, but (an' 'tis the truth I'm tellin'), but a-hurdlin' loike, though nothin' was it jumpin', but

impy wind alone. Ivery toime it lept, me brith lift me, an' I was that gone, I cud not move me fut, though plain I saw it comin' on me. Right forinst me was it, an' another shtride an' the spook wud hev had me in his grip, whin me brith came ag'in, I gev a shout, an' lit out, with the spook affer. Fer awhile he hild his own, but I drew ahid, fer he was a-hurdlin' all the toime to me a-runnin' flat, an' neither spook nor divil can give such odds to a good man loike Patrick O'Malley."

This last sentence was given with a toss of the head and an emphasis that showed Paddy in something like his usual form, and I saw he was gradually getting back his heart again. Paddy's temporary forgetfulness of his ambition was the best indication of his intense fear; for not once before had he left it out of his mind since he started on his "quest."

I slipped to the door, saying soothingly as I unlocked and opened it, "Well, Paddy, it must be the boys, and we'll go out and catch them at their tricks."

"Sure we will that," he said, rather doubtfully.

When the door shut after us, for a few moments I could see nothing; but when my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we started across the field to the other side of the track, where was the straightaway over which Paddy had seen the spook "a-hurdlin'."

When we reached it, for a few seconds we could see nothing unusual, but a little later we suddenly discovered at the same time a white figure near the finish coming toward us where we stood, perhaps thirty yards from the start.

Now, I will confess that I was a bit surprised and startled, for I thought that the only ghost was probably in Paddy's brain. When I saw the tall, white figure loom up in the darkness, I did feel a little queer, and remembered some blood-curdling stories with which a lazy nurse once kept me in bounds when I was a little lad of seven summers.

I could see the ghost plainly enough as he came toward us in the gloom, following along the other side of the track, walking as a hurdler would when the sticks were up and he was going to the start. I quieted Paddy as best I could, and kept a good grip on his arm. The moon just now coming out of the clouds, we could see the tall, white figure plainly, the white robe ghastly in the light. The spook looked taller than mortal man, and when he paused at the start, showed a most portentous figure, as if the flesh had left the bones, and nothing but a skeleton was within.

He was quiet but a few seconds, and Paddy gave a grip to my arm when the ghostly hurdler got on the mark, set himself for the start, put out a long spectral arm, and then suddenly, as if at the sound of the pistol, he was off.

Three strides he took, and then up he came, lifting in the air as over an imaginary hurdle, and as he rose I could hear Paddy's breath as if drawn by a suction-pump.

The spook landed with a great flutter, the white robe making a tremendous flapping, and the steps sounding crunch, crunch, crunch on the cinders. Although there was not the sign of a stick up, he hurdled sure enough, and so naturally, that I strained my eyes to discover something more than

the "impy wind." As he approached the second imaginary hurdle the moon came out clear, and I could see him tuck a bare foot under him, rise clumsily, and come down with an amazing display of skeleton legs. A great noise he made, and it reassured me. I was sure one of the boys was acting the rôle, and discovered something strangely familiar in the peculiar gait of the ghostly hurdler.

As it came close to us, Paddy began to tremble, and was gathering himself to break away and run, when a sudden fancy took me, and I said, "Tackle the ghost, Paddy, and the job is yours," at the same time letting go my hold on his arm.

He hesitated but a second, just long enough to realize what I had said, and then he was at the spook like a flash, and of all the "mix-ups" I ever saw, that which followed was the worst.

You have seen a Punch and Judy show, and remember the wonderful struggle between Punch and the devil? Well, that between Paddy and the "ghostly hurdler" was just such another. First Paddy's black coat was uppermost, and then the spook's white robe; and which would have stayed there I cannot tell, for I pulled them apart before either had won out. When they got on their feet, and I had a good look at them, I gave a shout, for they were effigies sure enough.

On one side was Paddy, a ragged piece of white cloth in his right hand, his left clenched and held in front of him, in case there should be a renewal of hostilities. His coat was split open in the back, also one knee of his trousers, and his cheek was scratched as if a giant tomcat had clawed him.

On the other side of me, and facing Paddy, with a look of inquiry on his pale face, was, of all men, "Two Pieces" himself. His nose was bleeding freely, where Pat's big fist had got in a blow, and he was clad only in his night-shirt, most of which had been torn off in the struggle.

After recriminations, explanations, and apologies, I found that "Two Pieces" had undoubtedly been so excited by his dreams of success on the cinder-path that they had brought back an attack of sleep-walking, to which he said he had been addicted when a boy. He remembered nothing between his going to bed and the waking up in a life and death struggle with Paddy, and we got him back into his room, not much the worse for wear. After we had tucked him safely in bed, we started back across the field to the gymnasium, for Mrs. Dooley's door was now bolted beyond a doubt.

I opened the door against which Paddy had leaned a short half-hour before; we crossed the vestibule where I had heard his startling story, and under the stairs I pointed out an old tumbling mattress, which would make a comfortable resting-place for the night.

I then took slowly from my ring the key to the outside door, and handed it to Paddy without a word.

He knew well what it meant, and his face flushed red with pleasure. No knight of old after his vigil at arms received his golden spurs with greater pride. He stumbled over a few words of thanks, and I left him to the contemplation of his success, alone with his glory.

The days of his probation were past. "That job" was his at last.

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

*Jack's Birthday.....W. S. Stranahan.....Burlington Hawk-Eye*

'Twas erbout one week till his birthday, an' Susah she sez ter me :  
 " Got ter git sunthin' party soon, but I don't know what it'll be ;  
 He's too old now fer toys an' sech like things we us't ter buy  
 When he's a little feller, fer now he's er'most six feet high ;  
 Five days 'fore he's fifteen, but mercy me, he's taller'n you ;  
 Does beat all how his arms an' legs do keep er-pushin' through :  
 An', father," sez she, " I've ben er-lookin' fer over two weeks back,  
 But I can't somehow jest settle on ther thing ter get fer Jack.  
 " Ain't er man yit, but makes him 'shamed ter be treated like he's small,  
 Must kinder humor him, 's though we knew he's gettin' big an' tall ;  
 Couldn't hardly b'leve my eyes when I seen him take ther glass,  
 An' hunt on his lip at ther winder, ter see if he'd got er mushtass.  
 Shouldn't wonder ef he found it er-sproutin' through ther skin,  
 Fer he took ther bottle o' goose's ile an' greased his lip an' chin ;  
 But, father," sez she, " ef I wuz you, I'd hitch up Jess 'n' Mack  
 A-purpose ter drive ter town an' git er-sunthin' nice fer Jack.  
 " He's jest a little skittish, like ther colts out in ther barn,  
 An' don't keer much fer books 'at have a heap in 'em ter larn,  
 But he's got er heart that's big an' kind ter everything alive,  
 Frum the sheep out in ther runway to ther bees out in ther hive ;  
 His whistle hez er cheerier sound any time ter me,  
 My heart somehow jest lightens up an' feels so glad an' free ;  
 So, father," sez she, " when yer git ter town, don't 'think uv comin' back,  
 Till yer firm you've foun' ther very thing 'at's goin' ter please our Jack.  
 " He's gone ter ther medder, bless him, ter rake up the clover hay,  
 I somehow feel so lonesome like, if he gets fur erway.  
 He waved his hand clear down ther lane, an' up aroun' ther hill,  
 I couldn't see him any more, but heard him whistlin' still ;  
 The birds wuz all er-answerin' him, a-warblin' in every tree,  
 An' he a-twitterin' like every one, ez natural ez could be ;  
 So, father," sez she, " I don't much care whatever else we lack,  
 Jest keep er-huntin' an' find er-sunthin' 'at's sure ter suit our Jack."

*She Once Was Young Hersel'....A. Wanless...Detroit Free Press*

Oh, Nellie was a winsome lass,  
 And I am bound to say,  
 A heart sae kind ye couldna find  
 On a lang summer's day,  
 And aye she'd work about the hoose  
 And aye she'd sing wi' glee —  
 " I lo'e my love, my own true love,  
 And my true love lo'es me."  
 'Twas on a bonnie simmer's night,  
 Unken'd to a' her kin,  
 Her lover cam' and oh, now fain  
 She rose to let him in.  
 He took her kindly by the hand,  
 As kind as kind can be,  
 And then he said : " O, Nellie dear,  
 How dear ye are to me."  
 How laith were they to say the word,  
 The mournful word, farewell ;  
 The tender look, the heartfelt sigh,  
 Spoke mair than tongue can tell.  
 How still, how silent was the night,  
 The star of love shone clear,  
 But ere they wist a step they heard,  
 And it drew near and dear.  
 Then Nellie sighed and whispering said :  
 " My love, oh, have a care."  
 And then, without a thought, he knelt  
 Behind his Nellie's chair.  
 Her mither cam', she looked. How grand  
 Sweet Nellie played her part.  
 She cried : " O, mither, dinna look,  
 He's hidden in my heart!"  
 The auld wife for a moment stood,

Then slowly turned away ;  
 She had her thoughts, but not one word,  
 Dear me, had she to say.  
 What were her thoughts I'm unco sure  
 I'll no attempt to tell ;  
 But I am unco sure o' this,  
 She ance was young hersel'.

*October.....Opie P. Read....Davenport Weekly Outlook*

De leaf's turned yaller an' de cuckle-burr's brown  
 An' de grass is streaked wid de gray o' age —  
 Natur is er wav'in' twixt er smile and er frown  
 An' de red in de sky puts de bull in er rage.  
 De old woodpecker has hushed up his song  
 An' de old crow scratches whar we thrashed out de wheat,  
 An' de ole bluejay sorter haster hop er long  
 Caze de frost made him stiff in de j'ints o' his feet.  
 De po' ole dove is er mou'nin' ergin  
 An' it pear mighty like dat her heart is gwin'er break,  
 An' it makes de yaller-hammer sorter nod his head an' grin.—  
 Ah, Lawd er massy, dat bird he is er rake.  
 De soft win' comes like de sighin' o' er child  
 An' scatters dead leaves o'er de graves on de hill,  
 An' de eyes o' de rabbit look strange an' wild  
 As he hops 'mong de rocks by de moss-covered mill.  
 I strolls in de woods w'en de ebenin's come  
 An' listens to der music o' de trees dat wave,  
 An' mer heart beats low like er muffled up drum  
 As I kneel by de side o' er little boy's grave.  
 We laid him ter slum'er w'en de grass was gray  
 An' de leaves had blushed at de gaze o' de sun ;  
 W'en natur had got down on her knees fur ter pray —  
 W'en er dead cricket lay whar er spider had spun.

## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

### MIRACLES OF ELECTRO-HORTICULTURE

SCIENCE'S SUBSTITUTE FOR SUNLIGHT.....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Probably the most interesting of the many miracles which scientific men are learning to perform by aid of electricity is the artificial growth of plants, technically known as electroculture or electro-horticulture. This is as yet a new science and little has been told the public concerning it. Interesting experiments in these lines are now being carried on at several of the experiment stations of the Department of Agriculture.

East Indian jugglers have excited the curiosity of the world by their miraculous creations of certain plants, which they cause to spring up from seeds in a few seconds. Whether these adepts are conversant with the stimulating effects of electricity upon vegetable life, and whether they use the electric fluid in these tricks is yet to be solved. It is, however, a fact that agricultural experts in this country are growing plants much more rapidly than nature herself, although no lightning-flash jugglers have yet been accomplished.

The agricultural experiment stations are testing several distinct systems of electroculture. One of these is the direct application of electricity, furnished by a dynamo, to the plant itself and to the soil in which it grows. Another is the distribution of atmospheric electricity among the plants by a similar method. Still other tests are being made with both arc and incandescent electric lights, for supplying sunlight, so to speak, at night. The first mentioned experiments are being carried on by Professor C. D. Warner of the experiment station at Amherst, Mass. Professor Warner has prepared two plots of ground, side by side, each six by twenty feet long. To compare plants grown by electric aid with those raised according to natural methods, one of the experimental gardens is furnished with and the other without electricity. The soil is of a rich loam, and that of the electric garden is surrounded with a timber frame on which are arranged numerous porcelain insulators, a few inches apart, holding a continuous uncovered copper wire. This copper wire crosses the garden as many times as there are insulators on either side. The whole framework thus fitted looks like the string frame of a large piano. The wires are covered with earth to the depth of two inches, and in both gardens various vegetables have been planted from time to time. These plants were so arranged that the rows in the electric garden were continuations of those of the non-electric, in order that the contrast of development might be more easily noted. The wires are all fed from a small building, containing the necessary machinery. After applying currents of various strengths it was found that a certain flow of electricity through the electric garden produced strange results. Many varieties of seeds sprouted much more rapidly and plants blossomed much earlier than in the other. Roots of certain vegetables and the tops of others were found to be greatly enlarged under this process. In fact all plants were found to be stimulated by a current of a certain strength. The physiological effect of

the electricity upon plants, although not yet definitely understood, is probably similar to that experienced by the human anatomy or by the animal tissues. Electricity is applied to paralytics because it stimulates the nerves and muscles, just as does exercise. A strong current is used to remove superfluous hair, while, according to latest reports, a milder current will produce hair on bald heads, for instance. In the same way an electric current too strong will destroy plant life, while a milder one enhances its growth. There is also the theory that electricity produces a chemical effect upon the soil or the surrounding atmosphere, rather than a direct effect upon plants.

The chief criticism against the practicability of these experiments is that the extra expense of running a dynamo will more than cover the money saved by rapid development of crops, unless the farmer works a very large reservation. In the Utah experiment station, however, experiments are being made with a view to provide against this objection. To a pole twenty or more feet high has been attached a long wire, terminating in a copper brush. The wire is connected with a grating beneath the ground, similar to that used in the former experiments. The electricity which always pervades the atmosphere, even on clear days of summer, was found sufficient to stimulate the growth of certain vegetables. Speaking of atmospheric electricity, it might be mentioned that several meteorologists at Blue Hill Observatory, Mass., not long ago repeated Franklin's kite experiment, using a long kite string wound with a fine copper wire. The kite was sent up two hundred feet on a fair day when there were no clouds in the sky, and an electrometer fastened to the end of the kite string registered more than five hundred volts. The higher the kite went the greater the number of volts, and vice versa. All this goes to show how much electricity is continually over our heads, ready for use if men can gather it.

In order to feed his electric gardens the farmer will merely have to put up a sufficient number of high poles throughout his field, each holding up a brush of copper wire for gathering the current from the air. The higher and more numerous the poles, the stronger will be the current. In case a thunder shower should come up and his crops should be endangered by an over supply of electric stimulant, he might break the connection, and wait until the storm blows over.

At the Ithaca, N. Y., experiment station, Professor Bailey, by aid of electric lights burned all night in greenhouses, makes plant life work "over time"—that is he forces it to do both day work and night work without a moment of "sleep." Sunlight as well as atmosphere and water is necessary for a plant's development. The electric light resembles sunlight in its composition more than does any other artificial light. It is the common theory that plants grow mostly at night, making use of the air, water, sunlight and other materials which they have received during the day, when the sun is shining. It is generally believed therefore that they

need rest just as animals need rest, for the building up of the tissues worn out during the day. Professor Bailey, however, does not believe that plants need rest in the same sense that animals do. Plants have simply acquired the habit of gathering nourishment and using it at different times, because nature has divided the day into light and darkness, and because it is better to "make hay while the sun shines," and to use it at night when there is nothing else to do. There appears to Professor Bailey to be no reason why plants cannot grow in full light. In the arctic regions, where the year is divided into one long day and one long night, plants grow continuously, as conditions require. Now if electric light enables plants to acquire stimulation during the night, and does not interfere with growth, it will cause them to grow to a greater size.

Artificial lights are found to produce much the same effect upon plants as does sunlight, only in a smaller degree. If a ray from an electric arc light be thrown through a prism it will separate into various colors, as will a ray of sunlight. The arc light contains more violet rays than sunlight, but has less orange rays, which latter are very valuable to plants. By using an amber globe over the arc light, therefore, its rays become more like sunlight. Professor Bailey has experimented both with a naked arc light and with one covered with a globe. He hung the uncovered arc light, of 2000 candle power, inside his greenhouse, burning it all night. He found that the plants matured earlier than others in a greenhouse lighted only by the sun. The nearer the plants were to the light, the faster was their growth. Most of them, however, ran to seed before edible leaves were formed, and were smaller and curled. The arc light was found to have a peculiarly attractive influence. Some plants were found each morning to lean toward it at an angle of 45°. During the day they would straighten up, but they bent toward the light again at night. Lettuce was greatly benefited by the uncovered light, even when exposed to it only one half of the night. Three weeks after planting heads of equal age both in the electrically lighted house and that receiving only sunlight, those in the former were found to be double the size of the latter. The colors of tulips were also affected by the naked light. They became deeper and richer in shade, but lost their intensity after four or five days. Petunias grew much taller and more slender and blossomed earlier and more profusely.

A plain globe or a piece of transparent glass was found, however, to greatly improve the influences of the arc light. Experiments were tried with a globed light hung above the glass roof of the greenhouse, it being arranged that only one-half of the building might receive the light at night. The plants in the lighted apartment were found to be far superior to those in the darkened one. A bed of one hundred violet plants was set in the lighted compartment, half of the bed being covered each night with a black enameled-cloth box, provided with ventilation. In three weeks those receiving the electric light every night began to bloom while those receiving only the sunlight did not bear a bud for five weeks. With reference to the fact that the arc light was found to have injurious results, Professor Bailey finds that this effect ceases at certain

distances, varying with different plants. Panes of glass have been placed in front of certain plants, so as to cover them only half. After a slight growth the parts of the leaves receiving the uncovered light will show a clear boundary line outside of which the leaves are much healthier. The lives of certain plants are so much hastened by bare electric lights that they cannot supply themselves fast enough with food, such as water, for instance. By removing them to a greater distance a certain point will be found where water may be supplied fast enough to meet the requirements. Professor Bailey believes that if grown under electric lights for several generations, plants will adapt themselves to hastened growth, just as they have become used to greenhouse life in winter.

While Professor Bailey is continuing his experiments with the arc light similar investigations are being made with the incandescent lamp at the West Virginia experiment station, under Professor F. W. Rane. Professor Rane prefers the incandescent lamp because it is cheaper, consumes less power, and is not so bulky. Rane is meeting with much the same results as noticed by Professor Bailey. He finds that the stronger he makes the candle-power, the more marked are the increases in growth.

After learning these wonderful results from experiments as yet in embryo, it would seem that we may yet see the day when there will be many harvestings on a farm each summer. The modern farmer will erect lines of high poles throughout his fields, supporting not only mechanisms for gathering the atmospheric electricity, but also immense electric lights for supplying sunshine by night. Who can say but that forests will some day be made to grow up from seeds in but a few months, or that the builders of new houses may not grow shade trees about their homes in that time? Florists will then be able to manufacture natural flowers in less time than it now takes to plant them—all by harnessing the lightning of the heavens—for all atmospheric electricity is lightning—and by creating a substitute for the sun. And if plants can thus be domesticated by electricity, why can't the next step be its application to domesticated animals? 'Tis difficult to imagine that a calf might be grown to a milch cow, a colt to a strong horse or a newly hatched chicken to a laying hen, merely by placing them in incubators for a few hours. All of this seems more probable now than did electroculture of plants a generation ago.

#### THE VEGETABLE FISHERMAN AT WORK

J. OLIVER NUGENT.....LESLIE'S WEEKLY

There are many persons, perhaps, who have heard of plants that catch insects, but comparatively few, I imagine, know anything about the vegetable fisherman here described. It is an innocent-looking plant, that bears a pretty flower. No one would for a moment imagine its real character. This plant is found in most of our fresh-water ponds, and is known as the bladder-wort or *Utricularia*. In the early part of the season this plant lies at the bottom of the water and resembles a mass of fibres; but later on, when the period of flowering arrives, the vesicles absorb the mucus which filled them and replace it with an aëriiform fluid. Then the plant, having become much lighter than the water, escapes from the

bottom and rises to the surface, where it floats and where its beautiful golden-yellow flowers are expanded and fecundated. It is a magnificent sight to see this rootless plant, floating half in and half out of the water, the branching and stem-like leaves forming the submerged float from which rises the flower-stem. To the leaves are attached curious insect-like bladders filled with water, and varying in size in the different species, reaching at times a diameter of one-fifth of an inch. It was formerly supposed that these bladders were filled with air and acted as floats, but this is not so. In place of air these bladders contain water; they are the digestive organs of the Utricularia, and at the same time are so constructed as to form a very ingenious but extremely simple trap for catching food. It is into these bladders that many tiny fish find their unwitting way, together with many insects. The bladder is somewhat of a pear shape, with an opening at the small end. Around the mouth are antennæ-like projections or bristles, which are for the purpose of warding off and keeping out insects of too great size. The mouth is closed by a valve which yields readily to light pressure, but offers an immovable barrier to the once-captured creature. The valve is a thin and transparent plate, and by means of the water behind it is made to stand out as a bright spot, which many naturalists think attracts prey. Some of the insectivorous plants, on catching their prey, at once pour out a digestive fluid analogous to the gastric juice of the human stomach, but with the Utricularia this is not the case. The fish or other food when caught in the bladder are merely captives, and swim about in their confined quarters with eager activity in their endeavor to find an outlet, until asphyxia for lack of oxygen comes on. Even now the plant makes no effort to digest the animal food, but waits patiently until decay takes place and the animal matter is by putrefaction resolved into fluids which the numerous papillæ lining the bladder can absorb.

#### POSSIBILITIES OF THE PEANUT

"GOOBERS" FROM DIXIE.....BOSTON HERALD

But little is known of the peanut outside of localities in which it is grown, and even where it is most largely grown its possibilities are, for the most part, not at all realized, and it is not by any means made to yield the highest results it is capable of. Taking into account all its sources of value, the peanut ought to be one of the most profitable of the general farm crops in the South.

The following facts about it are in the main condensed from a bulletin of the United States department of agriculture, prepared by R. B. Handy of the office of experiment stations.

The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 4,000,000 bushels of 22 pounds, the bulk of the crop being produced in Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina. These 4,000,000 bushels, while fully supplying the present demand of the United States, constitute but a small part of the peanut crop of the world, as the exportation from Africa and India to Europe in 1892 amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds, of which 222,000,000 pounds went to Marseilles for conversion into oil.

The largest part of the American crop is sold by street venders, but small amounts are used by con-

fectioners, chocolate manufacturers and for the manufacture of oil. Peanut oil is used for lubricating and soap making, and is a good substitute for olive oil for salads and other culinary purposes, and as a substitute for lard and cottoleene and butter in cooking. The residue from oil making, known as "peanut cake," is a highly valued cattle food in the countries of Europe, and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food. It makes good soup, griddle cakes, muffins, etc., and is one of the most nutritive of foods. The vines, when dried, become a very nutritive hay, readily eaten by stock, though requiring care in the feeding lest it produce colic.

The Virginia running variety of the peanut, being most widely known and most popular with the trade, may be taken as the typical American peanut. Its vines are large, with spreading branches, growing flat on the ground and bearing pods over almost their entire length. The pods are large and white, weighing about 22 pounds to the bushel.

The Virginia bunch variety grows erect and fruits near the taproot, but produces pods very closely resembling those above described.

There are two varieties in Tennessee, the red and white, the white closely resembling the Virginia running variety and the red producing somewhat smaller pods with kernels having a dark red skin. This variety matures earlier than the white, yields fewer pops, or imperfect pods, has a less spreading habit, and, on account of this difference in growth, is perhaps somewhat more easily cultivated.

The North Carolina (or African) variety grown in the Wilmington section of the state has much smaller pods than these just described, weighing 28 pounds to the bushel, the kernels containing more oil than those of other varieties.

The Spanish variety has a relatively small, upright vine, forms small pods near the taproot, and can be planted much closer together than any of the others, thus producing a very heavy crop to the acre.

The North Louisiana station found the Spanish a desirable variety, easily harvested, all of the peas adhering to the vine. It required a much shorter period to mature, and planted as late as July 1 matured a full crop in that latitude before frost. The pods filled out well, forming few if any pops.

The Georgia red nut, like the similar variety in Tennessee, has medium-sized vines growing up from the ground and fruiting principally near the taproot, with three or four kernels to the pod.

These comprise all the varieties cultivated in this country. The peanut of India and Africa resembles the North Carolina variety in size, and is raised principally for the oil which is contained in its kernels.

In describing the uses of peanuts it is scarcely necessary to more than refer to the use to which fully three-fourths of the American-raised crop is devoted. The nut is sorted in the factory into four grades, the first, second and third being sold to vendors of the roasted peanut, either directly or through jobbing through a seller, the fourth to confectioners to be used in the making of "burnt almonds," peanut candy and cheaper grades of chocolates. The extent of the use of the peanut by the American people will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that they use 4,000,000 bushels of nuts

yearly (at a cost to the consumers of \$10,000,000), which do not form a part of the regular articles of food, but are eaten at odd times.

The nut is used by the planter as a fattener for his hogs. The planter also makes use of the vine under the name of peanut hay, which is carefully saved and fed to all kinds of live stock, furnishing the best and cheapest hay to be found in the peanut section.

Millions of bushels are being used in the countries of the old world for the production of oil, in which the nuts are very rich. This oil is regarded as equal to olive oil, and may be employed for every purpose to which that is applied. This oil forms from 30 to 50 per cent (by weight) of the shelled nut; it has an agreeable taste and smell, and is more limpid than olive oil, which it very much resembles. Examinations of peanut oil manufactured in Tennessee show it to be very similar in character to cottonseed oil and olive oil. It is sweet, palatable and clear, and in fact great quantities are used, unknown to the consumer, instead of olive oil.

In India, Europe, Brazil and this country it is used medicinally in the place of olive oil, and it is also employed by manufacturers as a substitute for the latter in fulling cloth. As a lighting fluid it lasts a long time, but does not give as clear a light as other burning oils. It is a durable, nondrying oil of a light straw color, and it is for its oil that the nut is imported into Europe, many gallons being used in the manufacture of soap as a lubricant in machine shops.

The most important secondary product of peanut oil manufacture is the oil cake or meal which remains after the oil has been extracted by pressure. This sells for from \$30 to \$33 per ton in Germany, where it is used for feeding cattle and sheep. After all the oil which can be expressed has been secured there still remains considerable fatty matter in the cake, which, together with its other contents, makes a most valuable animal food.

Although the experiment made with peanut meal and biscuits as food for the German army was not so successful as to induce the authorities to adopt it as a part of the rations, still analysis has shown conclusively that it is a most nourishing food for man, and as compared with other well known forms of vegetable and animal food it has a high nutritive value.

During the years between 1861 and 1865, peanut oil was manufactured by at least four mills in the southern states, and used as a lubricant by railroads for locomotives, by wool and cotton spinners for their spindles, and by housewives instead of lard as shortening in bread and pastry. The cake was eaten by many living in the vicinity of the mills, and was very highly spoken of by those who used it, as a palatable and nutritious food for man.

#### SHADDOCK AND GRAPE FRUIT

D. MORRIS.....SATURDAY REVIEW

The pumelow of India, one of the giant members of the orange tribe, is well known to people who have lived in the east. Some very large specimens have been known to attain a circumference of more than two feet, and to weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds. Generally, pumelows are not held in high esteem in India and Ceylon, except by those who have lived long there, and know how to select the

best sorts by their size and color. The best Bombay pumelows are said to be exceptionally good. They have a pink pulp of a juicy character, sweet in flavor, with a slight but agreeable bitter taste. The first pumelows were brought to the West Indies by Captain Shaddock about one hundred and fifty years ago. Since that time the fruit has always been known in that part of the world as the shaddock, in compliment to the person who introduced it. Owing to the circumstances of soil and climate, and to the raising of plants almost exclusively by seed, many varieties have sprung up that have become recognized by distinct names. Of the larger fruits, the pumelow or shaddock proper, there are two well-marked forms; the first is the apple-shaped shaddock, usually with a whitish or pale pink pulp. The other is a pair-shaped fruit, with a pink, and sometimes a deep crimson, pulp. Both these are large fruits, weighing from three to six pounds; they have the characteristic pale yellow skin, and inside there is a white pithy layer more or less thick; then comes the pulp with the vesicles or juice-bags very prominent; indeed, the latter are so distinct that they can be easily separated the one from the other. The bitter flavor is very marked in the inferior sorts; in some instances it becomes quite acrid. The best sorts have a sweetish flavor and only a slight taste of bitter. Of the smaller fruits, to which Macfayden has given the name of Paradise fruits, there are in the West Indies two well-marked forms. The apple-shaped fruits are known as the Forbidden fruit, while pear-shaped sorts are known as Barbadoes Grape fruit. Both these are very attractive looking fruits; they have a pale yellow skin, usually very thin, are soft and silky to the touch, while the pulp is sweet and refreshing. The slightly bitter flavor is regarded as giving them tonic properties of great value in dyspepsia and allied ailments.

During the last fifteen years the Paradise fruits, generally known as Grape fruit, have been in great demand in the United States. They have been very strongly recommended by the medical faculty, and in consequence their use has become an important feature in the diet of a large number of the American people. The consumption of them has increased by leaps and bounds, and every year for the past few years it has more than doubled. Two barrels of small-sized Grape fruit realized the extraordinary price of \$25 each in New York, and seven barrels of similar fruit were sold in Philadelphia for \$25.50 each. Such fruit would retail at more than a dollar apiece. This is probably the highest price ever paid for specimens of the orange tribe. It shows very clearly how keen is the demand for Grape fruit, and what importance is attached to it as a refreshing and healthful adjunct to the food supply of the United States. Moreover the fact is America, especially since the destructive frosts in Florida, has now absorbed almost the whole supply from the West Indies. Sooner or later, however, English people will realize the special merits of the Grape fruit, and a demand will arise for it, to the possible advantage of those West India islands which are in a position to supply it. It would be well, therefore, for the people in that part of the world to establish small orchards of Grape fruit trees of the best quality, and to prepare to ship the fruit in such a condition that they may get the best price for it.

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Dr. Georg Ebers, the novelist and Egyptologist, writes to a friend in Chicago, denying the recent report that he had become a Buddhist. "I have not become a Buddhist," he says. "I remain a Christian to the end, and also educate my children as Christians. I teach them to love the Holy One as earnestly as mother taught these truths to me."

One of the most prolific authors of short stories in England is Mr. Pett Ridge, who, in the brief five years he has been writing them, has produced two hundred and fifty, besides a countless number of sketches and dialogues. Mr. Pett Ridge is thirty-five years old. He is an employee, on a small salary, of the municipality of London, and this gave him his entire support until he went into journalism.

It has been said by a friend of Thomas Hardy that Jude, the hero of his famous book, is, in some directions, a portrait of the author—not in the story of his career, of course, but in divers characteristics, and especially in some of his dislikes. Mr. Hardy's latest work is a short story written in collaboration with Mrs. Henniker Heaton, Lord Houghton's daughter. The Spectre of the Real is its title, and Roberts Brothers are its publishers in this country.

Mr. Thomas Wright has written to the London Daily Chronicle that the last descendant of Daniel Defoe has recently died, at the age of twenty-two. He gives the following genealogical table: Daniel Defoe (died 1731)—Daniel—Samuel (died 1783)—James (died 1856)—James William (aged seventy-five, still living at Bishops Stortford)—Daniel (James William's only son, died at San Francisco a few days ago).

It is said that J. H. Shorthouse, author of John Inglesant, kept the manuscript of that book in a glass case for twenty years, now and then reading it to his friends. London publishers heard of the book and induced him to permit its publication.

A new edition of Frankenstein is coming out in a few months, the volume being printed with illustrations. No intimation is given as to whom the illustrator will be.

The venerable Aubrey de Vere is one of the very few men now living who talked with Wordsworth, and from him Wordsworth first heard Tennyson's lines, "Of old sat Freedom on the heights." Though not an ungrudging admirer of contemporary talent, Wordsworth allowed that the lines were "stately."

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts is busily engaged upon a novel of Acadian life, *The Forge in the Forest*. His new volume of poems, *The Book of the Native*, is to be published immediately.

Edna Lyall's Autobiography of a Slander is to have a companion by the same writer, entitled *The Autobiography of a Truth*. The book is to deal with the Armenian difficulties.

John H. Boner, whose poetical work has been done at the same time that he has occupied an editorial chair, has for a time at least abandoned the

latter. He has resigned his post as associate editor of the Literary Digest.

A Christiania paper says that Ibsen has just commenced to write a new drama. He expects to have the play ready, not only in the original, but in German, English, and French translations, in December. He has just entered his sixty-ninth year, and enjoys the perfect health peculiar to literary men who do not overwork or dissipate.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) has just returned from England. She brought with her a manuscript novel of English life, which will appear in book form soon. Her serial story now running in the Atlantic Monthly will conclude in the November number of that magazine.

Mascagni, the composer of the famous intermezzo, will print a volume of poems this winter.

William Lindsey, from whose clever Cinder-Path Tales, just issued by Copeland & Day, we give a selected reading on page 366 of this number, is a practical athlete himself, a member of the Boston Athletic Association. He has the management of its cricket eleven, and is one of the most successful and distinguished exponents of the game in this country.

The quatrain, King and Beggar, which we quote on page 295 of this issue, is from the pen of Clarence Hawkes, a young man who has been blind since early youth, yet he depicts the scenes about him with vivid color. The major portion of his volume, Pebbles and Shells, published by the author at Hadley, Mass., is given up to descriptions of nature's beauties and changing moods.

Ouida, after the enforced sale of her beautiful furniture by the authorities of the United Italy which she so hates and reviles, has retired to a villa in the environs of Lucca, where she is concentrating all her bitterness against Italy in a three-volume novel.

Alphonse Daudet is a Southerner, and the cold winds of Paris annoy him greatly. In his study in his house in the Faubourg St. Germain a large fire is burning even when the weather is comparatively warm. Daudet is unable to work unless the temperature of the room is to his liking.

Ian Maclaren says that every man who will not work should be compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet.

Mrs. K. M. C. Meredith is a member of the Cheever family, which has a distinguished line of descent in this country and in England. Her father is Henry Martin Cheever, of Detroit. About five years ago she began to write poems, short stories, and sketches, which found immediate acceptance with Life, other weekly papers, and with magazines. Her first long story, *Drumsticks*, was received with much favor. In *Green Gates* which gives a brilliant picture of Long Island country house and New York social life, the author suggests the tragedy of a sensible man's misplaced infatua-

tion. Mrs. Meredith's home, near Cedarhurst, Long Island, is in a delightful old house full of historic and romantic memories, which is situated in the centre of the hunting district.

Mr. Andrew Lang's Christmas book this year will be *The Animal Story Book*, the illustrations for which will be drawn by Mr. H. J. Ford. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it.

The death of Charles Dickens, the younger, which was announced some weeks ago, has been followed by that of his sister, Miss Mary Dickens.

The edition of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, illustrated by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, brought out in London by Mr. Leonard Smithers, is published in this country by J. B. Lippincott Co.

It is said that Zola intends dramatizing Rome, his last published novel.

Jonas Lie, the Norwegian novelist, was born at Eker, Norway, in 1833. His work in fiction has become widely known and admired of late. Among his own countrymen his novels have long been extremely popular. Lie has lived much in Paris, and his work shows the influence that Zola has exercised over the Norwegian.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who is dramatizing her novel, *A Bow of Orange Ribbon*, for an American manager, is a Lanarkshire woman. She was born at Uddingston, sixty-five years ago, and educated in Glasgow. At the age of nineteen she married a Mr. Robert Barr, and four years later they went to the States, settling down in Texas. In 1867 her husband and three sons died of yellow fever. Two years after this tragic family episode Mrs. Barr went to New York, where she first taught school and then tried literature. She has published several successful books, some of them dealing with Scottish life and character.

Miss Louise Stockton, whose article on *The Treatment of The Plot* we copy from *The Critic*, in this number of *Current Literature*, is a sister of Frank R. Stockton, the noted story-writer.

Sara Jeannette Duncan, now Mrs. Cotes, who jumped into fame with *A Social Departure*, and whose later novels have given her a reputation abroad, is a Canadian girl, the daughter of a village shopkeeper. She had a varied and not wholly successful career as a newspaper reporter before she discovered her literary bent, and as such she was for a time in the service of a Washington journal. Mrs. Cotes is now about thirty-six. She is an accomplished traveller and is clever as an etcher.

Mr. George Horton, the United States Consul at Athens, has written a historical story of Greece, entitled *Constantine*, which Mr. Unwin is to publish.

Hieronymus Lorm, the well-known German author, celebrated on August 9th his 75th birthday and fiftieth anniversary as a writer. He resides at Brunn and enjoys full physical and mental vigor. His real name is Dr. Heinrich Landesmann.

Mary French Field, eldest daughter of the late Eugene Field, is preparing herself to carry on the platform work of her father, and will make her débüt as a public reader early this month. It was an oft-expressed wish of Mr. Field that his

daughter should read from his writings, and he was planning shortly before his death to have her go out with him in his platform work. She will probably give her first reading in Cincinnati.

It is reported that Miss Beatrice Harraden is again suffering from ill health, and must rest completely.

Laureate Austin never reads the papers and knows nothing of the criticism heaped upon him.

Theodore de Banville is represented in the statue sculptured by Coulon—which is to be erected in the delightful square opposite the railway station at Moulins, birthplace of the poet of *Les Cariatides*—seated in an armchair in his dressing gown and wearing the black silk cap which made him look like Pierrot.

The Southern Literary Society, a society having in view the founding of a library for the collection and preservation of Southern writing, was formed recently at Atlanta, Georgia. Every Southern state is to have an association for collecting the literature of its own section; and the different state associations are to be unified in their aim and work, with reference to the library building at the headquarters of the society in Atlanta.

Thackeray made a humorous protest which has been echoed by all great men since, against the social miseries entailed on famous men: Why might they not leave behind them their professions when they went into society? "If you ask Blondin to tea," he said, "you don't have a rope stretched from your garret window to the opposite side of the square and request monsieur to take his tea on the centre of the rope."

Dr. Conan Doyle recently confessed to the London Authors' Club that he began to write to get a little money to pay his bills. For ten years nearly all his manuscript came back to him almost by return post. His first profitable article was for a trade paper. Dr. Doyle is now thirty-seven years old. The choicest moment of his life, he said, was when Thackeray patted him on the head, a boy of five years, and praised him.

The first part of George du Maurier's forthcoming novel, *The Martian*, appears in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, with the author's own illustrations.

It is proposed to erect in Paris a monument of Paul Verlaine. A bust by Niederhäusern is to be placed in the Luxembourg Gardens, near the statue of Henri Murger. The money is to be raised by international subscription. Stéphane Mallarmé is president of the committee and the Chap-Book has been appointed to receive subscriptions in America.

Marion Crawford's new story *A Rose of Yesterday*, will begin in the November number of the *Century Magazine* and will run for six months.

The Westminster Budget chronicled the fact recently that Miss Marie Corelli was entertaining a party of lady grouse-shooters at Killiecrankie, Perthshire. One of her guests was Miss Chandos Pole. They were all said to be having "good sport."

## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

**The Modern Reader's Bible.** The purpose of this series has regard to the Bible as part of the world's literature, without reference to questions of religious or historic criticism. It is based upon the belief "that the natural interest of sacred literature is considerably impaired by the form in which the Bible is usually read. The division into chapters and verses was made at a time when the literary significance of scripture was not much considered. Moreover, the proper arrangement of the printed page, which to a modern reader has by familiarity become essential and which is adopted as a matter of course in a modern edition of a Greek or Roman classic, has never been applied to our Bibles. Such arrangement includes the distinction between prose and verse; in verse passages the indication to the eye of different metrical forms; the insertion of the names of speakers in dialogue; the assignment of titles to such compositions as discourses and essays." Each number of the series will be issued as a separate volume, edited, with an introduction, by Dr. Richard G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

**Human Progress: What Can Man Do to Further It?** By Thomas S. Blair, A. M. (Harvard). The author, starting out to discover a working hypothesis which shall rightly answer the question, "What can man do to further man's progress?" and perceiving that the methods of the philosopher have proved inadequate, adopts experimentally the methods of the business man. The results are so surprising that he is led on, step by step, from one point of view to another that comes in sight with each remove, until his original self-prescribed limitations of inquiry are far over-passed, and research is arrested only upon the solution of the ultimate problem in the series, to wit, the nature and limitations of human knowledge; each successive step being marked by the formulation of a new hypothesis, which would seem to systematize into one comprehensive generalization all of the related phenomena of human experience. (W. R. Jenkins, New York.)

**The Diary of Samuel Pepys.** Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. The seventh volume of Pepys' diary covers a period extending from July, 1667, to May, 1668, and ends the fifth volume of the original manuscript. No great events are chronicled during this time by the laborious and painstaking Mr. Pepys, for, while in the earlier part of this volume he notes that the guns of the Dutch fleet are still to be heard from near Gravesend, they soon are silent and a temporary peace is patched up, as usual, greatly to the disadvantage of England. As shown in the earlier volumes, Pepys changes little as time goes on, concealing nothing and continuing to write himself down the same strange combination of wise man, knave and fool. In his dealings with his fellowmen, Mr. Pepys is sufficiently amazing, but when it comes to the fair sex, this old-time secretary of the British Navy is simply impossible. Even the very ordinary transaction of buying a book cannot be gone through with without stealing a kiss from the bookseller's wife; and as a faithful attendant at church, he, in the same entry in his diary, records the fact that the sermon was most able and his own attempts to annoy and insult a young girl who undauntedly repels his advances with a pin. So closely interwoven is the good and bad in Pepys' character, that even in the conduct of his office, the dual nature clearly appears, for while closely criticising and checking the doings of his fellow-officers and watching over the interest of the country with a fidelity almost unexampled during the reign of Charles II., Mr. Pepys' property increases rapidly by means of questionable transactions, over which he quakes with dread lest they see the light of day. Pepys, with his accustomed frankness, relates in this volume

the following incident that clearly shows his extraordinary timidity: One morning at seven o'clock, he is thrown into an agony of terror because of strange noises in his house. After trembling for an hour in bed, he makes sure that the maids are stirring before venturing to rise, and armed with a firebrand, discovers that the wind in his neighbor's chimney is responsible for the grawsome sounds. With the trifling exception of pulling his wife's nose because of a spirited remonstrance on her part, Mr. Pepys at this time adopts the wise policy of silence when his long-suffering spouse flames into a rage of well-founded jealousy, and in spite of his constitutional hatred of any expense not directly for the gratification of his personal pleasures or pride, endeavors to appease her by the purchase of gloves and laces. The editorial work by Henry B. Wheatley is as usual carefully done, and the explanatory notes are abundant and interesting. (Macmillan & Company, cloth, \$1.50.)

**Handbook of Currency and Wealth.** By George B. Waldron, A. M., Statistical Editor of *The Voice*. This book is a veritable arsenal of facts, condensed to small compass. It contains among other things descriptions in full of the money systems of the United States, present and past; the money systems and finances of the world; the relation of gold and silver, as to production, price and wages; wealth and its ownership, including. Its production, distribution and consumption; also the extent of debts of all kinds; facts relative to railroads, telegraphs and telephones, strikes and lockouts, land and population, immigration and foreign born, the liquor traffic and the last vote for president. A carefully prepared index furnishes easy access to any fact covered in this volume, which is crammed full of the latest reliable information on the great political questions now before the American people for solution. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

**Heather from the Brae. Scottish Character Sketches.** By David Lyall. The new school of Scotch writers, with their fresh, pure, and human pictures of life among the humble classes, has had a most purifying and salutary effect on the fiction of the day. We are tired of literary slumming among the sins and shams of modern society, we are tired of sampling these clever literary charlotte russes, made up of whipped cream of epigram and smartness on a spongy body of superficial observation; these books that are clever — and merely clever. Heather from the Brae belongs to the invigorating Scotch school, it is like an excursion in the invigorating atmosphere of the mountains; we may not want to stay there all the time but we are revivified while we are there. David Lyall has a genre all his own and is in no wise an imitator of Barrie and Crockett. His series of short stories have in them sympathy, pathos, humor and tenderness and a delightful charm which the literary blasé must deeply regret, if he has lost the capacity to enjoy. (Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

**International Bimetallism.** By Francis A. Walker, Ph. D., LL. D. The author has written a work of great value at this time when the political fate of a nation rests upon a money issue. He is an out-and-out bimetallist of the international type, but considers every effort made by this country for itself alone, to rehabilitate silver as prejudicial equally to our own national interests and to the cause of true international bimetallism. "For us to throw ourselves alone into the breach," says Dr. Walker, "simply because we think silver ought not to have been demonetized and ought now to be restored is a piece of Quixotism unworthy the sound practical sense of our people. The remedy for the wrong must be sought in the concerted action of the civilized States, under the increasing conviction of the impolicy of basing

the world's trade on a single money metal. The demonetization of silver was a work of ill advice. Let its restoration be a work of good advice. Let us await the time to act with effect and not forfeit our present remarkable success and imperil resumption by measures which can do no lasting good to the cause of silver and may do much harm to ourselves." The book meets the subject fairly and squarely and at a political crisis in our history when its plain common-sense is sorely needed. (Henry Holt & Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

*Patmos, or The Unveiling.* By Rev. Charles Beecher. It is the Book of Revelation that Mr. Beecher seeks to unveil and interpret, studying the references in the light of history and giving with pure, clear, spiritual insight the deeper meaning of the allusions. There is beauty in his descriptions and a graphic force to his pictures. The symbolism of this wonderful Biblical book is explained by a wealth of deep reading and thinking. The separate chapters seem to be sermons or lectures arranged to form a complete series. (Lee & Shepard, cloth, \$1.50.)

*How Women Love and Other Tales.* By Max Nordau. The standpoint of these five stories can be understood by referring to the sub-title of the volume which terms them "soul analysis." There are Justice or Revenge, Prince and Peasant, The Art of Growing Old, How Women Love, A Midsummer Night's Dream. The stories all have strength, they represent a clearly defined idea and though one may disagree absolutely from the writer's philosophy one cannot help finding the stories interesting. The love is played at concert pitch throughout. An excellent portrait of the author is given as a frontispiece. (F. Tennyson Neely, cloth, \$1.25.)

*The Lure of Fame.* By Clive Holland. Into a little village of Norway the narrator wanders, bowed down with the weight of remorse for some secret sin. He soon finds new life and hope in the sweet, natural environments, like the blossoming of a dried and withered resurrection-plant when placed in the revivifying water. He becomes a teacher in the little school and is intensely interested in the growth and development of Hans and Ulrica, two children showing power and refinement in mind far beyond their station. The lure of fame leads Ulrica, whose wondrous genius lies in her voice, beyond the love of Hans the Scholar, whom she scorns and neglects. The story is by the author of *My Japanese Wife* and is told with a singularly pure, natural tone which gives it power and interest. (New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth, \$1.)

*The Art of Living Long and Happily.* By Henry Hardwicke. In a pleasant optimistic way the author presents his case. He believes that happiness can be acquired just as surely as can muscular development; the two methods are different, of course, yet both are possible. He has divided his thought into eight phases treated in as many chapters. Happiness Should Be Systematically Pursued; Happiness Derived from Books; Cheerfulness; Pleasures of Duty; Tranquility of Mind; Competence; Acquiring and Preserving Health; and The Lives of Centenarians. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.)

*The Provost and The Last of the Lairds.* By John Galt. In this latest volume of Roberts Brothers' delightful series of the rambling reminiscences of Scotch village life, Mr. Galt covers much the same ground as that of his *Annals of a Parish*. So much does it resemble the older book that one feels he is thrashing his old straw. It is as if he used the same stage setting and scenery, with but slightly different cast for a play on the same general theme. S. R. Crockett in his appreciative introduction says of it: "If Galt's critics did not assure him when he produced *The Provost* that he was in considerable danger of writing himself out, they were untrue to the ancient traditions of their calling. Scott

was warned that he was exhausting himself as soon as he had published his second novel. And assuredly *The Provost* is much more like a repetition of *The Annals of a Parish* than Guy Manning is like *Waverley*." Despite this Mr. Crockett shows the many excellent points of the story. He particularly praises *The Last of the Lairds*, which Mr. Galt himself did not like, for its two great merits, its admirable description of old-fashioned things and old-fashioned people and the intimate knowledge the author gives of his favorite characters. (Roberts Brothers, 2 volumes, illustrated, \$2.50.)

*In the Path of Light around the World. A Missionary Tour.* By Rev. Thomas H. Stacy. The author has recorded in a simple, direct way, with no attempt at fine writing, the incidents of his trip round the world. He describes what he saw in Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, England and France, dealing with special stress on the missions of Bengal and Orissa which were established nearly three quarters of a century ago and whose work has not been presented to the world in this form before. The beautiful illustrations in the volume were nearly all gathered by the author in his travels, many were from photographs taken by him or from original sketches. While the work is not great in any way it shows conscientious observation and thought, a kindly spirit, and the collecting of valuable facts. The index is carefully made and makes the material readily accessible. (Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth, illustrated.)

*In a Dike Shanty.* By Maria Louise Pool. This real story of country life and character seen at short range and put down in sentences sharp, clever and sympathetic, is one of the delightful books of recent publication. The heroines, two New England women, accept ninety-five acres of dike land near Marshfield, Massachusetts, as the best they can get on a bad debt. Dike land, be it known, is land reclaimed from the ocean by building dikes. From what the neighbors said of it, it would seem that even the ocean was glad to get rid of it. The people in the neighborhood thought that instead of being equivalent for a debt it was "a darned sight worse than nothing." Despite this the two women entered into possession, became part and parcel of the life there, entered into the knowledge of "Mar. Baker's 'idget'"; heard stories of Mr. Peake's drinking spells, euphemistically termed "attacks of nerves"; listened to July Burno, the Boswell of her deceased husband's vices and virtues, and studied the other quaint characters in the village life. The book is clever, sympathetic and worth reading. (Stone & Kimball, cloth, \$1.25.)

*Alone with God.* By Rev. David Mitchell. A series of sermons, direct, simple and practical, touching with clearness and force many questions closely related to the individual in his life from day to day. They comprise *Alone with God*, *Children Dying in Infancy*, *Christ the Truth*, *The Bible and Higher Critics*, *Holiday or Holy Day—Which?* *The Transfiguration*, *A Telling Principle*, *Too Many Churches*, *The Value of Tears*, *Marriage*, *The Christian Race*, *Our Glorious Fourth*, *Saturday Half-Holiday*, and *Learning by Experience*. The work is issued as a memorial of the author's ten years' pastorate of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of Jersey City, N. J. These brief and timely sermons will be helpful to many who need his direct common-sense presentation of questions of to-day and of all time. (Albert Datz, Jersey City, N. J.)

*Renaissance Fancies and Studies. Being a Sequel to Euphorion.* By Vernon Lee. These essays, says Miss Paget, are mainly the outcome of direct personal impressions of certain works of art and literature and of places in which they were produced, and with but little debt of inspiration to authors and books on the same subjects. These four essays on mediæval art are entitled *The Love of the Saints*, *The Imaginative Art of the Renaissance*, *Tuscan Sculpture*, and

A Seeker of Pagan Perfection, being the Life of Demenico Neroni, surnamed Pictor Sacrilegus. The valedictory is a warm and graceful testimony of praise to the memory of Walter Pater. The essays will be appreciated by the limited number of persons who have the classic training and taste necessary to realize the strength and incisiveness of Miss Paget's original views on these subjects. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.)

Tales of the Irish Fairies. By Jeremiah Curtin. What the Grimm Brothers did for Germany Mr. Curtin is doing for Ireland. The two collections already made by him, Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland and Hero Tales of Ireland, are well supplemented by the present volume. It comprises tales of the fairies and of the ghost world collected from oral tradition in Southwest Munster. Mr. Curtin has been remarkably successful in discovering and recording new matter, whilst even in the case of well known stories his variants possess distinct value. The tales are important apart from their interest, as showing the process of adaptation by which tales, old-world and far-traveled, are fitted into a modern local framework, and as raising many interesting questions regarding the Irish peasant's belief in the extra-human and non-divine powers. (Little, Brown & Co., cloth.)

The Young Cascarillero. By Marlton Downing. This attractive volume contains two healthily-exciting stories, well told and well illustrated. The first, by Marlton Downing, is based upon the experiences of a go-ahead American boy in the bark forests of South America. It is suggestive of Captain Mayne Reid in construction and development—and all boys know what that means. The Young Cascarillero is a bark-hunter or cinchona (quinine) gatherer in Ecuador, and his surroundings and experiences afford a stirring story of adventure among Indians, pumas and treacherous cascarilleros, which every boy of spirit will welcome and enjoy. The second story in the book, Colonel Thorndike's Adventures, presents to us a veritable "globe trotter," Colonel Thorndike, sitting in his trophy-filled library and telling his two admiring nephews all about his hairbreadth escapes and strange adventures in every corner of the globe—from his shipwreck on an ice-pack and his escape from beleaguered Paris in a dog-guided balloon, to his tasting the tiger's breath in a jungle, his kidnapping by coolies and his being treed by a rogue elephant in Ceylon. (Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, \$1.)

Aunt Billy. By Alyn Yates Keith, author of *A Spinster's Leaflets*. Readers who are familiar with *A Spinster's Leaflets* and *A Hilltop Summer* will find in these sketches the characteristic qualities of the author's previous work. Aunt Billy, A Wayside Character, A Day of Days, Miss Hetty, are all delightful sketches which seem to bring with them a breath of fresh air from the country, while The Desultory Club discusses in a manner appropriate to its name a variety of topics of special interest to thoughtful women. Uncle Billy, Mehitabel Prince, Dan'l, and the others are all denizens of some New England village with which we are acquainted, but some of us fail to recognize the picturesque side of country life, so full of mingled humor and pathos, unless it is presented with the skill and charm possessed by the author of these interesting sketches. (Lee & Shepard, cloth, \$1.25.)

Jeanne d' Arc. Her Life and Death. By Mrs. Oliphant. An excellent story of the life of the Maid of Orleans for the general reader is this latest biography in the *Heroes of the Nations Series*. Mrs. Oliphant has written with sincere love for her subject and with enthusiasm for her work and influence. Mrs. Oliphant has entered sympathetically into the heart and mind of her heroine and with quick womanly intuition makes Jeanne live again in these pages. She has studied the authorities faithfully, and has used her material

so forcefully that while it has not made the work so important as the recent biographies written by Mark Twain and Mr. Lowell, she has written a biography that is eminently sympathetic and human in its presentation. It may bring Jeanne down from her pedestal of marble, but it enshrines her more closely in our hearts. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, \$1.50.)

The Partners: a Girl's Story. By William O. Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard's name is one to conjure with. He stands at the head of what may be called practical home stories for boys and girls. He says of himself, "For my part I cannot write a book at all until I have actually made the intimate personal acquaintance of the boys and girls who are to figure in it, so that they will grow confidential and tell me how they feel and what they mean to do." Mr. Stoddard's latest book, *The Partners*, is written on just this plan. We all know, after reading it, that Mr. Stoddard talked the whole matter over with Nelly and discovered what a bright, restless, sympathetic, practical and helpful young American girl of her style and surroundings could do. (Lothrop Pub. Co., cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.)

Heroes of Faith. By Burris A. Jenkins, D. B. In order to awaken the interest of Bible readers in the fascination of Greek, the writer has made an exegesis of the celebrated eleventh chapter of Hebrews. This little volume contains twenty lesson-outlines for study and a literal interlinear translation of the whole chapter. On the opposite pages in parallel columns are King James's Version and the Revised Version, while in ample foot-notes are critical studies in the Greek words employed by the writer of this immortal chapter. Then follows a chapter on "The Heroes and Their History," in which we have an outline of Old Testament history. After this come "Geographical Notes," "Notes Introductory to the Epistle," "Bibliography," "An Outline of the Epistle," "Some Biblical Views of Faith," "Hebrews Eleventh as Found in Literature," and in an appendix we have the Greek alphabet and several simple paradigms for the study of nouns, pronouns, and verbs in New Testament Greek. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth, 75 cents.)

Mariposilla. By Mrs. Charles Daggett Stewart. Mariposilla, which by translation is "little butterfly," is the name of the daughter of an old Spanish family in California, broken down in fortune and in spirits. There is a large hotel near the home of Mariposilla, and among the fashionable guests is a heartless, unscrupulous woman named Mrs. Sanderson, and her son. He is a handsome young New Yorker who fascinates Mariposilla, woos her, wins her but does not wed her. He cruelly deserts her for an eastern heiress. The setting and tone of the story is thoroughly Californian, and has apparently been studied at close range. (Rand, McNally & Co., cloth, \$1.25.)

Where the Atlantic Meets the Land. By Caldwell Lispeth. This is the irritatingly vague title of a collection of sixteen short stories of life in Ireland. They recall scenes in the daily doings of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, chronicled from the observations of a sympathetic thinker. There is little elaboration, the incidents are told with simple strength with no attempts at effects. The descriptions of natural scenery, particularly along the seacoast, are all excellent. The Unforgiven Sin is one of the best in the volume. There are more tragedies than comedies in the collection, but this may be because life itself is full of the sombre tints, the light seems to stay but a little, and even carries with it the presage of coming night. The laughing, rollicking Ireland of Lever has become in these tales the serious, purposeful country of human cares and sorrows. (Roberts Brothers, cloth, \$1.)

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS\*

"Now here," said the dealer, "are a job lot of tools from one cent up." "I never contract for convict labor," answered the customer.

"Confound it," exclaimed Jackson, "what a stupid fellow that jeweler is." "How so?" inquired his friend. "Why, I told him the other day to engrave in the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z.' from Arthur to Zenobia, you know, and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet."

She—I have just made myself a present of a new bonnet, and I got something for you too.

He—Good. What was it?

She—The bill.

"Mike," said the superintendent, "there is a dead dog reported in the alley between Illinois and Meridian Streets. I want you to look after its disposition." An hour later the intelligent officer telephoned: "I have inquired about the dog, and find that he had a very savage disposition."

"Can you tell me where I will get the Lancaster Avenue car?" inquired a middle-aged, fussy woman, who was standing in the middle of the car track on Market Street, of a man who was in a great hurry. "Yes, you'll get it right in the middle of your back if you stand there," he replied, and then passed on.

His sharp, ferret-like face grew solemn, and a disappointed look came into his eyes: "I must be on a false scent," he said to himself, feeling for the first time the pangs of disappointment and vexation. "Yes, I am," he continued, and, leaning down, he picked up the counterfeit copper and passed on.

"Rastus, you infernal nigger, you told me that mule was perfectly safe, and when I went into the stable, he nearly kicked the top of my head off." "Yes, sah; I sayed de mewl wuz safe, sah. But ef yo' kin recollect, I didn't say nuffin' about wedder it was safe in his vicinity. Dat mewl is able enough to be safe anywhere."

"Can you lend me \$105?" "That's a singular amount to ask for. What do you want of the odd five?" "I wish to demonstrate my honest intentions by paying to you at once five dollars on account."

"Talking about chickens," said the rural citizen, who habitually exaggerates, "I've got the most remarkable hen in the country."

"A good layer?"

"That's her strong point. Why, sir," he said getting excited as he talked, "that fowl, sir, lays hen's eggs as big as hail stones."

Lady Customer (in china shop)—Do you break these sets?

Dealer—No, madam; the purchasers' servants usually attend to that.

First summer girl—Are you going to that old Christian Endeavor meeting this evening?

Second summer girl—Yes, indeed! Haven't you heard the subject to be discussed?

First summer girl—No; what is it?

Second summer girl—"How to Hold Our Young Men."

Dr. Jalap—Let me see your tongue, please.

Patient—O, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel.

"I found a good bargain in men's shoes to-day," said Jorkins, after he had picked everything on the supper table to pieces.

"You had better luck than I ever had," retorted his wife.

"Well, Uncle Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?" "Pow'ful fine sermon, Marse John." "Where did the preacher take his text?" "Frum dat po'tion ob de Scripture whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fesions."

"Patsy, run down to the station and see what time the last train starts for Dublin." "I will, your honor." (Exit.) (An interval of six hours.) "Well, what on earth kept you all that time?" "Sure, wasn't I to see what time the thrain started? And how was I to come back before she went?"

Perry Patetic—The Lord is purty good to the human race, even you and me.

Wayworn Watson—I'd like fer to know how?

Perry Patetic—Well, for instant, in making us so we kin swaller our beer down. S'pose we had to go to the exertion of swallerin' up, like the horse does water?

Parson Jones—It is sure to happen when I have prepared a particularly good sermon, that my congregation is small, and large when I have a poor one.

Parson Smith (intending to be complimentary)—I have been told that the house is always full when you preach.

Superior officer—You are accused of sleeping on your watch.

Sentinel—Impossible, sir.

"Impossible? What do you mean?"

"My watch has been at the pawnbroker's for six months."

"This car," said the surly passenger, "reminds me of an organ. It has so many stops."

"Reminds me just now of a street organ," retorted the tired conductor. "It goes with a crank."

Pat (on the elevated)—Begorra, did ye ivir notice how much more fraquintly the thrains thravel on th' other thrack than on this? Faith, we's met tin or a dozen goin' th' other way since we shtarted, an' divil a wan goin' this.

"I think I will give up that dentist of mine." "What is the trouble? Does he do poor work?" "No, his work is excellent, but when he does any filling, and has stuffed my mouth with tissue paper, he begins talking on the silver question. The man's a fool."

\* Compiled from Contemporaries.

## BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

**Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.**

Famous Am. Actors of To-day: ed. by F. E. McKay & C. E. L. Wingate: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12 mo, cloth, \$2 00  
Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage: C. E. L. Wingate: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12 mo, cloth..... 2 00

**Biographic and Reminiscent.**

Authors and Friends: Mrs. James T. Fields: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1 vol., 12 mo.....  
Chapters from a Life: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12 mo.....  
George Fox: Thomas Hodgkin: Leaders of Religion Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12 mo..... 1 00  
Recollections of a Literary Man: Alphonse Daudet: trans. by Laura E. Elnor: Macmillan Co., 12 mo, cloth, 1 00  
Some Memories of Hawthorne: by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12 mo, cloth, 1 00  
Story of the Hutchinsons: John Wallace Hutchinson: Lee & Shepard, cloth, 2 vols..... 5 00  
The Life of John Wellborn Root: Harriet Monroe: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo.....  
The Life of Richard Cobden: John Morley: Roberts Brothers, 8 vo, cloth..... 1 00  
William H. Seward: Thornton K. Lothrop: Amer. Statesmen Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1 vol., 16 mo, gilt top, \$1.25 1 vol., 16mo, half morocco.... 2 50

**Educational Topics.**

A Text Book of Physical Exercises: Alfred H. Carter: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 10  
Geometry for Kindergarten Students: Adeline Pullar: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, cloth..... 90  
Kindergarten Principles and Practice: Kate D. Wiggin and Nora A. Smith: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, 1 00  
Teaching the Language—Arts: B. A. Hinsdale: D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 00  
The Care and Culture of Men: D. Starr Jordan: The Whitaker & Ray Co..... 1 50

**Essays and Miscellanies.**

A Brief History of the English Language: Olive Farar Emerson: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, cloth.... 1 00  
A Second Century of Charades: William Bellamy: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 18mo..... 1 00  
Devil Worship in France: Arthur E. Waite: New Amsterdam Book Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 00  
French Cooking for Every Home: François Tanty: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
Friendly Letters to Girl Friends: Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo.....  
John Bull & Co.: Max O'Rell: Cassell Pub. Co., 16mo, paper ..... 50  
Letters of Victor Hugo: Edited by Paul Meurice: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., 8vo.....  
Love in Letters: James Grant Wilson: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth.....  
Mere Literature and Other Essays: Woodrow Wilson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo.....  
New Essays Concerning Human Understanding: Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz: trans. from the original Latin, French and German by Alfred G. Langley: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 3 25  
Talks on Writing English: Arlo Bates: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., crown 8vo..... 1 50  
The Cults of the Greek States: Lewis R. Farnell: The Macmillan Co., 8vo., cloth..... 10 00  
Twentieth Year Book of the N. Y. S. Reformatory: Reformatory Press, paper.....  
Your Little Brother James: Caroline H. Pemberton: Recorder Press, paper.....

**Fiction of the Month.**

A Chance Child: Marah Ellis Ryan: Rand, McNally & Co..... 1 25

A Convert of the Mission and Other Stories: Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1 vol., 16mo....  
An Iceland Fisherman: Pierre Loti: trans. by Helen B. Dole: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 16mo, cloth..... \$1 00  
An Outcast of the Islands: Joseph Conrad: Appleton & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
As the Wind Blows: Eleanor Merron: Am. Publisher's Corporation, paper..... 50  
At Heart a Rake: Florence Marryat: Cassell Pub. Co., paper..... 50  
Big Bow Mystery: I. Zangwill: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth..... 75  
Black Diamonds: Maurus Jokai: trans. by Frances A. Gerard: Harper & Son, 16mo..... 1 50  
Brother Aleck: Nellie LaRue Brown, paper.....  
Bug Jargal, Condemned Man, and Caude Gueux: Victor Hugo: trans. by Arabella Ward: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 25  
Cinder-Path Tales: William Lindsey: Copeland & Day, cloth..... 1 00  
Day-Books: Mabel E. Wotton: Roberts Bros., cloth. 1 00  
Eunice Quince: Dane Conyngham: Am. Publisher's Corporation, paper..... 50  
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## NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*My Ariel.....L. Dougall.....The Speaker*

Whirr, whirr, whirr !  
 The sound of the flying wheel !  
 The meadows are yellow with buttercup ;  
 The swallow curves down and the lark soars up ;  
 The meadows a flash of gold as we fly ;  
 The voice of the lark like a fairy peal  
 Rung in the depths of the purple sky  
 For a mystic moment as we pass by  
 On the wings of the flying wheel !

Joy, joy, joy !  
 A race with the laughing day !  
 She has cast her gossamer robe aside,  
 With its spangled dew, and has swiftly tied  
 Her sandals with grasses ; her frock of white May  
 She had kilted with sunbeams, and bound her hair  
 With strips of blue from the distant air ;  
 She has leaped on the path, a rival fair —  
 Oh, ho, 'tis a race ! We're away !

Tread, tread, tread !  
 Slow to the top of the hill,  
 For the blithesome day hath advantage now ;  
 We follow her hard with dew on the brow.  
 The meads of the river are drenched with sun,  
 The mist of heat on the plain lies still,  
 But the sprites of the breeze, that dance and run  
 On upland pastures, come one by one  
 To kiss us for climbing the hill.

Fast, fast, fast !  
 As the road drops down to the vale,  
 Like the hawk that swoops from the open sky,  
 Like the buzzing rush of the bright-winged fly,  
 Like the swift that darts from the river's brim —  
 A streak of blue and no more of him —  
 So the flying wheel runs adown the dale ;  
 And the panting day, although light of limb,  
 In the race may not prevail.

Hush, hush, hush !  
 Scarce a sound in the afternoon !  
 The road winds long through the fields behind ;  
 The poplars are stirred by the evening wind ;  
 O'er the sunlit valleys the shadows stray,  
 While the east gives birth to a crescent moon.  
 We have made a pact with the fleeting day,  
 We move together in leisurely way,  
 Through the calm of the afternoon.

Home, home, home !  
 So the wheel brings us home to rest !  
 The meadows that bloomed when the day was born  
 Are mown and sere since we passed in the morn ;  
 The snow from the hawthorn has fluttered down.  
 With her faded posies upon her breast  
 The day lies wrapped in the shadows brown,  
 And we enter again the gray old town,  
 When the wheel brings us home to rest.

" If ".....*Washington Star*

" If I were a man," said the restless lad,  
 " I'd never give up and be still and sad.  
 Were my name but known in the lists of life  
 I'd never say die till I'd won the strife.  
 But who will challenge the steel of youth,  
 Though his heart be brave, and his motto ' truth ' ?

There's work to be done in this life's short span,  
 But, alack-a-day ! I am not a man."

" If I were a boy," says the toiler gray,  
 " I'd fashion my lot in a better way.  
 I'd hope and labor both day and night,  
 And make ambition my beacon light.  
 Were my bark but launched upon youth's bright stream  
 I'd bend to the oar, nor drift nor dream,  
 Till I reached the haven of peace and joy —  
 But, alack-a-day ! I am not a boy."

*The Swallow.....Arlo Bates.....Boston Budget*

I doff my hat to the robin,  
 And I fling a kiss to the wren,  
 The thrush's song sets my heart throbbing,  
 For it makes me a child again ;  
 But when you wing your airy flight,  
 My soul springs up to follow ;  
 I would be one with you, and I might,  
 For I love, love you, swallow !

I hear the many-voiced chatter  
 Under the barn's broad eaves,  
 As clear as the rain's blithe patter,  
 Or lisp of crisp poplar leaves ;  
 I seem to learn the way to be glad,  
 Earth's joys no more seem hollow ;  
 He who would flee from musings sad  
 Should learn to love you, swallow.

Your flight is a song that lifts me  
 A moment to upper air ;  
 That with strangest power gifts me  
 To buoyantly match you there.  
 How high so'er your course may run,  
 My eager thought doth follow ;  
 Together we might reach the sun,  
 For I love you, love you, swallow !

*Some English Plurals.....Boston Commonwealth*

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,  
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes ;  
 Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,  
 Yet the plural of moose should never be meese ;  
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,  
 But the plural of house is houses, not hice ;  
 If the plural of man is always called men,  
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen ?  
 The bow in the plural may be cows or fine,  
 But a bow if repeated is never called bine,  
 And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,  
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet ?  
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,  
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth ?  
 If the singular's this and the plural is these,  
 Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese ?  
 Then one may be that and three would be those,  
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,  
 And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,  
 But though we say mother, we never say methren ;  
 Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,  
 But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.  
 So the English, I think, you all will agree,  
 Is the queerest language you ever did see.

## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

289. Will you favor me by publishing, if it has not been lately published by you, a poem of which I recall but two phrases imperfectly:

" And every man a ——, lad,  
And every girl a queen.  
\* \* \*

God grant you find some friend, lad,  
You knew when you were young."

Also will you direct me to Rudyard Kipling's account of some eastern city which is stated to be his descriptive chef-d'œuvre?—Arthur T. Cornwell, Jr., Braidentown, Florida.

[The poem you have in mind, the opening lines of which are, correctly quoted,

" When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,"

was written by Charles Kingsley. We will print it, as you wish, in Treasure Trove, next month. The prose selection from Kipling to which you refer is, we believe, On the City Gates, a short story in one of his books published by the Harpers, we think—possibly, though, by the American Book Co.—after Plain Tales from the Hills.]

290. *Matrimonial Incompatibility*: Please see Current Literature for March, 1896. W. P., Kansas City, Mo., asks for the enclosed poem under No. 224.—"Incompatibleness." Will you kindly forward it?—Wm. H. Leete, New Haven, Conn.

[The verses referred to were published in Current Literature, April number, page 371, under the above title.]

291. *Georg Ebers not a Convert to Buddhism*: On p. 85 of July Current Literature you claim that Dr. Georg Ebers, the Orientalist and novelist, has become a convert to Buddhism. I have read a personal letter of his on this subject, which was printed in a late number of the Christian Advocate of your city. If you will write Rev. J. M. Buckley he will be glad to furnish you a copy. Dr. Ebers repudiates the statement in that letter, that he intends to forsake Christianity for Buddhism.—Rev. Wm. Henry Hayes, Bullville, N. Y.

[In Brief Comment, page 374 of this number, we correct the erroneous report concerning Dr. Ebers, which was, however, current literature at the time, as it appeared everywhere in the press where such things are chronicled. We take pleasure in further making amends by the publication of your letter on this page.]

292. I am very desirous of some information, and know no better source than your estimable magazine. I hope I am not imposing upon you too much, and I assure you I will be indeed grateful if you will do me the favor to answer the following questions:

1. Is Stephen Crane a realist? 2. If so, what realists in England, France and Germany, of to-day of course, would rank with him? 3. What is Gilbert Parker's best novel? 4. Has Bliss Carman written anything but poems? I only know his Vagabondia and don't know which of those are his. 5. To what school do Carman and Parker belong? 6. What has John Oliver Hobbes written? 7. Who would rank with her in this country? What woman, I mean.

You will, as I said before, make me very much your debtor by supplying me with this information.—Florence Bunce, Ridgewood, N. J.

[1. Decidedly so. 2. Gissing, Zola and Nietzsche respectively. 3. Opinions differ: some critics say, The Seats of the Mighty. 4. Bliss Carman's letters (prose) on The Modern Athenian are now running in the Boston Transcript. Behind the Arras is the title of a volume of his verse published subsequently to the Songs from Vagabondia, and in the authorship of this book Mr. Richard Hovey has no part. 5. We will not attempt to answer this question. 6. D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers of John Oliver Hobbes' books in this country. No doubt they will be pleased to furnish you with a list of her works. The only ones we recall at the moment are The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham, and a Bundle of Temptations. 7. It is hardly possible to "place" Mrs. Craigie with the women writers of this country. Perhaps Julien Gordon might claim membership in the school to which she belongs.]

293. *Author of Geraldine*: Through your column for correspondents will you kindly tell me the author of the poem Geraldine, A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence River? Supposed to resemble Lucile.—A. J. A., Denver, Col.

[A. Hopkins wrote the versified romance, though the book, when brought out many years ago by Ticknor & Fields, was published without the author's name.]

294. I shall be very glad if CURRENT LITERATURE can tell me where is to be found the original from which Longfellow quotes in preface to the first chapter of Hyperion, I think, or was it Kavanagh? At all events the quotation runs: "Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."—M. S., Gainesville, Ga.

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

281. *The Old Continentals*: Your correspondent R. H. E. in question 281 of CURRENT LITERATURE for September, 1896, evidently refers to the lines,

" In their ragged regiments  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,"

which are the first three verses of Carmen Bellicosum, sometimes called The Old Continentals, written by Guy Humphrey McMaster, to whom, it is believed, Charles Dudley Warner, who was a college chum of McMaster's, refers in Back Log Studies as the "man who might have been the poet, the essayist, perhaps the critic of this country, who chose to become a county judge, to sit day after day upon a bench in an obscure corner of the world, listening to wrangling lawyers and prevaricating witnesses, preferring to judge his fellow-men rather than enlighten them." The author of this poem, which is remarkable as exemplifying one of the most pronounced and brilliant pieces of onomatopœia in English literature, was born in 1829 and died at Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., in 1887. The poem is published in The Classic and Beautiful, edited by Prof. Henry Coppée, LL. D., and in Dana's Collection of Poems. It would give me pleasure to send R. H. D. a copy of the poem, should he be unable to find it. Having seen no answer to the question in your paper I have ventured to give a reply which I am sure is correct.—Paul Canfield, Middletown, New York.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY, LANDSCAPES  
From ROMANCE

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.



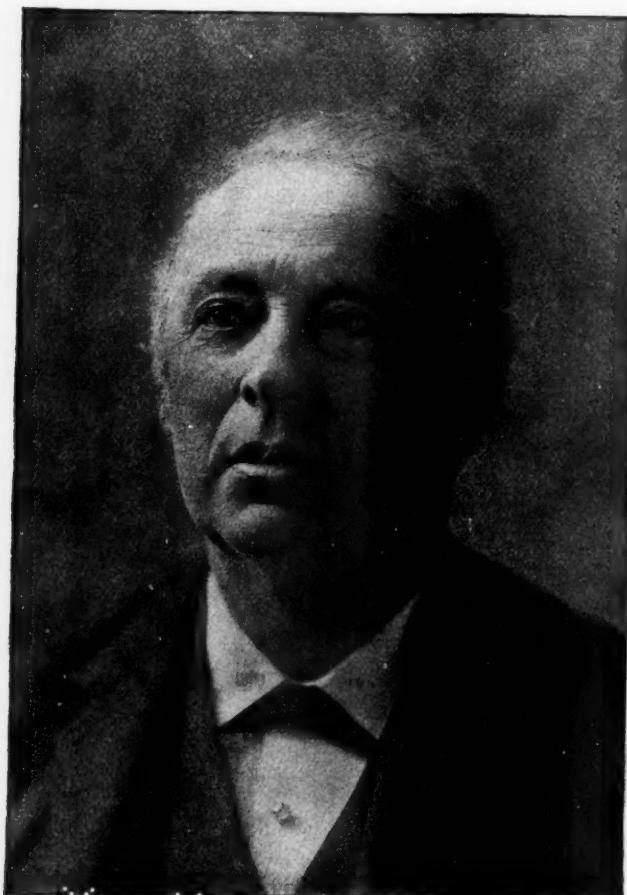
JEANETTE L. GILDER

From a photograph by A. C. Cox

Courtesy of the Bookman

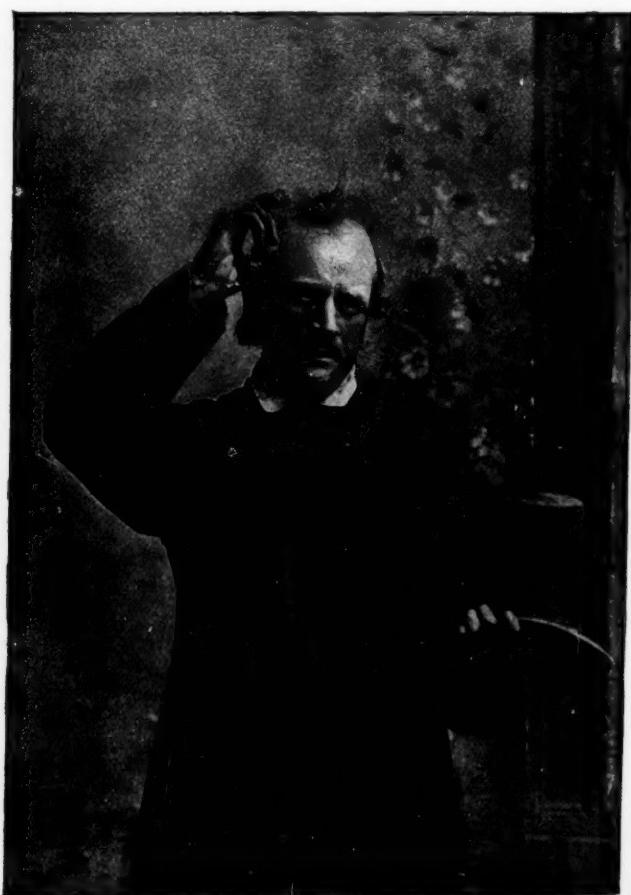


LADY TENNYSON  
Courtesy of the Review of Reviews

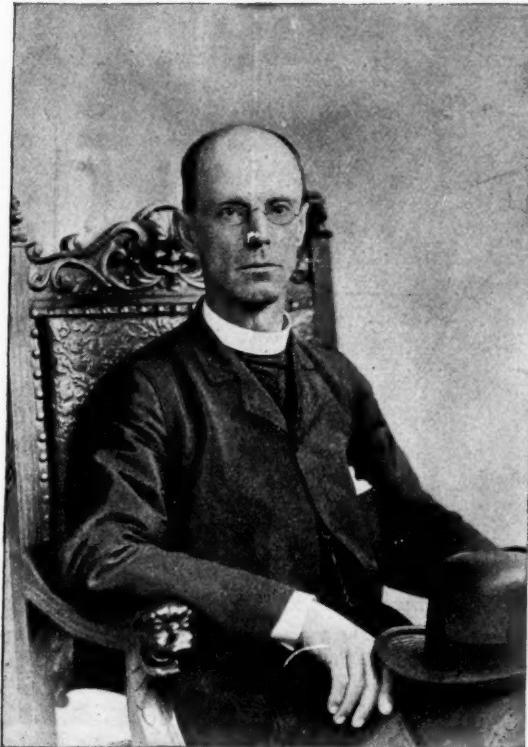


DENMAN THOMPSON

From "Reviews—A Century of Actors of To-day," Published by The New York Herald.



EDWARD HARRIGAN IN "OLD LAVENDER."



JOHN B. TABB



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

*The Humming Bird.*

A flash of harmless lightning,  
A mist of rainbow dyes,  
The burnished sunbeams brighten.  
—  
From flower to flower he flies:  
While wakes the nodding blossom,  
But just too late to see  
What lip hath touched her bosom  
And drained her nectary.  
*John B. Tabb,*

THE HUMMING BIRD.

A flash of harmless lightning,  
A mist of rainbow dyes,  
The burnished sunbeams brightening,  
From flower to flower he flies:

While wakes the nodding blossom,  
But just too late to see  
What lip hath touched her bosom  
And drained her nectary.

— *John B. Tabb.*

A Parable

One went East, and one went West  
Across the wild sea-foam,  
And both were on the self-same quest.  
Now one there was who cared for naught,  
So stayed at home:  
Yet of the three 'twas only he  
Who reached the goal — by him unsought.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

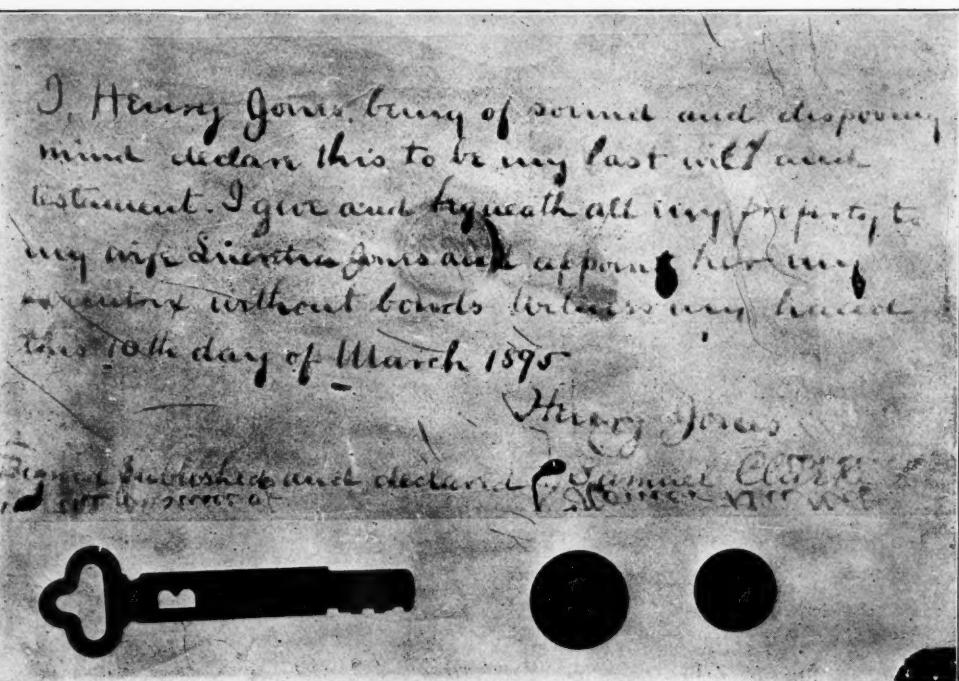
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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES



WILL PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH SEALED ENVELOPE BY MEANS OF THE X-RAY



ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN'S HEAD AND X-RAY PICTURE OF SAME

Illustrations from "The X-Ray or Photography of the Invisible," by Wm. F. Morton, M. D. and Edwin W. Hammer  
Courtesy of the American Technical Book Company